

# 52 FURTHER & STORIES FOR BOYS



ALFRED N. MILES

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Fifty-two further stories for boys



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DICK WENTWORTH LEAVING HOME.

FIFTY-TWO  
FURTHER  
STORIES FOR BOYS

BY  
GEORGE A. HENTY, GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ASCOTT R. HOPE, ROBERT  
OVERTON, DAVID KER, ROSA MULHOLLAND,  
AND OTHER WRITERS.

EDITED BY  
ALFRED H. MILES.

*SEVENTH THOUSAND.*

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## P R E F A C E .

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**B**OYS, more boys, and still further boys ; and therefore boys' stories, more boys' stories and still further stories for boys.

According to the Registrar-General, there is a much larger number of boys in England now than there was a year ago. And though we cannot hope even in these days of advanced culture, when the baby is always the master of the house, that any large proportion of the new arrivals are yet ready to accept and appreciate such volumes as the present, and while we remember, too, that since last year a large number of male bipeds may be supposed to have stepped over the line that divides the territory of youth and manhood, we cannot but recollect that at least an equal number must have entered the enchanted ground from the younger province, and are ready with their wants and claims, their enthusiasm and their appreciation. To supply the ever-increasing demand, the Editor has gathered records of travel and adventure, stories of schools and schoolboys, yarns by wind and wave, by road and rail. Crossing the Atlantic, he has collected narratives of life out West, where the humdrum of city conventionality has not yet dulled the glow of youth and destroyed the verve of maturer

life. To these he has added strange tales and old-time stories, making up a number and a variety which he hopes will prove acceptable to all the boys who have the opportunity of perusing them.

The Editor's thanks are especially due to his friends Messrs. G. A. Henty, George Manville Fenn, Ascott R. Hope, Robert Overton, and Rosa Mulholland, for their valuable and interesting contributions, and to the several American authors, whose vivid pictures of transatlantic life add variety of charm to his pages.

A. H. M.

*Oct. 1st, 1891.*

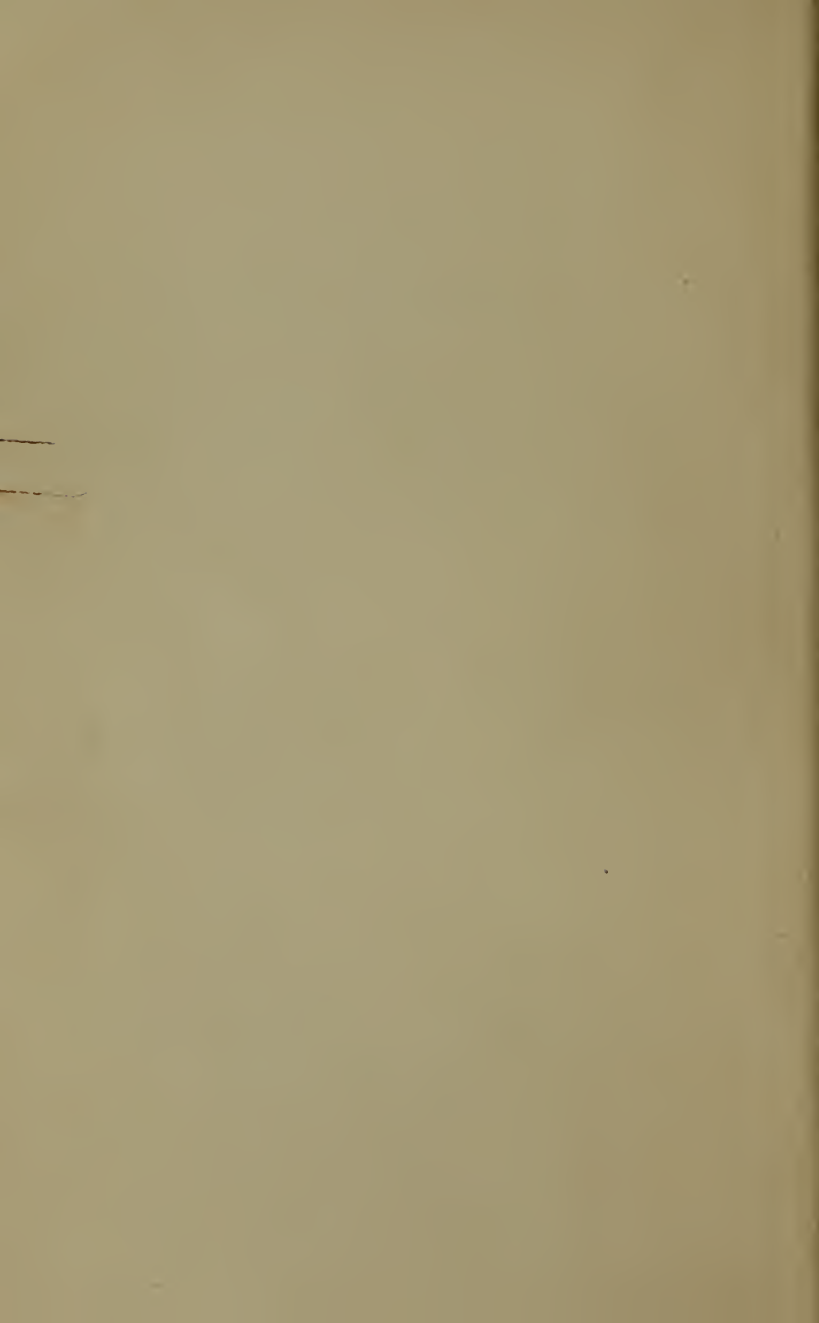
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# LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

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## THE BURMAN'S TREASURE.

BY G. A. HENTY.

“**M**ISSED him again, sergeant. I did think we were on the right track this time. You feel quite sure that the scoundrel is not anywhere in the village?”

The sergeant, a swarthy little Burman, shook his head. “Not here, Sahib; would not be here alone, sure have some of his fellows with him.”

“One never knows,” Captain Collett said: “the people here lie so, there is no believing a word they say; half of them are in favour of the Dacoits and the other half are afraid of them, one set won’t speak and the other daren’t. Well, see that the men are comfortably lodged. I have told the head-man that he must clear out the two huts facing this for them. As soon as they have had their meal tell off six men for sentry duty; I will come round and post them myself. This scoundrel may be somewhere in the jungle within half a mile of us; he may have half a dozen men with him—he may have fifty.”

The sergeant saluted and left, while Captain Collett sat gazing gloomily into the fire, by the side of which a native was squatting, attending to a chicken that had a few minutes before been running about outside, but was now being broiled for his supper.

Never had British officers harder or more arduous work

than that which fell to the lot of those who, in command of small detachments of troops or native police, were engaged in endeavouring to break up or destroy the bands of Dacoits who swarmed over the country soon after our occupation of Upper Burmah.

Some of these bands were simple plunderers; others were nominally at least animated by patriotic motives, and were commanded by men who had under the native régime been personages of importance—nobles or local officials, and whose bands were composed of disbanded soldiers of Theebaw's army. There was, however, little difference between their modes of procedure: the former plundered openly, the latter laid contributions on the villages in their own name, or in that of one or other of the native princes, and in either case the villagers had no choice but to comply with the demands. Nothing short of a British detachment placed in every village would have protected them from the consequences of a refusal to pay, and it was notorious that even where such detachments were so posted the payments were still secretly made, as the inhabitants knew that the troops might be at any moment moved off, in which case they would be exposed to the vengeance of the Dacoits.

The number of troops who could be spared for the work was comparatively small. Mandalay was still held by a large force, and the greater portion of the troops were kept together in strong bodies in readiness to march against any serious attempts at insurrection. Flying columns moved through the country, crushing down open opposition and driving the principal leaders with their followers into inaccessible hiding-places, or forcing them to take refuge among the Chins and other hill tribes. In addition to these, there were small bodies of Indian troops or police raised in Lower Burmah which scoured the country and endeavoured to crush out the smaller bands of Dacoits and to afford protection to the villagers.

It was of one of these parties that Captain Collett was in command. It consisted of a hundred men of one of the Punjaub regiments and fifty police. He had with him a

subaltern, but he with fifty Punjaubees had the day before left the headquarters of the force in search of a small band of Dacoits, of whose presence, in a distant corner of the district, they had obtained information. That morning the news had come in that Lu Wow, a notorious Dacoit, whom they had several times hunted in vain, was in the neighbourhood of a village forty miles away, and Captain Collett had started at once with the police.

The country was extremely rough, and it was nearly dark when they approached the village. The police had stealthily surrounded it, and then, at a signal, had rushed in from all sides only to find that there were no armed men there, while the villagers expressed profound surprise at their sudden appearance, and pretended absolute ignorance as to anything connected with the Dacoits of whom they were in search.

Captain Collett's regiment had been stationed for two years in Lower Burmah previous to the advance of the expedition against Mandalay. He spoke the language fluently, and had for that reason been placed in command of one of the detachments when the difficult work of breaking up the Dacoit bands was undertaken. He had now been three months engaged on the task.

Upon the whole he had been fortunate, having surprised and broken up several bands after, in one or two cases, sharp fighting. Lu Wow had from the first been specially troublesome; he had twice attacked detachments on the march, and had inflicted a good deal of loss before he was beaten off. He was active as well as daring. At one time news would be obtained of him at a place seventy or eighty miles away, and before the return of the little column from their march thither, he would be heard of levying exactions upon villages as far away in the opposite direction. He was a man of rank, and had been Theebaw's local governor in the district. He knew all the paths and byeways through the forest, and by the rapidity of his movements, and the cruelty with which he punished those who were remiss in paying the sums levied upon them, he still exercised an authority over the natives as

complete as that which he held when he ruled them as Theebaw's representative.

As soon as he had finished his meal Captain Collett went round with the sergeant who had already posted the sentries.

"They are too far out, sergeant; we must bring them into the village. If Lu Wow is near, he may have a strong force with him, and these fellows can crawl up as noiselessly as cats. We will place them pretty close together round the huts we occupy, and keep ten men under arms in readiness to turn out instantly; there is never any saying what force this fellow may have with him. Sometimes we hear of him with ten men, sometimes with a hundred. I can't help thinking our information was right this time, and that young fellow who brought it was in earnest. He said the Dacoits had tortured his father to death to make him reveal where he had hidden his treasure, and I don't believe the lad was lying, though the head-man here swears that nothing of the sort has taken place. However, you had better keep your eye upon him—not that there is much fear of his trying to escape, for his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. In addition to the six sentries, post three of the ten men you keep under arms at the doors of the huts. See that the rest, when they lie down, have their arms handy, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. The mere fact that the head-man denied all knowledge of the story of the boy convinces me that Lu Wow must be close at hand, and that he is afraid to breathe a word about him."

The sentries were posted as the officer directed, and he then returned to his hut. By this time all the inhabitants of the village had retired to rest, and perfect silence reigned.

Captain Collett pricked up the wick of the lamp burning in the hut, undid the buckle of his sword, and laid it and his revolver on the table beside him, then lighted his pipe and took out from his breast-pocket a packet of letters that a runner had brought in just before he started in the morning, and that he had as yet had only time to glance at hurriedly on the line of march. He read for half an hour, then he heard the soft tread of the sentry outside his door suddenly cease.



Taking up his pistol, he rose and opened the door noiselessly. The sentry was standing with his rifle forward listening intently.

"What is it, sentry? do you hear anything?"

"I heard a twig snap suddenly, Sahib, near that hut," the man replied in equally low tones.

"Don't challenge," the officer said; "it is possible it may be some villager coming to give us some information. Is there any one there?" he asked, raising his voice slightly, but still speaking so that it could not be heard many yards away; "if so, let him come forward fearlessly."

"Do not fire,—I am a friend," a low voice replied; and a moment later a figure advanced noiselessly from the shadow of the next hut. Captain Collett stood with his finger on the trigger of his pistol, prepared for treachery, but as the figure came close he saw that it was a female. Without speaking she passed him and entered the hut; he followed her in; she motioned to him to close the door, which he did; then she dropped the dark cotton cloth that covered her head, and he saw she was a girl of some fifteen or sixteen years of age.

"Sahib," she said, "I have come to warn you. It was my brother who carried the news to you at Wendah that Lu Wow was here. It is true he tortured my father to death, and killed my mother. I was away when they came, and so escaped, and I sent my brother off to you yesterday. A runner arrived here two hours before you came with the news that you were on the way, and Lu Wow and his band took to the woods."

"How many men had he with him?"

"Thirty; but directly the news came he sent off for Pawching's band, who are at a village twenty miles away. I believe they will attack you when Pawching arrives. I don't know how many men he has. The head-man was told by Lu Wow to deny that he had been here. He said if it came to be known they would return afterwards, burn the village and kill every one. The head-man had me tied and shut up in a hut with a woman to look after me, so that I might not tell you about the murder of my father and mother; but the woman went to sleep and I slipped from my ropes," and she held out her hands. Her

wrists were bruised and swollen from the efforts she had used in freeing herself. "Now you will beat them when they come, and will kill Lu Wow. My parents will be avenged, and I shall not care what happens to me afterwards."

"You have done me a great service," Captain Collett said; "we were on the watch before, but now we shall be all in readiness for the villains. You had best steal back to the hut you came from."

The girl shook her head. "They will see in the morning that I am unbound, and will guess that I warned you."

The officer thought for a moment.

"I will manage that; do you go and lie down again. Directly we have beaten off the Dacoits I shall have every hut in the village searched. I will send my sergeant to the hut where you will be, and he shall bring you before me saying that he found you bound. Then I shall demand from the head-man why you were bound, and shall treat you as if I had not seen you before, so that none will think you gave us warning." The girl nodded, and without another word moved to the door. She was about to open it when he held up his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said: "the hut may be watched."

He blew out the light; another moment, and he heard the door opened and closed again. He again lit the lamp and sat down. The second band of Dacoits could not arrive for some hours yet. He would take no more steps for the present towards preparing for them; the men might as well sleep as long as they could, and besides, if a spy was watching one of the native huts he might carry the news to the Dacoits if he saw that a stir was being made.

A quarter of an hour later he visited the sentries, and then stretched himself on the charpoy in his hut and dozed off for two or three hours. When he looked at his watch it was past two o'clock. It was time then to prepare for the attack. He went across to the men's huts and told the sergeant that he had learned that an attack would almost certainly be made before morning, and ordered him to wake all the men and to have them in readiness to issue out the moment the alarm was

given. Loopholes were to be cut through the bamboo walls, but no other preparations could be made beforehand, as it was uncertain from which side the attack would come. The men were soon on their feet. The captain said a few words to them, telling them that he thought they would be attacked before morning, and that if they were steady and cool they would give the Dacoits a useful lesson. He specially warned them to turn out as quietly as they could when the alarm was given, and not to fire a shot until he gave the order, as the Dacoits might draw off at once if they saw that the whole post was under arms. "Form up close against the wall as you go out, and don't show yourselves until I shout."

These orders were repeated in the second hut. "You had better go round to the sentries, sergeant, and warn them all to run in the moment one of them fires, otherwise in the darkness they may be shot down by our men."

The preparations being completed, Captain Collett went back to his hut and sat there and waited the signal. He had no doubt that the fight would be a severe one. The Dacoits had a deadly hatred of the Burman police, and the fact that Lu Wow had sent for assistance to attack them when he could, had he chosen, have retired unmolested, showed that he was bent upon striking a heavy blow.

The young officer's thoughts wandered to England. It would be early in the evening there; the girl whose letter he had been reading would be perhaps strolling in the garden, little thinking that at the moment he was about to enter upon a desperate fight. Well, if he could put an end to Lu Wow and Pawching at one blow it would be a feather in his cap and count towards brevet rank; that would be something, though it was not his rank but his means that constituted the objection of her parents to him. He could not blame them: he had nothing beyond his pay, and what was that towards keeping her in anything like the comfort and luxury to which she had been accustomed? He was sure there was no chance of her giving way, but it was not fair that she should have to wait so

long. It was four years already since he had left England, a week after that evening when she had stood in the garden with her hand in his, and promised to wait for him were it ever so long. He had not meant to speak, he knew that it would be unfair to her ; but circumstances and opportunity had been too strong for him.

At this moment the sound of a musket shot broke the train of his thoughts. It was followed almost instantly by another on the opposite side of the hut, and then two more rang out almost together as he sprang through the door. Then there was a scattered roll of fire all round, with loud yells and shouts, and the six sentries came running in.

“They are coming from all sides, Sahib !”

“I hear them,” he said. “Now, sergeant, extend twelve men across the road here and ten across the other end of the huts, post six men in each hut, let the rest lie down in reserve. Don’t let a shot be fired until I give the word ; take steady aim, lads, fire slowly, and don’t throw away a shot. Sergeant, do you take charge of the reserve.”

It was not two minutes after the first alarm had been given before the men were all in their places. Bullets were whistling overhead and striking the bamboo walls of the huts with sharp, ringing blows ; and, firing as they ran, a number of dark figures came dashing down the village street on both sides.

“Make ready, lads !” Captain Collett called. “Now, fire !”

Twenty rifles rang out, and there was a yell of dismay and surprise from the Dacoits, and in a moment the roads were cleared save for some figures lying motionless here and there. Then there were shouts and orders, and a war-horn sounded, and a heavy fire was opened all round. Captain Collett drew the men off the road and placed them lying down by the huts, sending some of them in to aid their comrades who were keeping up a steady fire through the loopholes at the Dacoits creeping up among the trees towards them. For ten minutes this went on ; then the horn blew again, and with wild yells two bodies of men poured out into the road and ran forward at full speed.

"To your feet, men!" Captain Collett shouted; "bring out the reserves, sergeant."

Formed in two lines across the road at a distance of ten yards apart, the police received the onset of the Dacoits. Naked to the waist, the latter fought desperately, and strove with sword and spear to break through the line of bayonets, while a vigorous attack was made on the other side of the huts; fire-balls were lighted and thrown on to the palm-leaf roofs, which were instantly in a blaze. The defenders were at once called out, and five of them posted at the opening between the two huts on the one side; on the other the lines extended from the corner of the hut Captain Collett had used. Try as the Dacoits would they could not break through the lines, although several times they burst in between the bayonets and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, only to be driven back again as the officer on one side and the sergeant on the other threw themselves with a few men they held as a reserve into the fray.

Presently a tall Dacoit, shouting to the others to follow him, sprang to the front and dashed forward. For a moment the line was broken. Captain Collett threw himself in the way of the leader and fired his revolver full in his face. With a yell the man sprang upon him. The officer's sword shivered like glass under the sweeping blow of his tulwar. With a shout of exultation the Dacoit raised his weapon for another stroke; but the Englishman struck him a tremendous blow in the face with the hilt of his sword, knocking him completely off his feet. As he fell there was a yell of dismay from the Dacoits.

"Stand by, and bayonet him if he attempts to rise!" Captain Collett said to a policeman next to him, and then shouted, "Now, men, level your bayonets and charge; drive the scoundrels before you; their leader is down!"

The effect was decisive: the Dacoits turned and fled, and as they did so those attacking on the other side also lost heart and broke. "Keep well together, men; load as you run. You can't miss them now you have got light."

In five minutes all was over; the Dacoits had disappeared in the forests, and the police gathered at the blazing huts.



The first thing was to discover the wounded Dacoits, for experience had taught them that these men would in their dying moments shoot or cut down any who approached them unwarily. There were fifteen wounded and twenty-eight dead scattered along the road, and when it became light nine others were found to have fallen among the trees, under the fire of the defenders of the huts. Lu Wow—for Captain Collett had not been mistaken in supposing the big Dacoit to be the famous chief—was found to be mortally wounded from the pistol shot, which had struck him just under one eye and passed out at the back of the skull, and the officer was astonished at the vitality that had enabled him to continue his attack after receiving such a wound.

Among those who had fallen in the attack on the other line was one whom the prisoners declared to be Pawching. Six of the police had been killed, and many of them had received severe wounds from tulwars and spears; the lad who had brought the news was found dead in the hut, having been killed by one of the first bullets fired into it by the Dacoits. Not a villager had been seen while the fight was going on, but when it was over they came out timidly from the doors of their huts. Captain Collett at once ordered them to assist his men in pulling down the huts next to those on fire, so as to prevent the flames from spreading. By this time the morning was breaking. As soon as the wounded policemen had been attended to and their injuries bandaged, Captain Collett ordered a search to be made of all the houses in the village, giving the sergeant private instructions as to bringing the girl who had visited him in the night before him. The head-man was at once brought before him.

“You scoundrel!” Captain Collett said. “You lied to me yesterday. You swore that Lu Wow and his band had not been in your village, and it is certain now that he had been. You declared that our guide was a complete stranger to you, and that his story was altogether false. I knew that it was true. You were in alliance with these Dacoits, and I have a good mind to have you hung at once.”

"What was I to do, Sahib?" the head-man said. "Lu Wow took a terrible oath that if a word was said as to his having been in the neighbourhood, he would return after you had gone and burn down the village and kill every man, woman, and child. What was I to do? We know that he has done the same before when villagers have assisted your troops. You can hang me if it please you, but I had no choice but to do what I was ordered."

Captain Collett felt that the man's plea was unanswerable; why should he, in order to please these strangers, bring certain destruction upon himself and his village? The problem was one that was constantly presenting itself. It was all very well for Government to issue orders that any village head-man who sheltered the Dacoits, or refused to give information concerning them should be punished, but it was not in human nature that these men should, when their new masters were able to afford them no efficient protection, run the risk of drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of the Dacoits, by betraying them.

"I shall report your conduct to the authorities," he said; "these Dacoits are a scourge to you as well as a trouble to us. We are doing our best to protect you from them, and if you will not aid us you must be punished. Now order the women at once to prepare food for my men, and let some of the people set to and dress the wounds of the prisoners." He turned from the head-man to the sergeant, who had just come up.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"There was no one in the hut, Sahib, but a young woman—the same, no doubt, you spoke of. She is terribly cut about, and is dying; she wishes to speak to you."

Much concerned, Captain Collett followed the sergeant to the hut, and entered. The girl was lying upon a charpoy to which the sergeant had raised her; she smiled faintly as he entered. "My poor girl," he said, "I am sorry indeed to see you thus: how did it happen?"

She did not reply directly, but asked, "Is it true that, as your soldier told me, my brother is dead?"



"I am sorry to say that it is," he replied ; "one of the first shots the Dacoits fired struck him."

"It is as well," she said ; "his life would never have been safe ; the band would not have rested until they had hunted him down and killed him. I am not sorry to die, I have nothing to live for. And is it true that you have killed Lu Wow, my father and mother's murderer? Killed him with your own hand?"

"Yes, he is dead, or if not quite dead will be so before the day is out. But how did you get hurt?"

"The woman who was watching me heard me come back again, though I did not know it at the time ; and as the Dacoits ran past after you had beaten them off she stood at the door and cried out to them that it was I who had betrayed them. Then two of them ran in and cut me down with their tulwars ; but it does not matter. Do not look so sorrowful about me. You never saw me until last night."

"But I am very sorry," Captain Collett exclaimed. "I would rather Lu Wow should have escaped than that this should happen to you."

"I could see by your face that you were kind when I spoke to you last night. Now listen to me. My father and mother and brother are gone, I am the last, and I shall soon join them. There is no one here even to be sorry, as you are, that I am going. Now I will tell you. My father was for many years a foreman in the Ruby Mines, and during that time he had chances of securing many valuable gems without being suspected. Ten years ago he was discharged, and came back here to his native village. The gems he had stolen were of no use to him ; he dared not sell any of them, for had he done so the news would have been carried to the officials, and it would have cost him his life. At first he thought of travelling down the river to Lower Burmah, beyond Theebaw's rule ; but he was old, and he put the intention by, determining that after he and my mother had gone my brother and I should make the journey down to Rangoon, where we could sell the gems, and live under your rule without fear of Theebaw. But it was

not to be : they have gone, but my brother and I have gone too. You have avenged and have been kind to me, therefore it is right you should have the gems. You saw that small deodar tree in front of the cottage. My father planted the tree soon after we came here, and buried the bag under its roots, so that though they might dig up the floor and turn up the soil of the garden, they would never find it. It is there now, and it is yours. You will take it, and when you see the gems in your own land you will think of the Burmese girl, who will die happy in the thought that the man who avenged her parents will be benefited by their treasure."

Before evening the girl died. After it was dark Captain Collett took two of his men with axes and spades ; the tree was soon cut down and the roots chopped up, and beneath them was found a leather bag, which Captain Collett took with him to his hut and there examined. It contained over a score of magnificent rubies, and fully a hundred smaller but still valuable stones. After seeing the girl and her brother buried together, the detachment marched the next morning with their prisoners to the headquarters of the column. Three months later Captain Collett received brevet rank for the affair which caused the death of the two most troublesome Dacoits in the neighbourhood. A month later his regiment was ordered back to India, and he obtained leave to go home. On arriving in London he took the gems to a jeweller, who valued them at twenty-three thousand pounds, and six weeks later he married the girl who had waited five years for him.

## FOUND OUT.

**I**T was a singular affair, said Mr. Hollister ; and you may make a story of it, if you choose. There were only six of us who knew the facts, and I am the only survivor. You have only to use fictitious names, and the story, which is as true as gospel, can never be located, nor the personages recognised by any reader.

My father died during my freshman year in college, and left me, as you know, a large fortune. I was placed under the guardianship of my father's brother, who returned me to college to finish my education. I was naturally active and industrious, and made a fair use of my advantages, studying hard and graduating with honours. It was my ambition to follow in the footsteps of my father, who had been a banker of some repute ; and as soon, therefore, as the commencement exercises were over I hastened to town, presented myself to my uncle, stated my intentions, and requested him to further my view in that direction.

He was very well pleased to find me bent upon a life of business activity, but deprecated any undue haste in the matter, and urged me to take up my residence with him temporarily, promising to give his best attention to finding a suitable opening for me. Several months passed away without our making any satisfactory arrangements. I was becoming somewhat impatient of the delay, although fully appreciating the importance of making no hasty or ill-advised beginning.

We had had several conversations on the subject, and it had been finally agreed, somewhat against my will, that I should

serve an apprenticeship as clerk in some banking-house for a year or two, before taking steps to connect myself with any firm as a partner.

One day, early in November, my uncle sent a messenger to request me to come to the office on important business. On my arrival he told me that an old schoolmate of his and my father's had been in to see him a week or two before, and had inquired very kindly about me, my prospects and intentions.

"I told him," said my uncle, "that I was endeavouring to find an opening for you as a clerk in some good bank or banking-house, as a preliminary to your engaging in that business on your own account. He is himself president of a bank in the country, and offered to make a place for you in his own business. I declined the offer, with thanks, thinking that it would not pay you to begin life in a provincial town. I have, however, just received a communication from him, containing a most unusual proposition on your behalf, which it may be worth your while to consider favourably. It is an offer which most young men situated as you are would, I suppose, be glad to accept, from a spirit of adventure, if for nothing else. I cannot see that it would be any damage to you in any way, and might be a serviceable experience. Read the letter and judge for yourself."

It was as follows :—

*"November 2nd, 18—.*

"MY DEAR HOLLISTER,—The communication I am about to make is, of course, strictly confidential, and will be so considered by both yourself and your nephew—in case you feel disposed to refer the matter to him.

"Our cashier discovered, a few days ago, that a large amount of convertible securities had been abstracted from the vaults of our bank. As yet we do not know the exact amount of the loss, nor whom to suspect, though we have a pretty certain indication as to how the robbery was effected. It must have been done by some one connected with the concern, and our only ground for entertaining even a suspicion as to the guilty

party is our limited knowledge of the personal character of our employés. At a meeting of the executive committee of our board of directors, called to-day, for the purpose of determining a line of policy to be pursued with regard to the affair, it was proposed to engage a city detective to work up the case ; but it occurred to me that a better plan might be adopted. I suggested that we should employ some intelligent and reliable young man to take a clerkship in the bank, first communicating to him all the facts in our possession, and instructing him to familiarise himself with his associates, study their several characteristics, and watch their movements closely. It seems to me that a person so situated would have better facilities for accomplishing the end desired than any outside detective, and would have a better standpoint of observation than we ourselves in our relation of employers.

"It happens that we need an additional clerk at present, and it would therefore appear to be a perfectly natural step, and would not alarm the culprit.

"My suggestion was thought to be a good one by the other gentlemen of the committee, and was unanimously approved. From what you said of the character of your nephew, and his peculiar circumstances, I think we should be fortunate to secure his services ; and I sincerely hope he will think favourably of it. If he accepts, please telegraph me at once ; let him start as soon as possible, and on reaching this town come directly to my house.

"Yours truly,

"HENRY DELATOUR."

"Do you think I had better go ?" said I.

"I do not wish to advise you either one way or the other," answered my uncle. "As I said before, it may be a serviceable experience for you, and can do you no harm, at all events. Consult your own inclinations about it entirely."

"Well," said I, "the thing has a most enticing aspect ; and the novelty of taking an important part in such a mysterious affair is quite attractive to me ; but do you think it altogether



honourable for me to go there under false colours in order to play spy upon my associates ? ”

“ You need not let such considerations hinder you, I should say,” he replied ; “ for if the criminal is discovered by your exertions, you thereby confer the greatest benefit upon the rest of your fellows, all being, at present, equally under suspicion.”

“ That looks reasonable enough,” said I, “ and I can think of no other objection to my acceptance. It’s a curious adventure, too. Sounds like a romance. I flatter myself they might have made a worse selection, and I shall do my best to justify the wisdom of it.” This with the egotism of youth : a college graduate would undertake to run the entire solar system.

“ Don’t be too sanguine of success,” said the old gentleman. “ If the case proves to be a difficult one, you will find that they will yet be obliged to call in the detectives—unless you have extraordinary luck. It’s all well enough to place the clerks under the surveillance of some one in the bank, but that does not prevent their employing outside means also. No city bank would think for a moment of adopting such a course ; and I should think that Delatour, with his city experience, would scarcely be satisfied with an amateur detective in such an important case. He made his money here, married a widow with two charming little girls, and settled where he is to play rural magnate. If his daughters have grown up as attractive as their mother was, you will be married to one of them before you come back.”

“ I’ll take the risk of that,” said I. “ Think I shall go at all events, and take the part assigned me ; do my level best, and be in at the death. I will take the first train to-morrow morning.”

“ All right,” said he ; “ keep me informed by letter, for I confess to considerable interest in the matter myself.”

In pursuance of this decision, I started next day ; arrived toward nightfall, and was driven directly to Mr. Delatour’s residence. A ring at the door-bell brought a bright mulatto boy, who, on the announcement of my name, said I was

expected, and ushered me into the library. Mr. Delatour appeared almost immediately. He was a handsome, well-preserved, middle-aged man, with bright black eyes and faultless teeth, which latter his frequent and pleasant smile displayed to great advantage.

He greeted me cordially, said dinner would soon be ready, took me upstairs to make my toilet, and, the dinner-bell soon ringing, we descended directly to the dining-room. Here I was introduced to his daughters and a quiet elderly lady, who acted as housekeeper, and proved to be a relative of the family. My uncle's anticipations of the attractiveness of Mr. Delatour's daughters were certainly correct. They were the sweetest and pleasantest girls I have ever met, lovely in form and feature, and unaffected and agreeable in manners. I was soon quite at ease in their society; the dinner was a good one, and passed off merrily, and I made up my mind that if I was to be accepted as an intimate friend in that house I had lost nothing, in a social point of view at all events, by coming.

About an hour after dinner, Mr. Warren, the cashier of the bank, arrived, and we three gentlemen adjourned to the library.

George Warren had this much about him in common with his class: that he was quiet and collected in demeanour, and had the business-like air that a counting-house training generally produces. He was still a young man—unmistakably a gentleman—with a thoughtful and even sad expression in his dark eyes that impressed me favourably; and I jumped to the conclusion that this was no case of a defaulting cashier, at all events.

When we were seated in the library, Mr. Delatour opened the subject of the robbery by saying abruptly,—

“I am sorry, gentlemen, that we cannot spend the evening in a pleasanter manner; but the calls of duty forbid.”

His appearance had changed from that of the affable host to the sterner mood of a man harassed by business troubles; and he spoke rapidly and incisively, to the following effect:—

“You find yourself, Mr. Hollister, entering the service of a corporation whose employés, including the cashier and myself,



number seven in all ; each one of whom is liable to the suspicion of being a malefactor.

“ If the stolen securities are not recovered, the loss will fall, chiefly, upon parties who have deposited their property in our care, at their own risk ; such property being, in many cases, the savings of a lifetime, and in others the only means of support of persons unable, otherwise, to obtain a livelihood. In saying this, I explain at once the magnitude and the atrocity of the crime, and the necessity of proceeding as cautiously as possible, to the end that we may obtain some tangible evidence identifying the criminal, and thus procure his arrest, before he can dispose of his plunder—the securing of the latter being the great desideratum, owing to the suffering that would ensue from its eventual loss. It is reasonable to suppose that these securities have not yet been disposed of by the thief, because they must have been taken since the July coupons were cut from the bonds, and none of the employés have, since that time, been absent from the bank long enough to visit any of the commercial centres, where alone they could be sold. It is fairly presumable, therefore, that the guilty party is either dissatisfied with the amount of his stealing and means to increase it, or else he is only awaiting a favourable opportunity to leave town without awakening suspicion, and to secure his safety by flight to foreign parts.”

“ Might it not be,” said I, anxious to take part in the discussion and show my sagacity at the same time, “ that he has disposed of the property in some safe way, and intends to take the risk of exposure, secure in the belief that no proofs can be adduced against him, and then bide his time for reaping the fruits of his villainy ? ”

“ A cunning and patient robber might pursue that course,” said Mr. Delatour, “ but I scarcely think any of those whom we can suspect in this case would do so, because, as soon as the loss becomes known—the thief does not now know that the loss is discovered—each of the employés will be watched by his associates and the public. The man who could stand such an ordeal as that, while conscious of his own guilt, would

be a marvel of audacity and nerve, such as cannot be found among the possible culprits. In passing to the consideration of who *are* the possible culprits, I would say, just here, that an outsider, in undertaking this investigation, would include myself and Mr. Warren among the number. As far as Mr. Warren is concerned, I dismiss the subject, with the remark that he has lived in this town from his boyhood up, and is known to every one in it. His character for probity and honour place him above the reach of reproach, and a suspicion directed against him would be resented by every citizen in town as a personal affront."

The cashier bowed gravely, and replied,—

"The same can be said of Mr. Delatour, with this much in addition: that his present wealth and standing indicate a more conspicuous absence of motive than pertains to any of the rest of us."

"Very well," continued the president; "if neither of us are to be candidates for prison, let us see who the others are that may be.

"We have two tellers, Dunston and Jones; two book-keepers, Carew and Dillingham; and a young lad named Charley Burtis: five in all, and one of the five a criminal. Now, is there anything in the known character and surroundings of these five persons which entitles one more than the other to the unenviable distinction of being suspected? It must be borne in mind that a commonplace clerk in a provincial town must needs be raised out of his commonplace level by the leverage of some overmastering temptation before he can be capable of conceiving and executing such a crime. Jones is our eldest clerk; is a middle-aged man, who has all his life been a bank clerk; is good, and nothing more; is chiefly interested in Sunday School matters; of very ordinary ability, and, to my mind, utterly incapable of capering to such a tune. Dillingham is the youngest, except Burtis. No knowing what he may turn out; but at present he is an awkward, sensitive boy, equally incapable with Jones of doing anything surprising. Charley Burtis is a mere lad, bright and promising;

and I would as soon suspect one of my own daughters as him. There remain, then, Dunston and Carew. They both have sufficient depth of character to develop unusual traits, if deeply stirred, and I firmly believe that one of them has done this deed.

“Dunston, the receiving teller, has been with us less than a year. He came, highly recommended, from a smaller bank in a neighbouring town to the better-paid and more responsible position we offered him. We know very little of him outside of the bank, except, that he is a married man and has two children. He is a very capable fellow, and, if he has not gone wrong, will yet make his mark in the community. He has a strong will, great firmness and executive ability; and it is easy to conceive that if he once formed a plan to do such a deed it would be warily and skilfully executed, and carried through to the bitter end without regard to minor consequences. I admire the young man’s ability, and sincerely hope he has not misused it.

“Carew is, after all, the likeliest culprit. I fancy he has been spoiled at home. He has a fiery disposition, quick to anger, and as ready to be reconciled; open to temptation, fond of pleasure, and impatient of restraint. He threw up his position with us last year for a fancied slight, but came the next day and apologised in a manly way, and we took him back. I now hear, with regret, that he frequents the billiard-saloons and bowling-alleys of the town rather too much. Such things are not, in themselves, incompatible with the most honourable intentions; but they indicate a temperament subject to wayward impulses, and an impatience with the uneventful life of such a town that looks ominous. If he went astray under the sudden impulse of some fierce temptation, it would, no doubt, be bitterly repented of when the deed was done, and it was too late to recall it.

“We come now to consider the *method* of the robbery. Our arrangements for protection against burglary are very simple. We occupy a square granite building, erected by the bank for its own use, situated at the corner of two streets,

with a vacant, open space between it and the next building, on both streets, so that it can be seen on all sides from top to bottom by the private watchmen employed jointly by property owners to patrol round the block during the night. The windows are low and uncurtained, and the gas is kept burning, so that, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes all night through, the bank is inspected inside and out—a space of time too limited to allow of any burglarious operations.

“Our vault is quite large, is in the centre of the bank, is even with the ground floor, and rests on a column of solid masonry, built up from the foundations through the cellar. It cannot be burrowed into from underneath, nor can it be operated on from any other direction without being seen from the street. Its outer door is opened by a combination lock—the combination being known and used by all but the boy. Only the books and non-convertible securities are kept in the outer vault; but a large inner safe is set into the back of it, in which all the cash is placed, and all stocks and bonds and special deposits.

“This inside compartment is opened by keys, of which there were originally but two, one each for the cashier and myself. Mr. Warren keeps his in a little chamois bag attached to his key-ring, and, in endeavouring to take it out of this one morning, about two weeks ago, in order to open the safe, one of the wards caught fast, and, giving it a sudden jerk to extricate it, the key flew out of his hand and fell to the floor; it struck the iron works protecting our heating apparatus, and disappeared.”

Here the cashier took out his bunch of keys to show me how the thing occurred. The safe-key was one of those flat bits of steel, with irregular projections of wards, such as safe manufacturers delight to invent for the confusion of burglars.

“You see,” continued Mr. Delatour, “that striking one of these slender wards against an iron substance might cause the key to rebound to a considerable distance; but, as it could not be found, we concluded that it had fallen down the register,

which is directly over the furnace. It was impossible to search for it until the fire went out, and we thought it perfectly safe to leave it there. The fire is allowed to go out every Saturday night, and accordingly, on Sunday morning, when the furnace had cooled off, Mr. Warren instituted a search, and, sure enough, there lay the key, just where it had fallen down the flue.

“Nothing more was thought of the circumstance until after we had discovered our loss, when it readily recurred to us as the true solution of the question as to how the safe door was opened.

“I now believe that the key was quietly picked up from some out-of-the-way corner where it had lodged, taken home that night, and a duplicate made, and the original brought back in the morning and dropped into the flue.

“The person who picked up that key must go to prison—if we can find him out.

“The outer door of the vault is left open after bank hours, until all the clerks have put away their books. The outside door of the bank is furnished with a catch, which is sprung at three o’clock, so that the door opens from within, but not from without. The cashier locks up the money in the inner safe as soon as the cash is balanced, and then officers, tellers, and book-keepers take their departure as soon as each one has closed his accounts and put away his books, it being the duty of the last one remaining to lock the door of the vault, and also the outside door of the bank—this latter being furnished with an additional lock besides the catch referred to. It is also the duty of the last one who leaves at night to be there at precisely nine o’clock in the morning, in order to open the bank.

‘You see, from all this, that it is an easy matter for any one of the clerks who possesses a key to the inner safe to use it with perfect security. He has only to delay over his books until all the others have gone away, and the safe is at his mercy.

“As I said before, we take on deposit, at the owner’s risk, securities of various kinds, and place them in the inside safe.



These are mostly contained in tin boxes, of which the owners keep the keys, but in some cases are merely put in large envelopes, made for the purpose, and pigeon-holed.

"The robbery was discovered in this way: Mr. Jessup, one of our executive committee, gave the cashier five one-thousand pound bonds to put away until the January interest should become due, when he intended to dispose of them; but, concluding to use the funds for another purpose, he called to get them, and we found they were missing.

"We held a consultation immediately, calling in the two other members of the executive committee, and it was decided to keep quiet about the matter until we could find out if anything else was gone. During the next few days Mr. Warren and myself, while not visiting the safe oftener than usual, contrived to overhaul most of the envelopes and many of the boxes, and we were astounded at the result.

"Over two hundred thousand pounds had been stolen.

"We then called another meeting, with the results of which you are already familiar——"

As Mr. Delatour said these words there came a rap at the door, and, without waiting for permission to enter, his two daughters appeared among us, with a rustle of silken robes and lovely, laughing faces, dispelling the gloom inseparable from the subject we had been discussing, as by a burst of sunshine.

"Papa," said Miss Ada, "you are imposing upon these gentlemen, and it is only politeness to you that prevents them from protesting against your tyranny. I am sure, if the truth were known, they would prefer the rational amusement of the drawing-room to the stupid society of their own sex in this gloomy place. Confess the truth, gentlemen, and teach my father a lesson in politeness."

"We had some business to discuss, my dear, in relation to the bank. We shall be at leisure shortly."

"I have heard you say, papa, that the time to discuss business is during business hours," said the young lady, with much decision.

"And as to the bank," said her sister, "I think it is



an excessively tiresome institution. I wish the bank would suspend payment, or what you call it, so that papa could have a little more leisure. If I were you, Mr. Hollister, I would discard banks, which are poky, and engage in dry-goods or millinery, either of which is really useful in the world."

I had no reply ready for this bit of feminine wisdom, which sounded very prettily from Miss Lillian's pouting lips; but her father answered, with a shade of annoyance in his tones,—

"There, there! That will do! Run along to the parlour, and Warren will go with you. Mr. Hollister and I will join you presently."

When the girls had disappeared with the cashier, Mr. Delatour turned to me and said,—

"Warren and Ada are engaged to be married, and the wedding is to take place next month. He is the finest fellow in the world, and I am heartily glad she has had the sense to perceive it." Then, with a sigh, "I only hope that Lillian may make as wise a choice. It is a great responsibility to bring up daughters without a mother's care."

"Your youngest daughter is still fancy free, then?" said I, with a good deal of interest.

"For aught I know to the contrary," he replied. "But young ladies, nowadays, arrange their own affairs, and the old people are admitted to their confidence only when an engagement has become *un fait accompli*. But to resume the other and now disagreeable subject: I think you had best divest yourself of the character of Fortunatus, and appear among us as a young man with his own way to make in the world; otherwise your appearance in a subordinate position in our bank might excite remark. You have no acquaintances in town, have you?"

"Not one, that I know of," I replied.

"That is well," said he. "Contrive to live in a modest way for a while. Cultivate the acquaintance of my daughters, if you find it agreeable to do so, for I want you to call here frequently, so that I may know how you progress day by day; and if you come in a social way it will not be observed as peculiar. Pursue your acquaintance with your fellow-clerks as

keenly and closely as possible, especially with Dunston and Carew, but bear in mind that I have suggested only the most plausible view of the case, and the facts may prove to be very different from our conjectures ; and for that reason your attention should not be confined to these two exclusively."

At this moment the servant announced Mr. Jessup, and Mr. Delatour ordered him to be shown to the library, and informed me that this was the director whose loss had first caused the discovery.

"He has probably come to inquire about you."

Mr. Jessup was a tall, stern man, of most uncompromising appearance. I felt that he would have little mercy for evil-doers of any kind. He did not remain long, and in taking his leave turned to me, and said, bluntly,—

"I like your appearance, young man, and I think you may be able to accomplish something for us. I would like to have you call on me as soon as you can make it convenient. I take a great interest in this matter, aside from my personal loss, and I want to learn what your first impressions are in regard to the young men who have fallen under suspicion."

When he had gone we had some further conversation in regard to the minor details of my undertaking, and then the subject was dismissed for the evening, and we passed into the drawing-room.

I do not propose to dwell in detail on the circumstances attending my introduction into the bank, and the various means employed to win the confidence of my associates. I succeeded in making myself popular with all of them, and obtained many opportunities of studying their habits and characteristics, not only during the hours of business, but at their homes and elsewhere. I shared in their recreations and amusements ; played chess with Dunston and billiards with Carew, cultivating their friendship with special assiduity ; and finding in the pale and awkward Dillingham an appreciation of literature and a wealth of fancy that had been unsuspected by any of his fellows, and which has since gained him some measure of success as a writer.

Except in his case, I found that the president had estimated and described their different characteristics with great accuracy, and I made no further discoveries in which to predicate any well-grounded suspicions.

One circumstance happened during my second day at the bank that had some bearing on the final catastrophe, though I had no notion of its importance at the time.

A fussy old gentleman came in and introduced himself to the president as Mr. Larrabee, agent for the Ferramore Iron Company, and proposed to open negotiations for the purchase of some mining lands of which Mr. Delatour owned a portion.

After some conversation, he intimated that he should remain in town some time on the company's business, and proposed to open a personal account with the bank; in pursuance of which he was introduced to the tellers. He was very particular in selecting a cheque-book, and indulged in so much garrulity about the matter that Dunston, who was ordinarily impatient of any unnecessary interruption in his work, would have cut him short summarily, but for the quaint and witty style of his remarks, which kept us all in good humour, and made him a favourite in the bank from that day forth.

The principal event, however, of my first week was my call on Mr. Jessup, where I learned something which astonished me greatly. As I entered his house this same Larrabee was just taking his leave; and when we were alone Mr. Jessup said,—

“That gentleman who just left has been in the bank to-day, has he not?”

“Yes,” said I; “he made quite a sensation there this morning. He had so much to say, and said it in such a comical and original way, that he put us all in a good humour.”

“Does he strike you as being particularly shrewd and penetrating in his mental processes?”

“About as far from that as possible,” said I.

Mr. Jessup's stern features relaxed into something of a smile.

"That man," said he, "is Mr. Galbraith, of the detective force, and one of the most successful men in his profession. He is engaged in the same business that brings you here."

"Indeed!" said I; "then I had better resign my pretensions to the *rôle* of a detective."

"By no means! I have taken you into my confidence in this matter because I knew you would act discreetly; and it is better for you to know all the points of the game. You may be of some assistance to the professional. He knows who you are, and why you are here, and may call upon you for help before he is done with the case. You have put your hand to the plough, and must not desert us. When the proposition was made to secure the services of an amateur detective to take a position in the bank, I thought the plan a good one, but not entirely sufficient in view of the magnitude of the interests involved. I acquiesced, but determined, at the same time, to engage a professional at my own expense, and without imparting the fact to any one of the others. I did it for this reason—and I think you will acknowledge its pertinence—that a professional expert, who has made it the study of his lifetime to elucidate such mysteries, will be much sooner a success than you would be; and, besides that, I felt the necessity of putting some one on the track of the officers as well as of the employés, a point I could not urge at that meeting, but which I consider of the utmost importance; because, notwithstanding their high position in the community, and the regard in which I hold them myself, still their opportunities for committing such a crime are greater than those of any of their subordinates; and in such an important case as this every corner should be scrutinised, however unlikely it may be to afford a clue."

"Well," said I, "it is rather a relief to me to escape from so much responsibility. Since I came here I have realised the magnitude of my undertaking, and I had begun to think it singular that so much had been entrusted to an inexperienced college boy like me. Still, I feel under obligations to complete my engagement, and I will continue to do what I can,

or at least make a pretence of doing so ; and I shall watch Mr. Galbraith's operations with great interest, without, of course, appearing to do so."

"All right!" he answered. "Now everything is as it should be, and in good working order. Galbraith is neither quack nor burglar, but means business, and knows how to do it ; and I think we shall hear from him before very long."

It is needless to say that, after this, I was more of an observer than a participator in the drama that was being enacted. I continued, as I had promised Mr. Jessup, to do my best in the way of observation, and I had frequent consultations with the president and the cashier at the house of the former, and satisfied them that I was doing all that could be done ; but I failed utterly to arrive at even a satisfactory hypothesis in regard to the robbery.

It was evident enough that my professional rival was diligently occupied ; but I did not understand his operations nor guess the results. He was in daily communication with the president and cashier in regard to his pretended purchases of mining property ; he made almost daily deposits, and drew cheques freely to the order of out-of-town parties ; and he became on familiar terms, during this business intercourse, with all the people connected with the bank.

Several weeks passed in this manner, and nothing appeared on the surface to indicate that there were any under-currents. I called frequently at the president's house, and, as my uncle had laughingly prophesied, I soon became deeply interested in the youngest daughter. My pleasantest hours were spent in Mr. Delatour's drawing-rooms, and at length I became a nightly and, apparently, always welcome visitor. Warren was there every evening, of course ; and, as he monopolised the attention of his *fiancée*, I had many a charming *tête-à-tête* with the "airy fairy Lillian." When the time arrived for Warren's wedding I was desperately in love.

The interesting event occurred on the 2nd of December, and I was one of the groomsmen. Of course the affair was conducted in a manner corresponding to the wealth and social



position of the president. The ceremony took place at seven o'clock in the evening, was followed by a reception, a dance, a supper, and the midnight departure of the bride and groom for the inevitable bridal tour.

During the first dance I had Lillian for a partner, and I had never seen her look so lovely. She was dressed in fleecy white, which became the purity of her complexion wonderfully well; and there was a liquid tenderness in her large brown eyes which suggested grief and tenderness at the same time—grief at her sister's departure, and sympathy with her happiness.

We had said but little during the dance; but, afterwards, we strolled through the rooms, stopping in the shade of a curtained window, and looking out on the snow-clad garden, flooded with moonlight.

A few murmured words secured to me the happiness of my life. I do not know exactly what I said; but, for answer, she placed her little trembling hand in mine, and I knew that I had won my darling.

The evening passed swiftly away after that, for I was in an exultant dream. The dancing was over, the supper was eaten; Warren and his bride were gone; I had kissed my sweetheart good-night, and was walking home. Suddenly, in the midst of my pleasant reveries, the black shadow of the robbery obtruded itself like the wing of an evil presence.

But I dismissed it from my mind by an effort. For the first time since I had come I avoided the responsibility I had undertaken, and began to realise the uselessness of my task.

"What a farce it is for me to play the detective!" said I to myself. "If that sleuth-hound, Galbraith, with his deceptive garrulity and his inimical and fatal friendliness, cannot find out the secret, how can I—unpractised and unsuspecting—hope to?"

A few words will suffice to tell all that happened after that, before the final catastrophe.

I gave little attention to anything but my new-found happiness; Galbraith appeared to be as busy as ever; the ten days



of the cashier's absence passed away; and on the evening of the day that he returned I found myself, as usual, ascending the steps of the enchanted palace that held my princess. As I reached the door it opened, and the fictitious Larrabee stepped out, and, behind him, I saw the president, with an angry light flashing in his eyes, and a forbidding expression I had never seen before on his usually handsome face.

"I think," said he to Larrabee, "that either you or your employers have a singular and unpleasant way of doing business. You tell me this morning that you will pay me the cash to-morrow, and even leave it on deposit in the bank. I agree to your conditions, and you assure me that the business only requires formal ratification by telegraph, which was to come to-day. You now inform me that your employers telegraph you to suspend operations. In the meantime I have made an arrangement for using the money that it will place me in an awkward position to be obliged to cancel."

"I am truly sorry if I have misled you," said Larrabee, "but cannot help it. I shall go on by the first train and see what the trouble is, and be back in three or four days; and in the meantime will leave the cash with you, though I cannot authorise you to use it."

"Three or four days might as well be three or four years," said the president, hotly, "when a man has incurred obligations that he cannot meet. Besides, the cashier returned to-day, and I am about to be absent for a week myself, and your unexpected defection embarrasses me extremely. I am not pleased, sir, with either you or your employers. Good-night, sir!"

Mr. Delatour, in his anger, had kept his hand upon the door, and forced me to hear these closing words. As the dismissed detective passed me, in going down the steps, he bestowed upon me a furtive and sinister smile that struck me with a sudden chill, and gave me a sense of impending evil that I could not shake off during the whole evening. I left Mr. Delatour's about ten o'clock, and started to go home. On the way I again met Larrabee, who stepped up and said he

had expected to meet me about that time, and wanted to see me on important business. I accompanied him to his room at the hotel, and when we were seated I remarked,—

“In your own room you are Mr. Galbraith, I suppose?”

“I suppose so,” he answered; “though I hardly know for certain.”

And so saying, he shook out a reef or two in his countenance.

“And you,” he continued, dryly; “you are an amateur detective, employed to work up a great bank robbery. Have you succeeded to your satisfaction?”

“I have found out,” I replied, “every bit as much as I knew the first day I came here.”

“Just so. Has it never occurred to you that you were brought here for the very purpose of not finding out any more than you knew the first day you came?”

“It never struck me that way—what!” I cried, as the full force of this idea seized me; “do you mean to say that the officers of the bank, who were alone responsible for my coming, are implicated in the robbery?”

“I mean to say,” he answered, quietly, “that I, Galbraith, have nailed the robber, and expect to catch him at his work this very night.”

“And his name——”

“His name is *Henry Delatour*, and he is president of the bank he robs!”

I started up in horror. “It cannot be possible—the father of my Lillian——”

“Sorry for it; but the fact remains,” he said. “It’s nothing against her personally, and he isn’t her father, either.”

“But what could be the motive? He has already all that any man really needs.”

“That’s just what he hasn’t got, and just what put me on his track. He was quite wealthy a few years ago, but lost the most of his property—a fact which he concealed as carefully as possible. Unable to give up the luxury and position dearer to him than his honour or his family, he has since been consuming his principal, until he has nothing left but his

mortgaged house and the mining lands I have been negotiating to buy. As it was impossible to keep up appearances any longer, he put in practice a plan which he had no doubt long contemplated, and but for the premature discovery of the theft would have realised on his plunder before this time, and gone off securely. But after the discovery his only safety lay in directing suspicion against some one else. He managed the matter coolly and skilfully, and with admirable nerve. His plan of employing an amateur detective was superlatively clever, and if Mr. Jessup had been no sharper than the other directors he would have succeeded in everything. The pretended clue of the lost key was nicely worked in to strengthen the case against the clerks.

"It is possible, also, that he had matrimonial designs upon you—hoping that affairs would turn out just as they have done, and thus providing handsomely for the young girl, who would otherwise have been left uncared for when he took his flight. I suppose he encouraged your visits to his house, on pretence of frequent consultations?"

"Yes, he did," said I; "go on!"

"Well, having made these dispositions successfully, he no doubt felt comparatively secure. Some time has passed away; you did not get on the right scent; there has been no suspicion raised against him; the cashier has been away and returned, and he at length thinks it safe for him to leave town, *on business connected with the bank*. He starts to-morrow morning; but he has failed, through ignorance, to consider one factor of the problem—that is to say, Galbraith. He had expected to get ten thousand pounds from me to-day for his land, and he calculated to take it with him. I left the money at the bank for *safe keeping*—ten one-thousand-pound notes—which only awaited a telegram to become his. You have seen how, long after bank hours, I informed him that he couldn't have it, and that I was going away for several days. All this was intended to insure his going to the bank to-night to get that money. He would not take anything that would be missed before his expected return; but as I, or rather

Larrabee, am to be out of town for a few days, he will think it a sin to leave that money, and perfectly safe to take it. We shall be there to-night to watch him, and I shall then have tangible evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest when the time for arresting him comes. Will you join me?"

"I will," said I; "I sincerely hope that you are mistaken, and that we shall find it so to-night. I will share your watch, in the hope of disproving your conclusions."

"All right! Come around again about twelve o'clock. It's no use to start earlier, and we shall probably have a good while to wait at that."

I left his presence, stunned with the appalling revelation I had just heard. I did not positively believe in it, neither could I positively reject it. I reasoned against the conclusions of the astute detective, but felt that they might be true. The possibility of such a *dénouement* as this had never been contemplated by me, and it came with the effect of a crushing blow. What would be the consequences to all concerned, but especially to the unprotected girl, who was dearer to me than my life, if her father should prove to be a villain, and her happy home be broken up by such a fearful exposure of guilt and shame? I felt at this moment more keenly than I had ever done before the value of my pecuniary advantages. It was the only bright spot in the dreary horizon that was settling down upon us—the fact that, if the worst should befall, I was able to take care of my darling, to shield her and protect her, and take her far away from the home that would henceforth be darkened with a shadow of crime. But might she not be actuated by one of those self-sacrificing and overstrained estimates of the requirements of duty so common to sensitive women under such circumstances, and refuse to join her blighted life to mine, and so sacrifice both her happiness and mine for ever? If she should conceive any such heroic but unreasonable resolution, it would be my place to combat and overcome it; and succeed I must and would.

Wrestling with such thoughts as these—striving to disbelieve the detective's story, and planning to avert the coming blow,

or mitigate its terrors as much as possible for her who would be the principal sufferer should the worst prove true—I paced the streets until midnight struck, and then joined the detective.

We said but little as we made our preparations for departure ; but, muffling ourselves up warmly, started out and walked rapidly to the vicinity of the bank. There was an alley-way between two buildings, nearly opposite, into which we entered, and were then secure from observation.

It was a cold, overcast, and cheerless night ; and a more desolate and disagreeable vigil could scarcely be imagined. Galbraith seemed unconcerned enough, but I could not shake off the influence of the gloomy night—"the hour and the power of darkness"—and the oppressive forebodings born of the occasion. Hour after hour passed by, until I was benumbed with cold and nervous with anxiety. Finally it began to snow, softly and silently, like the stealthy approach of some ghastly midnight horror, rendering objects still more indistinct than before, and adding another element of uncertainty to the scene.

At length, about four o'clock, my companion grasped my arm and whispered,—

"Look sharp ; he's coming !"

And as he spoke I saw a human form pass by the street lamp, at a little distance on the opposite side of the way, and swiftly and noiselessly approach the bank, the light from inside which was just sufficient to enable us to see him take one hasty glance about as he ascended the steps, then quickly apply a key, open the door, and disappear within.

"Now we've got my gentleman fast enough," said Galbraith.

The night-watchman had just before passed on his slow patrol, and would not reappear for about twenty minutes.

"He has seen the watchman go by," continued the detective ; "and as it will not take him five minutes to get what he wants, he will probably be out and away before the old slow-coach's next appearance. He is too much muffled up and it is too dark for you to recognise him from this distance,



so you had best cross over and conceal yourself where you can see his face as he passes by the gaslight yonder. If he takes the opposite direction I will follow him myself, until I am satisfied of his identity. I do not wish to arrest him yet, but only to make sure of him. Do not let yourself be seen if you can possibly prevent it."

I did as he suggested, crossed the street, and took up my position in a deep doorway, just beyond the light referred to. I had but a few moments to wait, when, looking out towards the bank, I saw the outer door again opened, closed, and locked, and the same figure rapidly approached. I peered out from the darkness of my retreat, trembling with anxiety and dreading the revelation of the gaslight. As he came nearer he raised his face somewhat, and the flickering light, dimmed by the falling snow, fell full upon a pallid and unexpected face.

It was George Warren, the cashier !

I shrank backward, amazed and horror-stricken, at this discovery. Terrible as had been the first blow that had fallen on me, I had by this time become, to some extent at least, accustomed to it. This new revelation stunned and bewildered me. I drew back in the shadow and groaned aloud ; but he had already passed beyond me, and his foot-steps were growing fainter. As his figure disappeared in the darkness, I slowly made my way across the street and rejoined Galbraith.

"Well ?" said he.

"It is bad enough as it is," said I ; "but you were mistaken in the man."

"It is impossible !"

"I saw his face plainly and distinctly. It was Warren, the cashier."

"The light was dim. You *must* have been mistaken."

Impatient at this incredulity, I reiterated my statement still more emphatically.

"Botheration !" muttered the detective. Then, beating the sidewalk with his foot, he seemed plunged in a profound and perplexing reverie. Suddenly he seized my arm with a nervous grip.



"Look!" he whispered, with a fierce exultation in his tones, and pointing towards the bank.

Another figure was just ascending the steps, and, in a moment, had opened the door and disappeared within.

"Go!" said Galbraith. "Go! This time you will find that I was not mistaken. There are two of them—that is all."

Again I crossed the street, took up my former position, and waited.

In a very few minutes I saw my man coming towards me. As he approached, I perceived that his face was partly concealed by a muffler, and overshadowed by a low broad hat, so that his features could not be seen. He had just passed me by, and I had been unable to recognise him, when, determined not to be baffled, and forgetful of Galbraith's injunction of caution, I called out, in a voice hoarse with excitement, and not well knowing or caring what I said,—

"Stop, sir! I want to know who it is that prowls about banks at this unearthly hour!"

He started violently, as though he had received a sudden blow, hesitated a moment, and then moved suddenly onward. I sprang forward and seized his coat to detain him; and, as he turned around to shake me off, I snatched at the comforter that partly concealed his features, tore it away, and disclosed a ghastly face, distorted with rage and fear.

This time it *was*, indeed, the president!

Seeing that further concealment was useless, he confronted me boldly and fiercely.

"So it is you!" he said, and his white teeth gleamed wolfishly under his writhing lips. "You play the detective in earnest, do you? Fool! do you think it safe to meddle with a man like me?" Then, dropping his voice to a whisper, he hissed forth, "And your folly *has killed you!*"

Quicker than a serpent strikes, he raised his hand. I saw the gleam of a pistol-barrel in the gaslight—one blinding flash, the reverberation of a thousand thunders, and I fell senseless to the ground.

The rest of the story can be told in very few words. A

scalp-wound and a slight concussion was all the damage done to me. Warren had visited the bank on perfectly legitimate business, and Delatour was the defaulter after all. After shooting at me he fled home in the darkness. The next morning he took an early train for the metropolis, and Galbraith, who wished to make a clear case and secure him with the stolen property in his possession, took the same train.

On reaching the city Delatour stepped from the cars, satchel in hand, and was confronted by the detective, who politely informed him that he was under arrest for robbery and murder ; that assistance was at hand, and pistols of no avail.

At this supreme moment Delatour rose to the occasion. He showed no surprise, and accepted the situation.

"Let us step aside," said he ; "and discuss the matter calmly."

"With all my heart," said Galbraith, and they entered the station, followed by two other officers, who were close at hand.

But, in the meantime, Delatour, whose thumb and fore-finger rested casually in his vest-pocket, quickly transferred something to his mouth ; and before the astonished detectives knew what was the matter, he was death-stricken by the powerful poison he had evidently prepared for an emergency.

Under these exceptional circumstances, Galbraith, who knew before he left me that I was not badly hurt (although Delatour, no doubt, supposed me killed), conceived the brilliant idea that I would pay liberally for silence. He gave out that Delatour had died from apoplexy, and succeeded in conveying the body back by the next train.

He himself, Mr. Jessup, two other members of the board of directors, Warren and I, were the only ones who knew that a robbery had been committed. We agreed among us to bury it in oblivion.

I paid Galbraith a thousand pounds ; and so it chanced that a great bank robbery was committed, was found out, and the public were none the wiser.

## A COREAN TIGER HUNT.

BY LIEUT. C. R. SMITH.

THE Asiatic tiger—often known as the royal Bengal tiger, and usually regarded as belonging wholly to the torrid regions in which lie the East Indian jungles—is found also in the north-eastern portions of China and Corea.

In fact, the largest, fiercest tigers in the world are found among the mountains of that wild region which lies along the western coast of the sea of Japan, in the parallels of latitude which include Pennsylvania and New York, and in which the climate, at certain times of the year, is very cold.

Indeed, it is when the rivers, brooks, and lakes are hard frozen and snow lies on the ground that the Corean peasants most dread the *maing-ho*, or man-eater. It not infrequently happens, in the midst of a wintry storm, that a huge tiger bounds through the snowdrifts into a village, to throttle and drag away the first person whom he finds abroad.

In Corea, as in India, many persons are annually killed by tigers, and amongst its people are professional tiger hunters, hardy fellows, who, armed only with lance and dagger, or at best a Japanese flint-lock musket, do not hesitate to attack a tiger single-handed.

In the Corean language the tiger is known by many names. Mr. Griffiths, in his recent work on Corea, has noted that the word *maing-ho* is applied to "a large tiger in the full rampancy of his vigour." *Kal-pem* is "a mature fellow in full claw, scratchy and ferocious." *Mil-pal* is "an old brute that can no longer scratch; and *pi-ho* is a young, agile, but cowardly

tiger." *San-tol* is a "huge fellow that makes annual visits to one particular place." *Siyo-ho* is a little tiger, and *hal-pem* is a tigress.

The Coreans, says the same author, believe in a kind of tutelary divinity whom they address as *Tué*, who has the power to protect them from tigers. Hence at night, when obliged to stir abroad, they fill the air with loud cries of "Tué! Tué!"

So many persons annually disappear, from the ravages of tigers, that hopeless debtors and defaulters take advantage of the presumption thus created in case of a missing person to leave their torn garments at the border of some wood and privately decamp. "Caught by a tiger" has come to be equivalent, in Corea, to the American phrase, "Escaped to Canada," and the English one, "Absconded to America."

There are annually exported from Corea, under its commercial treaty with Japan, about five hundred tiger skins. The fur of these Corean skins is very thick and fine, and some of them are of great size. One, in 1880, was reported to be twelve feet in length, and skins ten feet in length can not infrequently be purchased of Japanese dealers, who buy most of the Corean peltries.

Much of the timber used in Japan is brought from Corea in junks. The province of Ham Kieng, in the north of Corea, abounds in large forests of pine and cypress, interspersed with trees which resemble the sycamore and elm. In this region an American named Cloudman, in the employ of a company of Japanese lumber merchants, had built a sawmill on a small river which flows into the bay where their junks were loaded.

Near the river stood an old, abandoned Buddhist temple, so long deserted that trees two feet in diameter had grown up about it since the priests had departed. The district in which it stood formed part of a tract devastated by pirates many years before, and thereafter left uninhabited by order of the Corean Government.

The roof of the old stone temple had not fallen, and a bronze bell still hung in the cupola. As the site was favour-

able, and the structure was dry and commodious, Cloudman occupied it as a barrack for himself and his labourers, and used the Buddhist bell to arouse his workmen in the morning, and to summon them to their meals.

With him was a man-of-war's man named Barrows, who had deserted at Yokohama from a British ship several years before. The Japanese have a high opinion of English fighting qualities, and Barrows was employed by the lumber merchants to watch and guard their property at this place. The force of labourers consisted of eighteen or twenty Corean and Japanese workmen.

Cloudman and his party had a thrilling and tragic experience with a Corean tiger, which he thus relates :—

“We completed the mill in April, and until the next October were engaged constantly in sawing out square timber. We cut the trees on the river bank above the mill, rolled the logs into the stream, and floated them down to the mill slip, which was half a mile above the lumber wharf at tide water. During the summer we easily kept four large junks loading and taking cargoes across the Japan Sea.

“In the latter part of October the weather became very cold, with high winds, snow-squalls, and frosty nights. By the middle of November the millpond was covered with ice two inches thick, and there was considerable snow on the ground.

“The old stone joss-house now stood us in good stead. I built a fireplace in one corner of the idol-room, and, as fuel was plentiful, Barrows and I had quite cheery quarters. The Corean *dah-hows*, or choppers, camped in a part of the old temple which opened upon a porch, and, as the two crews were apt to scold and quarrel when brought together, I put the Japanese millmen into an apartment in which the priests formerly held their private devotions.

“I heard a great deal about tigers all that season ; the Coreans, among whom were two *san-cheng*, or trained native hunters, were constantly talking of these beasts, and telling stories of fights and escapes from them ; but we saw no tigers



during the summer or autumn, and I had no fear that they would give us trouble.

"But on the night of the 13th of December, a little before five o'clock, as the bell was about to ring to call the choppers down from the mountain side, I heard a great outcry in the woods, and soon the men appeared, running toward the joss-house, in a state of great alarm.

"From their cries of '*Maing-ho !*' and '*San-tol !*' I conjectured that they had seen a tiger, but could scarcely believe their assertions that one of their number had been seized and dragged away, till I had counted them and found that we were, indeed, a man short. Even then I was inclined to think that the fellow might be somewhere in the rear ; for it was one of the *san-cheng*, or professional tiger hunters, who was missing. It was already dark ; but I summoned Barrows from the mill, and, arming ourselves, we went up the valley to the side of the mountain where the *dah-hows* had been at work. We took lanterns along with us, and were accompanied by eight or ten of the millmen, equipped with handspikes and axes.

"After a short search the blood-stained trail of the man-eater was discovered. The tracks showed that, after seizing the luckless Corean, the animal had bounded away with long leaps through the snow, carrying its victim without difficulty. The night was dark and cloudy, with indications that it would snow and blow before morning. We followed the trail for about half a mile, when the prospect of rescuing the poor man, or of overtaking the creature at all, became so evidently hopeless that I took the men back to their quarters.

"The next morning four or five inches of snow had fallen, and the snowstorm still continued. The weather was so inclement that the men remained in their quarters, and no attempt was made to pursue the tiger.

"On the following day I sent out Barrows with the men, to protect them while they worked, and provided the Corean *san-cheng*, or tiger hunter, with a lance, and set him also to act as guard for the others.

"In stationing these guards, I felt that I had taken all



practicable precautions for the safety of the men in my charge. I was not at liberty to withdraw them from the work. Barrows was armed with an English breech-loading carbine, which was the only gun at the mill, except two or three Japanese flintlocks, which were not to be relied on.

"In going to and from the place where they worked in the forest, and a score of other times during every day while at work, the Coreans raised a prolonged shout of 'Tué! Tué! Tué!' to frighten away the tigers. At all hours of the day I heard this strange chant echo through the wintry solitudes, blending with the sound of their axe-strokes.

"A week or two passed with no fresh alarm. Barrows grew tired of standing guard in the snow, and I allowed the *san-cheng*, at his own request, to resume his axe. It was only by a constant exercise of authority that I kept Barrows with the crew. He possessed the usual traits of an English sailor, and held Coreans in slight estimation. He grumbled continually, and at length so far relaxed his vigilance as to take his blankets with him into the forest, and spend the time napping in front of a fire.

"As evening was approaching, one day early in January, a large tiger emerged from a thicket about sixty yards from the place where the Coreans were cutting logs. They had barely time to perceive the creature before it was among them, had seized its victim, a youth about twenty years of age, and was bounding away with the lad in its mouth. The Coreans scattered, uttering loud outcries. Barrows fired an ineffectual shot at the animal, and chased it for a short distance. Some of the leaps made by the animal, in its retreat, covered a great distance, as I afterwards found by measurement.

"I was at the lumber yards below the mill, superintending the loading of a junk, at the time of this second foray, and before I could organise a pursuing party darkness had fallen. The Coreans huddled panic-stricken in their quarters, and I saw that they would be useless as labourers until the tiger that had twice assailed them had been hunted down and killed.

"It was easy to discern the creature's track in the snow,

which was now nearly two feet in depth, making it difficult to travel in the forest. The Koreans use a snowshoe made of thin, tough, hard wood, to which they give the name of *sel-mai*, and I set my men at work to fashion several pairs of these native rackets, which they finished that night.

"Meanwhile, I consulted with Barrows and three or four of the more intelligent among the Japanese millmen, and the result was that we started a hunting party shortly after sunrise the following morning. It was scarcely a sportsman-like party—it resembled rather a forlorn hope; and although I had picked out the pluckiest of the Japanese and Koreans, I could see that some of them had very little heart for the business before them.

"We were poorly armed for such an undertaking. Two of the Japanese carried flint-lock guns, and Barrows had his carbine. The other men, to the number of twelve, carried only axes. I was armed with an axe and my revolver.

"We followed the track of the tiger, which was stained at intervals with the blood of his victim, for about two miles, first up the valley of the river, then across a mountain ridge heavily wooded with pine, and then into a valley beyond it. It was evident that this entire region, now covered with a dense forest, had once been inhabited, for fragments of the old walls of stone houses and temples were plainly discernible through the snow, and occasionally an old ruin of considerable size loomed among the dark boughs of the thick cypresses and pines.

"Ascending the farther side of the valley, the six or seven Japanese, who were ahead of Barrows and myself, came to where the trail ended near a large, irregularly shaped aperture in a mass of old masonry which had formed part of the front wall of a high, artificial terrace. This opening, which was six or eight feet above the surface of the ground, led back into a dark hole or cavern.

"In front of this cavern a large drift had formed, nearly as high as the bottom of the opening; but the eddying wind had whirled the snow outward, leaving an open space more

than two yards wide between the crest of the drift and the hole. The tiger had bounded from the drift to the aperture in the wall. The bloodstains on the snow showed where the creature had laid its burden down, to secure a firmer hold upon it before making the leap.

"At the crest of the drift the Japanese stopped, and one of them turned back to meet us, enjoining silence, according to their custom, by raising his hands. Barrows and I had just halted fifty yards below the drift to hear his account, when, with a growl which we plainly heard, the great striped brute emerged from the den, and at one bound landed among the Japanese on the snowdrift.

"They shouted; one of them discharged his flint-lock; then the whole group, with the *maing-ho* on top, went downward together twenty feet to the foot of the drift. Hampered as they were by their snowshoes, the men could do but little to help themselves.

"The tiger's attention was fixed upon one hunter, whom, at the foot of the drift, it seized by the hip. It had turned to carry the man into the den, when another of the Japanese, who lay in the snow partly under the tiger, cut desperately with a dagger at the animal's belly, and laid open a fearful gash. I saw the flash of the fellow's weapon as Barrows and I hurried forward to get a shot at the tiger.

"Without relinquishing its hold on the man, the *maing-ho* bounded back up the drift; but before reaching the top it lost its grip and stopped short, a crimson stream pouring from its wound.

"At a distance of thirty or forty feet from the animal Barrows and I fired. The tiger again seized the Japanese, and tried to spring with him from the drift into its lair, but miscalculated its ebbing strength, and fell beneath the drift and the wall.

"Mustering our forces, we climbed up the gory snowbank, expecting to have a hard struggle, but the tiger was then seen to be lying helpless on the other side. A part of its entrails extruded from the wound the Japanese had made, and

Barrows' bullet was found to have passed through its body, back of the shoulder, breaking a rib where it emerged on the other side. Another shot stretched the animal lifeless in the snow.

"The man whom the beast had tried to carry off lay where the creature had dropped him, and we at first thought him dead. But though he was overcome by fright and badly bitten, his hurts were not fatal. We carried him back to our quarters, and he recovered in the course of a month.

"Two of the Coreans mustered courage to enter the den, and found there some of the bones of their two unfortunate comrades whom the tiger had carried to his lair to devour.

"Three of the Japanese remained behind to take off the tiger's skin, which, when afterwards stretched out at the mill, was found to be nine feet long. This tiger must have weighed fully five hundred pounds, and was handsomely striped."

## HIS LORDSHIP'S LEG.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

**I**T froze! Oh, how it did freeze! There was lace-work of the most exquisite beauty on the panes, and icicles of dazzling crystal dependent from the eaves of my house; and the trees were so covered with fairy frost-work that when the sun shone the eyes almost ached, while the mind was—no, ought to have been—filled with wonder.

I say ought to have been, for mine was not. In fact, I was too ill-tempered at that time, and the more it froze the worse my temper grew.

I walked up and down my little surgery to keep myself warm, and abused everything and everybody—myself worst of all.

I abused Long Pogis for being the prettiest and healthiest place that was ever situated twenty miles from a town and railway station, and I called myself an idiot for buying a practice in so out-of-the-way a spot and thinking that I, a young doctor, would be sure to get on.

But I had not “got on,” for I had been there a year, and so far had found that my practice really was to practise patience, for no one would give me a chance. Not but what there were plenty of people about: the trouble was that either they would not be ill, or when they were ill they would go to old Doctor Robson at Tunston, twenty miles away, when they might have come to me and been cured for half the money.

I was not what is commonly called “hard up,” for I had enough money left to last me with economy for another year;

but I was sick and tired of the terrible inaction, and of being pitied or laughed at and treated with contempt as the new doctor.

In fact, I was so regularly out of health that I ought to have sensibly set to work to heal myself by prescribing exercise and fresh air, and forced my patient to take walks, instead of sitting indoors studying, and fearing to leave home, in case that long-expected patient should come, as come he would, I was sure, directly I went out.

I walked to the fire and poked it that frosty day ; and then I walked to the window, rubbed away a little of the ferny ice pattern, and looked out.

Two ruddy-faced young fellows and three merry-looking girls, evidently their sisters, were walking sharply by, with the frozen snow creaking and crunching under their feet, as each had a pair of glistening skates dependent from the wrist.

"Off skating !" I said aloud, and a thrill of pleasure shot through me.

Well, why not ? I had a splendid pair of nearly new skates, which had been ground and oiled before they were put away two seasons before. The ice was perfectly safe, the sun shone, the sky was blue, and in imagination I began to glow and feel the blood throbbing in my veins, as I heard the hollow metallic ring of the black ice, and saw the puffs of white dust fly at every stroke of my steel blades, as I sped along forward, backward, inside-edged, outside-edged, rolled, spread-eagled, and then made a dash, lifted one leg and described as big and perfect a circle as ordinary skater could contrive.

"They're going up to the big sheet of water on the way to the Hall. Lord John is in town, and the bailiff has given them leave."

"Hurrah ! I'll be a boy again for a day, and skate as I used to skate. It'll do me good, and——"

I threw myself in my chair with my forehead all in lines, for I caught a glimpse of it in the glass.

"People would notice it. I should look frivolous and boyish ; and I'm too young as it is. Who'd come after-



wards to a doctor whom they had seen kicking up his heels on the ice !”

I looked fiercely at the fire, and saw no red glow, nothing but glittering tempting ice ; but I closed my teeth with a snap and set them hard.

“Self-denial, John Russell,” I said ; “master yourself, for so sure as you go skating somebody will come and want you. Stop at home and study up, ready for the patient who will come. Your surgery is weak yet.”

“Of course it is,” I roared angrily, as if in answer to somebody who had spoken ; “so would yours be if you had no practice.”

I jumped up and went to the window again, for a party of young men were going by talking and laughing, and all carrying skates but one, who had a gun.

As I reached the window I shrank back, and felt the blood tingle in my cheeks, for one tall young fellow, whom I recognised as a gentleman farmer’s son, looked at my house and said something to his companions, at which they all laughed.

“At me,” I said to myself. “They are pitying the poor doctor, when perhaps that fellow with the gun will shoot himself, or half a dozen of them will go in and be half drowned, or—— Who’s that they’re talking to in the chaise ? Oh, old Morton, the veterinary surgeon. Pity I was not brought up a vet. Plenty of horses, cows, pigs, and sheep want doctoring, but no people.

“Ah ! they’d be glad enough to be civil to the doctor if one of them was nearly drowned, or had received the charge of shot meant for a bird.”

The skaters went on, and I took down a book, which, off and on, I studied all day, going deep into the construction of joints and their muscles, and questioning myself how I should proceed if at any time I were called in to attend a patient with a sprained ankle, knee, wrist, elbow, or dislocated limb.

I broke off once to practise dissection, but the subject operated upon was a chicken—roast, and badly served by my

cook and housekeeper ; and when I resumed my studies, I praised myself for having so fine and healthy an appetite.

Just as I resumed my seat the skaters came back, evidently to their own dinners, and just then my attendant came in to clear away.

"I know'd it would be, sir," she said.

"Eh ? What ? Any one ill ?" I said.

"Bless your 'art, no, sir. I meant the pump. It's froze hard."

"Restore its circulation with a kettle of boiling water, Mrs. Dinton," I said, "and have it bandaged with haybands."

"Why, sir, any one would think you were a country gentleman, instead of from town. That's just what I was a-going to do."

I went on reading ; Mrs. Dinton went on talking, and her talking took the form of a temptation.

"I do wonder, sir, as you don't go and skate too."

I started, but fought the desire down.

"They tell me some of the young people's got a whole bundle of torches over from Tunston, and they're going to skate to-night by torchlight."

"Eh ? Ah, yes. Very pretty sight. No, Mrs. Dinton ; my skating days are over."

"Sure-lie not, sir. And oh, what do you think, sir ? Marly the carrier tells me that the old doctor over to Tunston is in bed with gout."

"Humph ! Might send for me to help him," I muttered to myself.

"And that he has got a local demon down from London to help him."

"A what ?" I roared.

"Well, sir, I thought it strange ; but that's what Marly said."

"No, no : *locum tenens*, Mrs. Dinton."

"No, sir ; he said 'local demon' as plain as plain, and Dick Marly's a very careful man. You won't go skating, then, sir ? I did dusty your skates."

"No, no, Mrs. Dinton: too busy, thanks."

"Poor old fellow! Gout. Well, he will not want me," I said to myself; and I read till the sun set red over the hill, and then till the mist was grey and the night set in as it does set in during a January frost.

Mrs. Dinton brought in the lamp, and a fresh log for the fire, drew down the blinds, pinned the curtains across to keep out the draught, and in due time brought in the tea and a plate of the hottest, nicest toast a man could have. And as I sat over my tea in my cosy warm room, and listened to the humming of the frosty wind outside, I metaphorically took myself by the shoulders and gave myself a good shaking.

"Why, you miserable, impatient, dissatisfied dog!" I said. "Why can't you wait, as better men have waited before? Bide your time like a man!"

I felt better after that, and turned in my chair to listen to a chorus as a party went by my window, and the clink of a pair of skates told me what their mission must be.

"All right, my lads," I said; "go and enjoy yourselves. Skate by torchlight. Life has not begun in earnest yet for you; it has for me, and I mean to win."

I read on for perhaps an hour, quite in good spirits, and was mentally treating a very bad sprain successfully, when Mrs. Dinton bustled into the room.

"A letter for you, sir. Man brought it from the Hall, sir."

"From the Hall?" I cried excitedly. "Is he waiting?"

"No, sir; he's gone again. Said you was to come on directly."

I opened the envelope with trembling fingers, and read, written in a bold clear hand:—

"SIR,—Come on to the Hall directly. Lord John has met with an accident. Leg badly fractured. Bring your instruments."

"Lord John!" I exclaimed. "I thought his lordship was in town."

"I did hear as he was expected down at any time, sir. Is anything the matter?"

"Leg broken," I said hurriedly. "Quick, Mrs. Dinton! my coat."

"Bless us and save us! Poor dear man! He's slipped on the front doorsteps, as sure as I'm a sinful woman, and him with a houseful o' servants, and not one to think to throw down a shovel of ash. Here's your comforter, sir."

I slipped the things on, stuffed bandages and splints into my pockets, a bottle or two in others, and then caught up a long mahogany box from the sideboard cupboard.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, sir, don't say as you're going to——"

"That's all, I think," I said breathlessly. "Don't sit up if I'm late."

The next moment, without hearing Mrs. Dinton's reply, I was out in the frosty night putting on my gloves and thinking of the work I had in hand and the possibilities.

"No," I said, "I must not attempt an operation without assistance. It would be too great a responsibility. Better have left the case at home."

I laughed at my too great eagerness in a few minutes, but at the moment of starting, if that letter had said Bring every appliance in your surgery, I believe I should have obeyed.

How well I remember that glorious night, with the sky one arch of blackness, spangled with stars which glittered and quivered and looked unusually large. My ears tingled, and there was a sensation of long spiculæ of ice forming in my nostrils, while, before I had gone half a mile, the ends of my moustache were frozen into my beard.

I had a mile and a half to go, passing two or three farm-houses, before I reached the park, with its fine avenue of oaks; and just before I reached the last house, with its ruddy lights shining across the pure snow, I could see other lights down in a hollow to my left, and hear shouts as the smoky torches of the skaters glided here and there.

I almost ran the rest of the way, and kept expecting to see the illuminated windows of the old Elizabethan hall ; but all was dark and still, and when I reached the place I was saluted by the baying of a dog, and a man came out of a yard to my right with a lantern, while beyond him I could see the lights in the stables.

“ Who’s there ? ”

“ I,—Mr. Russell,” I said. “ Will you show me the way up to the house ? ”

“ Yes, sir. But there’s no one there, sir ; Mrs. Bennet and old Sam are in the stable.”

“ What, is he there ? ” I said.

“ Yes, sir, and mighty bad.”

“ Be quick, then. How did the accident occur ? ”

“ Well, sir, that’s what I can’t make out,” said the old bailiff, whom I now recognised as he led me round the stables. “ No business to ha’ slipped up as he did, for it’s only three days since he was roughed.”

“ What ! ” I said, as we entered the stable, where a group of people were standing in front of a stall.

“ Had him well roughed,” said the bailiff.

“ My good man,” I exclaimed, “ has Lord John broken his leg ? ”

“ Yes, sir, worse luck, and only fetching a load of wood ; and a fine taking his lordship will be in, and the young ladies too, when they come down, for he’s a fine old favourite o’ theirs. Look at him, as patient as a Christian ; and Morton says there’s nothing for him but the poleaxe and then send him to the kennel after we’ve took off his skin.”

“ Here,” I said, unbuttoning my coat and taking the letter from my breast-pocket, “ look at this.”

The old bailiff opened and read the letter by the light of the lantern.

“ Some one’s been having a game with you, sir,—hocussing of you.”

I stamped my foot and made a snatch at the letter, feeling white with rage and disappointment.

"Which I call it a shame, sir; it's 'cause we allus call that old horse Lord John. It was the young ladies' doing."

"Give me my letter, and let me go."

"Stop a moment," said the old man, taking out a great greasy pocket-book, and from it a letter, which he laid beside mine, reading aloud,—

"'Will mind and shut the gates after we've done skating, and we shall be off the ice by eleven.'

"Yes, I thought so, sir. One of Mr. Mark Winsey's games. Look!"

I snatched the two letters and compared them. There was no doubt about it. I had been hoaxed by the practical joker of the place.

"If I had him here," I said fiercely, "I'd horsewhip him."

"And serve him right too, sir. It's too bad to a gentleman, and it's like him as called *Wolf* in the fable. Perhaps some day he'll want help and it mayn't come."

"Well, Master Bart," cried a rough voice. "The sooner the better, I say."

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Morton," cried a woman. "Poor old Lord John! and to come to that."

"Well, it's a bad job, Mrs. Bart; but he's only a horse, and the sooner he's put out of his misery the better."

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Morton. Poor old chap, then!"

The bailiff went into the stable, where a good-looking cob was standing on three legs, and the poor brute turned its head round and uttered a pitiful whinnying sound while I looked on.

"If you'll fetch the poleaxe, Master Bart, I'll soon do it," said the harsh-voiced man.

"Is the leg badly broken?" I said.

"Well, no—not what you'd call badly broken."

"Couldn't you set it?"

"Set it!" said the veterinary surgeon contemptuously; "who ever heard of setting a horse's leg?"

"I have," I cried sharply, for I felt annoyed at the man's tone.

"Then you'd better set it," he said contemptuously.



"I will," I said.

"What?"

"Does your master set much store by this horse?" I said, turning to the servants.

"Store by him, sir!" cried the bailiff. "Why, Miss Lydia will break her heart about his being killed. His Lordship wouldn't lose him for a hundred pound."

"Shall I try and set the leg?" I said.

"Shall you try, sir? *Will* you?"

For answer I took off my coat, and the veterinary surgeon laughed.

I need not tell you how the labourers were set to get slings with ropes and poles. Suffice it that I did set the horse's leg that night, the poor animal seeming to understand what was going on; and I really fancy he rubbed his muzzle against my hand as I patted and talked to him after he was hoisted up and slung from the stable rafters, the vet. having gone off in disgust hours before.

I laughed to myself as I was going home at about eleven, to find myself stopped halfway by an excited group who hurried me into one of the farms, where I found another patient awaiting me, lying groaning on a mattress.

"How did this happen?" I said.

"We were just leaving the ice after the last round," said one of the party, "when Mark slipped and fell."

"Mark!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes, sir—Mark Winsey."

I felt giddy for a few moments as I recalled the bailiff's words about the wolf; and then a curiously malignant feeling of satisfaction came over me as I took off my coat once more, and with a great deal of show placed my small mahogany box on the farm kitchen table.

"All leave the room," I said, "but three."

I was unwillingly obeyed; and then I knelt down and examined the injured man, I'm afraid rather roughly.

"Leg fractured," I said, "just below the knee. Hah! a bad case."

There was a faint groan from my human patient. The horse had not even sighed.

"Lucky for you, Mr. Mark Winsey," I said, "that I've been in practice to-night."

There was another groan, and the young man looked at me wildly.

"I've set Lord John's leg, sir; and I followed out your advice in the letter. I did bring my instruments—luckily for you."

"What!" he groaned. "Doctor! doctor! you're not going to take off my leg?"

"Surely I ought to know best what to do in a case like yours, sir. I am a surgeon who knows his profession. There, I shall not hurt you much. You are too young and stout-hearted to need chloroform. Your friends will hold you.—Be kind enough to pass me that case."

"Doctor! a moment!" he whispered hoarsely, as he clung to my hand, which I had laid upon his wrist. "I won't flinch. I'll be a man; but—but—it was a beastly contemptible thing to do—to hoax you, and—and I beg your pardon."

"And I beg yours, my lad," I whispered, as I bent over him; "I am ashamed of myself for being so mean as to try and frighten you in revenge for your practical joke."

"I swear I'll never——"

"No, no, don't swear it," I said quietly. "There, lie still; I will not hurt you much. It is a simple fracture, and before long you shall be quite well."

"Thank God!" I heard him whisper to himself, "for my poor mother's sake."

I kept my word, and I believe he kept his, and we two as became the best of friends in the days that followed; while, for Lord John, to the disgust of old Morton, the veterinary surgeon, and the delight of Miss Lydia, the human Lord John's daughter, the horse's leg-bone knit together splendidly, and he lived for five years longer, only going afterwards with a slight limp.

"Which shows you made the best job of mine," Mark Winsey used to say; "for I don't limp a bit."

So that hard and frosty day always seemed to be the turning-point in my career, for Mark's practical joke made me good friends at the Hall ; and so I told my new companion one day, when he was wondering to me how he could have played such a contemptible trick.

"Oh," I said, "I forgave you for it when I heard your apology that night."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully ; "but when a fellow finds out what a cad he has been, it is rather hard work to forgive himself."

"Look here, Mark," I said, taking his hand, "I am your medical man."

"Yes," he said, "thank goodness !"

"And you will take what I order you ?"

"Of course."

"Then I prescribe oblivion of the past."

## AN EXPEDITION AFTER BUFFALOES.

BY C. E. CLINE.

### I.

**I**N January 1872 a party was organised at Longmont, Col., for a buffalo hunt down the South Platte River.

Our party consisted of Dr. Foos, from Champaign, Ill., Rev. Mr. Beach, Congregational minister from Peshtigo, Wis., then located at Longmont, and the writer. We were some days getting ready, for we expected to travel two or three hundred miles while out, and secure game if it was to be had. We had a good double team hitched to a spring-waggon, and two saddle horses extra, and two dogs trained to the business by Dr. Foos, who had been in the mountains long enough to own two dogs. Blankets, pots, pans, flour, bacon, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, dried apples, and all such constituted our outfit.

Mr. Beach had a Henry rifle, Dr. Foos had an Enfield, and I a needle-gun. My horse was truly a character—iron built, weight about ten hundred, eight years old, with mane touching his knees, and the tip of his tail on the ground. A finer animal for a hunting expedition was never ridden by Bedouin on the plains of the Far East.

We left home on Monday morning in a driving snowstorm, amid many wishes for our good luck, and made twelve miles the first day. At Greeley we replenished our stock of provisions, and pushed on down toward Fremont's orchard and old Fort Morgan. Fifteen miles out from Greeley we passed

the last settler, and were soon scaring up coyotes, jack-rabbits, and occasionally a large grey wolf. The coyotes made our night hideous by their yelping, howling noise, and had we not known them so well we should have been alarmed. The third day out we sighted one veteran buffalo alone on the sandhills, and gave chase. After a run of a few miles the dogs brought him to bay, and we rode up within a hundred yards, while the dogs were nipping his heels. Such wicked kicks and such snorts I never saw or heard an animal make before. He no doubt had been besieged more than once by wolves trying to cut his hamstrings, for large packs of wolves constantly hover around the buffaloes for the purpose of attacking any sick or wounded beast, which they soon devour if they can once start blood.

We did not shoot this buffalo, as he was too old and poor in flesh; but his appearance indicated to us the presence of a larger band somewhere within twenty to fifty miles, as the old males wander off by themselves as outside guards, seemingly, of the main herd, and because, no doubt, they have been vanquished by younger and more powerful members of the party.

By sundown on the third day we came to Beaver Creek, one hundred and fifty miles from Denver, running northward into the Platte. Here we saw signs of buffaloes in the immediate vicinity, and that they evidently came to the creek to drink. Beaver Creek is deep enough in places for a horse to swim, while two hundred yards below, perhaps, there will not be a drop of water in sight. The water sinks and rises, and in this way good, fresh, open water is found all winter long when other streams are frozen over. This stream freezes also when it runs far enough on top of the ground. I forgot to say that we were lucky enough to happen on a couple of hunters, just before going into camp, who had a fine supply of fat fresh meat. They divided with us, and we had a feast for supper. We went into camp by a dead cedar log some five or six feet in diameter, right on the plains by that little stream, without another tree or shrub anywhere in sight. Where that great

cedar came from is a mystery. It might have been a century old—probably was.

We were up and had breakfast the next morning by the time it was light, and everything was astir for business. I had scarcely swallowed my coffee when a band of buffaloes made their appearance on the high ground a mile or so away, coming evidently to water. The band numbered several hundred, and were coming with a slow, measured step that was really imposing, and, withal, just a little calculated to make the hat rise on the head of a man who had never met with such company. My hat rose. But I seized my gun, and slipped along the bank of the stream about half a mile below to the place where they were evidently coming down to drink. The other members of our party remained in camp.

Imagine my feelings as I lay just out of sight down the bank waiting for about five acres of buffaloes now not a hundred yards away; so near, indeed, that I could hear them coming tramp, tramp, tramp, and keeping up a peculiar grunt similar to that of a hog, only rounder and deeper in tone. Consternation seized me, as I could now see their great black backs over the bank. I became afraid that they might, when I shot or in any way frightened them, run pell-mell over me, and cut me to pieces with their sharp hoofs. What should I do? I was afraid to move, they were so near; and if they should attack me it was impossible now to get out of the way.

## II.

A STRONG wind was blowing from the herd over me, which accounted for their near approach without discovering my presence; for the buffalo has a good scent, though not so keen as that of the deer.

Seeing that the only chance for my safety was in making as big a demonstration as possible, I sprang suddenly up, fired the gun in their faces, and swung my gloves, of which I had a new pair with long gauntlets. The result was all that could be desired in the way of a scare; for the buffaloes did not even



stop to look, but the leaders turned and literally climbed on top of those that were following, until a pretty thoroughly mixed affair was the result. But in a moment they were all in a stampede over the hills. One of the most agreeable sights I ever saw was the tails of that band of buffaloes held high in the air and getting away from me as fast as possible, for a buffalo is no plaything for a man on foot in open ground.

In the *mêlée* one of my gloves disappeared, and I have not seen it since. I concluded, however, that I let it go in the excitement, and that it was carried away over the smooth ground by the wind.

I returned to camp to be laughed at heartily by the crowd, who had all been perched on the waggon watching the performance.

No more buffaloes were sighted that afternoon, and we concluded to move down Beaver Creek, near the Platte. So as soon as dinner was over everything was astir, and we were soon off.

After going some miles down the stream, three large bulls were observed about two miles away coming solemnly down toward the creek. We hurried our horses and waggon down into a low place under the bank, made the horses fast to picket-pins, gathered our rifles, and made with all possible haste to a "sugar-loaf" hill—a round hill resembling in shape an old-fashioned sugar-loaf—where we thought we should meet the coming game, as the path they were on came around the side of that hill.

When we reached the top, and looked over, the great male beasts were within less than eighty yards of us. Upon seeing us, which they instantly did, they bowed their backs, stuck down their heads, and made such snorts as could be heard a mile away. They had no idea of running.

My experience in the morning had left me quite as fearful of buffalo on general principles, but with more confidence in the power of a good scare. So we all took aim, at what I hardly know, and fired. I have since learned that a gun is a terror to a buffalo, and so these turned, untouched by bullets,

and ran for miles without stopping. The matter of getting no game and only well scared had now become monotonous to me, and I resolved to have a new turn in affairs if any more buffaloes should be found.

We resumed our journey down the creek, aiming to make the Platte by night. It was now Friday afternoon, and we had been out since Monday morning without killing anything. This thought bored me not a little.

About an hour by the sun we discovered a small band some two miles ahead of us just going up out of the water where they had been drinking. I counted them as they filed up the bank, and there were even sixteen. They did not observe us, and we crowded on with all possible haste.

Perhaps I should say here, by way of explanation, that Mr. Beach had never hunted much, and preferred, after confronting the three buffaloes above mentioned, to remain with the team. He thought he had not lost any buffalo, and so had none to hunt. The doctor was a regular Comanche on an expedition, good company, and a first-rate cook; but somehow he was not an expert at getting game. So they were both not unwilling that I should tackle this new-found herd single-handed.

The buffaloes had in the meantime gone back from the stream less than a quarter of a mile, and were leisurely feeding.

I gave the rein of my horse's bridle to the doctor, slid off, ran down under the bank of the stream, and made my way to a point opposite the game as fast as possible.

### III.

UPON coming up out of the bed of the creek, I managed to get a sand-knoll between me and the band, which were now about a quarter of a mile from where they had been down to the water to drink. Stooping and running hurriedly to the knoll, I looked up, and saw them looking full at me about two

hundred yards away. I selected what I thought to be the fattest and best one, but upon trying to take aim I found myself so nervous from running that I could not hold on anything. So I decided to lie flat down, with my face on the ground, and draw one dozen good round full breaths with my eyes closed, and then if the game was still in reach I would try them; for I had been missing and losing good opportunities till quite disgusted. And, by the way, it always takes a sort of apprenticeship in learning how to capture game that a man has never hunted before. After the twelfth good long breath had been taken, I raised myself on one knee and one foot to see the buffaloes still looking at me. Now and then one would step round, seemingly to get a better view.

Estimating the distance as well as I could, I set the sights on the needle-gun and took aim, this time with cool determination, at what proved to be a cow seven years old, judging from the wrinkles on her horns, and very fat. Instantly after the keen ring of the gun the animal dropped, as if she had no legs under her at all. At this the band ran back a short distance, and stopped to look around at the one that now lay floundering on the ground. I had by this time completely overcome all timidity, and, raising the sights a little, took quick aim at another, which, at the crack of the gun, lunged forward and went running off, as I could see, badly wounded, the herd following.

They did not go far, however, before stopping again to look back at the one on the ground, when I hit another; and this was repeated till I had one—the first one—down and three more badly wounded. One thing I observed here was the way the needle bullets struck their mark. Each time I could hear them go “whack,” like a boy flipping small stones against a board.

The band had by this time taken a notion to leave for good, and were running at breakneck speed, the three wounded straggling along at intervals after them.

The doctor and Mr. Beach had remained seated, one in the saddle and the other in the waggon, looking at this streak of

luck, till I motioned with my hat for the former to come to me with my saddle-horse and the dogs. In a few moments he was at my side, the horses and the dogs seeming to understand that an exciting fray was on hand. With a single leap I was in the saddle, and we were off after the wounded game. One by one we overtook them, when the dogs waded right in, engaging the buffaloes till we could get in a good shot. The last of the wounded was a huge bull as long as a fence rail. He fought with desperation, as the breath rushed from his nostrils like steam from an engine.

Our horses understood him and would not go near. He tore up the sod and rushed at the dogs with desperation, but the needle-gun was more than his match.

We now left Mr. Beach in charge of the dead game with the waggon and team, while we took the direction the band had gone, and rode with all possible speed over the sand-knolls in pursuit. After an hour we came in sight of them more than a mile away and still running. We considered it a hard task to overtake them, and so returned to the scene of our late success.

Night was coming on, and, going from one carcass to the other, we removed the viscera, and turned them over with the opening to the ground, so that they might drain clean and dry. We went into camp on Beaver Creek, and had fried strips of liver brown and hard, with sliced potatoes, raw onions, and a good strong cup of tea for supper. Supper in camp is never a hasty meal, especially toward the close, when the choicest morsels are picked out of the frying-pan with the fingers, and eaten with a relish unknown except in such places. After supper we talked over the chase, and the bare possibility of a visit from a band of bloodthirsty Comanches that had been in the vicinity a day or two before our arrival. The doctor declared, however, that no Indian could get near us without being discovered by the dogs, which had both been stuck with Indian arrows more than once. Weary and heavy we fell asleep, with no covering but the sky, and the ever-present coyotes howling and fighting over the offal of our game close by.

And this leads me to speak of an incident that occurred while loading our meat the next day. After the quarters of the first buffalo were put into the waggon, we drove to the next, about four or five hundred paces away. On looking back I saw two wolves coming boldly up to the offal we had just left. I caught up my needle-gun and took aim at one of them. At the report of the gun one dashed away, while the one I shot at began to whirl round and round as though he were a dancing-master. Such another scuffle I am sure that wolf never had before. By-and-by he straightened up, and went skulking away, looking over his shoulder as much as to say it was a disgusting joke. I concluded that I had hit him in the tail.

#### IV.

THE forenoon of next day after capturing the four buffaloes at one round was spent in skinning and dressing the meat, which was very fine, with the exception of the old male. Him we left undisturbed. The meat was as good as any beef, and very delicious, and we quartered it and loaded it into the waggon for the trip homeward.

Late in the afternoon a band of buffaloes, numbering several hundred, appeared some miles down the creek, and, though the team was loaded, we decided to have a chase and capture a fat calf, of which we could see a great number, for use on the way home. And, by the way, buffalo veal is about as juicy and palatable as any meat I have ever tasted.

The band kept coming and growing in numbers till it looked as if there might be no end to them, the calves in the lead, the cows in the centre, and the bulls on the outskirts and in the rear. From what I saw I think this was the order in which large herds of buffaloes always moved on the plains.

Dr. Foos and I at once began to arrange to give them a chase. We stripped the horses of everything but saddles and the inevitable picket-rope, a thing necessary on the plains where there is a horse to be used.



Coats, hats, and gloves (I now had but one glove) were all laid aside, and a butcher-knife slipped in each one of our boot-legs. Cartridge-belts were buckled round the waist tighter than usual, and the saddle-girths drawn up and made firm. As this was going hurriedly on I somehow felt strange sensations creeping over me, and especially in the region of the hair. I was eager for the fray, but it was a new experience to me. In a few moments we were in the saddles, and, with rifles tightly gripped, went galloping away.

The attack was carefully planned before anything else was done. We saw they were going down to drink at the creek, and from what we had observed in former bands it was probable they would come out and run squarely back over the way they had come, and by waiting till the calves, which were in advance, got to the water, and then rushing on them, the herd would instantly reverse, and thus throw the calves in the rear. This calculation worked like a charm ; and just as the calves began to reach the water we rode close together in a brisk gallop toward the rear of the great mass, which now numbered hundreds upon hundreds. Our approach caused them first to stop and sniff the air and look. A few of the bulls began to paw and throw the dirt high over their backs. Now let the reader imagine himself in my place. I instinctively gripped the rein and rifle more tightly.

On we rode in a steady gallop, not saying a word to each other, getting closer and closer, till the first ones were less than two hundred yards away. It made me think of the awful lull that used to precede the coming together of two armies in battle during the war. Our horses caught the spirit of the occasion, and tripped over the buffalo grass and cactus without seeming to touch it.

Instantly the stampede began ; the old ones sticking their tails up in the air, away they went pell-mell, coming so nearly in our direction that we were compelled to sheer down the line of their flight to save being run over.

One of the sights to be no more witnessed on the American continent is the general stampede of a great herd of buffaloes,



for but few of them remain, and these only in broken squads in the Far North.

The whole earth seemed to tremble, and it made our horses travel to keep up with them. Some of the calves were down in the stream and did not get a fair start, and it was these we were after. The calves in a race carry their tails down and tucked close up between their hind legs.

Among the many things to be looked out for at such a time are the holes made here and there in the ground by badgers and wolves ; for if a horse running should step into one of these holes rider and horse would most likely be thrown in such a way as to make it hard to tell which is the horse and which is the rider.

## V.

FOR one who had never been in such a place the experience of riding a horse swiftly on the flank of a great band of buffaloes was thrilling beyond description. Besides the danger that the horse might step into a badger or wolf hole there was the other, that one of the bulls might turn suddenly and gore the horse. In either case the rider would most likely be cut into mince-meat by the hoofs of the running herd. Dr. J. H. Murphy, an eminent physician of St. Paul, Minn., was a few years ago chasing a huge buffalo bull with a carbine on horseback in Dakota, and when close up, and about to shoot, the bull suddenly turned on the horse. The doctor was thrown to the ground, and the beast sprang on to him, pinning him to the ground with his horns, breaking two ribs, and otherwise mangling the doctor's limbs ; and but for the accidental discharge of the carbine under the buffalo's nose he would doubtless have been killed.

As soon as possible to do so we cut out of the fleeing band two calves, Dr. Foos taking one and the writer the other. My calf was pushed off at nearly a right angle from the band, and soon I had him out by himself, and the result was a fair race between a good horse and a buffalo calf about eight months

old. For about two miles or more this race was kept up. I could not shoot from my horse, and if I stopped to shoot the calf would be out of reach, and nothing was left for me to do but to run him down. This I found to be impossible, as the calf evidently was standing the race better than my horse. So, much as I regretted to do so, I reined up and let the young buffalo go.

Dr. Foos, buffaloes, and all were now completely out of sight, and, after giving my horse a few minutes' rest, I galloped across the plains in the direction the herd had gone. After a while I came in sight of the doctor, swinging his hat, and hallooing "Heehy, heehy, heehy!" to the dogs, one of which had his calf by the ear and the other by the hind foot. The doctor was shouting thus with all his might, and, strange to say, had not thought of his gun. I rode up, slid off my horse, and aimed to shoot the calf at the butt of the ear, taking care to miss the dog's mouth. The shot went a little too low, and the dog was so frightened at the bullet striking so near that he let go, and the other dog could not hold the calf alone, so he was soon loose and running with good speed. I directed the doctor to circle him while I should shoot again, and this plan was successful.

While this was going on the band of buffaloes had joined and mixed indiscriminately with a herd of Texas cattle, numbering altogether, I should judge, some two thousand head, and the whole had formed a line of battle, and were marching in a brisk walk toward us. The leaders, both cattle and buffaloes, were pawing and scraping, throwing the dust high in the air. Snorts and low rumbling noises could be heard.

I got into the saddle and made ready to get out of the way; but the scene, while it was appalling, was also fascinating. These animals seemed to form a regular line of battle, semicircle in form, and were coming nose to nose and horn to horn. In some places the black buffaloes predominated, and in others the yellow-reddish Texas cattle.

We stood our ground, the dogs crouching down at their master's feet. And, by the way, to thoroughly understand the

intelligence of dogs one needs to be with them on such an expedition for weeks at a time away from all human habitation. At some four hundred yards away the advancing army stood still and pawed and snorted, and snorted and pawed. In the meantime we hurriedly put the calf on the doctor's saddle and retreated, leaving our foes in full possession of the field. An hour after dark we reached camp, cut some choice slices from the loin of the calf for supper, and were soon eating heartily and talking over the chase.

Three days after we drove into Longmont with meat enough to last each of the families till spring. And, according to a rule among hunters, the hides all fell to me.

## TRIED BY FIRE.

“**N**OW look here, my friend,” said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp’s face as he balanced a coin on the tip of his finger. “I’m not going to read you a homily on the subject of labour, but I want to present for your consideration a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the territory is swarming with men of your class. No less than six, begging for money, have stopped me on the streets to-day; while down there at the yard”—indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles surrounding a small building in the distance—“we haven’t had three applications for work in a month.”

“Try me.”

“Do you imagine you would work if you had the chance? I have had a little experience with fellows of your sort. You have such remarkable appetites!” He addressed him generically, as the representative of a race. “You work half an hour, then come around with the plea that you can’t labour on an empty stomach, draw an advance on your wages, and that is the last we ever see of you.”

The man retorted so sharply that one could almost have fancied the poor remnant of spirit still abiding in him stirred to something resembling wrath.

“That’s always the way,” he muttered. “Say we won’t work; then won’t give us a chance. I know we’re a pretty low-down lot, but some of us start out square enough. If a man once gets down, there’s no getting up again.”

There was something almost pathetic in his very sullenness as he shuffled away, his rags flapping in the breeze, and ill-mated shoes clattering an accompaniment to his gait.

"Come back here, will you!"

John Proctor's voice was stern and decisive. The tramp halted, hesitated, looked away, then shuffled back again.

"Come down to the yard this afternoon and I'll give you a job. But take this money and get filled up first."

He had exchanged the small for a larger coin, and held it in his outstretched palm. The man did not immediately extend his hand to take it. In the moment or two that elapsed the young lumberman thought that he detected a trace of something allied to resentful pride in his bearing. But the illusion vanished as a grimy hand closed greedily upon the silver, and the fellow disappeared without even troubling himself to make any formal expression of his gratitude.

John Proctor looked after him with a quizzical smile. Five minutes later he knew his own name would be the toast of a drunken crowd of loafers in the saloon round the corner. It was not his first experience of the kind. To be sure it would help to advance a certain Quixotic reputation which had attached itself to him since his first advent in this little New Mexican town. But he had steadily adhered to his creed. Granted that ninety-nine out of a hundred of this floating population were thieves and mendicants, he was wont to say, he preferred to be victimised by the ninety-and-nine rather than miss that hundredth man.

Arrived at the park, a strip of land running through the heart of the place, the title to which was in dispute between the railroad company, a handful of determined squatters, and the Government, John brought down the wire fence this noon with one vigorous kick. Kicking down this wire fence was one of the legitimate pastimes of the inhabitants, who could not afford to make a *détour* of a mile or more to reach their places of business, nor yet hazard garments by scaling it. These encroachments on the part of the citizens had once been resisted with warlike demonstrations; but now, as Proctor



stepped through the gap, a patient-looking, round-shouldered little man advanced, trundling a wheelbarrow laden with a huge coil of barb wire, and, politely greeting the trespasser, set about repairing the fence. Parsons was in the employ of the road, and scrupulously obeyed his instructions, but a gleam of humour in his eye told that he sympathised with the transgressors.

As John Proctor took his way down through the park in the direction of his office, he seemed to throw off the unpleasant reflections which had been annoying him with one shrug of his powerful shoulders. The young man's eyes fell cheerily upon the somewhat incongruous array of buildings which constituted the town. He gloried in the homely little edifices squatting over the ground in various directions. Had not every foot of lumber been supplied from his own yard? and did not this avalanche of trade mean—Annie? Nothing could be mean or poor which brought these weary years of waiting to an end. He was a practical man, little given to enthusiasm of any sort, but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with the purple shadows and golden lights. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of Western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of Central Illinois all her life!

The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hard-worked book-keeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several carloads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly.

"Yes, I've come," he said. "What are you going to give me to do?"

John Proctor put on his hat and went with him into the yard, where an empty car was waiting to be filled on an order from a neighbouring town. He showed the man a small



slip of paper tacked upon the end, and was about to explain where he would find the material designated, when the fellow threw off his coat and deftly attacked a pile of scantling which chanced to be the first item on the list.

"Hulloa!" said Proctor, gazing at him in surprise. "You seem to know something about this business."

"A little," returned the man, shortly.

The young lumberman took his way to the office. A little later the ruddy visage of Maxon looked in at the door as he returned from dinner.

"Oh, by the way, Maxon, I have a new man at work out in the yard. You might keep an eye on him."

"Now, Mr. Proctor!" exclaimed Maxon, in hopeless protest. "Is it another of them fellows?"

"Well, you see, he declared he was willing to work, and it seems only fair to give a man a chance."

The broad-shouldered young proprietor was avowedly on the defensive.

"So far as I'm concerned of course it's nothing to me," observed Maxon, dejectedly. "But it puts me out to have you made a laughing-stock all over the town. It's a shame—well, it's no use talking. Yes, you may depend upon me to keep an eye on him, sir. Those fellows will bear watching. I say, though, Mr. Proctor, haven't you got very close up to that hundred?"

Half an hour later Maxon looked in again, his face lit up with a mischievous smile.

"Don't you want to take a look at your new hand now, Mr. Proctor? He's just like the rest of them; sitting on a lumber pile all doubled up with a pain in——"

A flying Spanish conversation book checked further intelligence, and Maxon dodged around the corner to escape other missiles. At six o'clock, when the hands came up to receive pay for their day's labour, John Proctor saw his *protégé* standing off at a little distance. The man made no demand for wages, and his employer took no notice of him. As the men filed out the express agent of the Plumbago City

train, a personal friend of Proctor's, came running into the office with a package in his hand.

"Here, Proctor, run them over quickly and sign this receipt. It's the five thousand from Juarez & Signor. I haven't a moment to spare."

The lumberman hastily counted the notes, signed his name to the receipt in a bold, dashing hand, and the agent hurried off. Left alone, Proctor drew from his pocket a long Russian-leather pocket-book, and laid the notes carefully inside. As he thrust this into his breast pocket, he chanced to glance toward the window, and encountered the hungry eyes of the tramp, sharply following his movements from without. As the man saw that he was detected, he paused, seemed about to speak, then changed his mind, and sauntered carelessly away. A vague anxiety assailed John Proctor. It was long after banking hours; there was no help for it, he must be custodian of his treasure until morning.

He sat up late that night. The payment of this sum was all that was necessary to make the Eastern trip a definite and tangible matter. There was a pile of correspondence to be turned off, and a letter to be despatched to that little woman in Illinois, telling her to discharge her music pupils and make ready for his coming. When he had finished his letters, he sat quietly for a while in his big armchair. It was very late when he rose and, locking doors and windows, proceeded to the little inner room where he slept. He drew off his coat, and, folding it carefully, placed it beneath his pillow. Then he examined the barrels of an English bull-dog pistol, which hung upon a hook beside his bed. Reassured by this precaution, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Several hours before, a man had crawled upon a low pile of planks, flanked by two others of towering height. As he stretched himself at length, with a bundle of shakes for a pillow, he philosophically reflected that such a bed was not to be despised. He was not ill-qualified to judge, for his experience had been wide and diversified, and he had learned to weigh the most delicate points of variance with the fine discrimina-

tion of a connoisseur. He had travelled half-way across the continent without once knowing the shelter of a civilised roof. He had tented beneath the fragrant shade of orange groves in Southern California, and in waving fields of golden grain ; passed some terrible July nights on the Colorado desert, where the mercury marks  $110^{\circ}$  at midnight, parching for water and choked with the hot dust of the arid waste, waking at day-break to find the delusive mirage mocking him in the distance. He had sunk down exhausted on the barren plateaus of Arizona, and rose to find himself stabbed in a thousand places by the minute *cacti* needles, cast upon him by the malicious breeze ; ever lured on by the sweet face of a child who had smiled farewell through a mist of tears.

The quiet of the place, the gently stirring air, odorous with the fragrance of the pine woods, the sleepy twinkle of the stars overhead, and the weariness of muscles unaccustomed to labour, soon lulled him into slumber.

A little later two glowing sparks of fire seemed to glide down the railroad track, stole around the office, and disappeared within the long drying-shed at its rear. During their progress these sparks of fire occasionally described magnificent curves in the air, in the accentuation of certain rhythmical utterances in the corrupted Spanish of the Mexican tongue. The lowest Mexican peon, who all his life goes half-clothed, half-fed, and unsheltered, handles his cigar or cigarette with the fine pomposity and careless grace of the proudest hidalgo.

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a foe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise, but found himself unable to move, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, through which vast sheets of flame darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted, and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half-dragged, half-carried through the little private office and into the larger room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted,

"My notes! In my coat pocket—under the pillow—let me go!"

For answer he was violently propelled forward into the arms of some men, eagerly crowding through the flaming doorway. He struggled to free himself from their vice-like grasp. He fought with them, cursed them, and finally broke down and cried like a child. Maxon's fierce tones recalled him to himself.

"Why, man, do you think we would let you go into that fiery furnace again? See! There goes the roof now."

With a gentle, waving motion, the roof seemed to slowly vibrate to and fro, then sank down with a sudden crash, and a flying column of sparks celebrated its downfall.

With half-dazed senses John Proctor stared about him, and his gaze wandered to the sky above, where an angry crimson glow had blotted out the stars, and rested upon the distant mountain chains, weirdly reflecting from their seamed fronts and craggy peaks the glare of the unrighteous flames. Would she admire them now?

Surely it was a spectacle to enchant the eye of an unprejudiced spectator, whose whole possessions were not being sacrificed to the effect.

He turned collectedly to the scene before him. There was still something to be done. The cream of the stock had been destroyed, but unless some piles of lumber to the right of the building were speedily removed the fire would communicate with the whole outside stock, stretched for several hundred yards along the railroad track. He turned to the crowd of men who stood inactive, gazing upon the scene.

"Come on and help us save the lumber!"

A couple of dozen men came promptly forward. The lumberman saw, to his surprise, that the volunteers were almost exclusively composed of the so-called professional men of the town. The local officers of the railroad, a dapper, well-dressed set of fellows, commonly viewed with contemptuous eyes by the hard-working portion of the population, presented themselves almost to a man. The tall form of Judge Cheeseman, a stiff and somewhat aristocratic legal luminary, loomed up in

their midst. A quiet-looking little real estate agent leaped upon a pile of shingles, and began to fling the bunches down to a German chemist below. The two rival editors (for the least of New Mexican villages usually boasts its miniature newspaperdom), who had exchanged shots on Gold Avenue the previous day, glared cordially at each other along the lengths of the timbers they undertook to transport to a place of safety. The labouring population offered scarcely a representative, save in the persons of a few contractors and mechanics, who had learned to know and like the pleasant young lumberman.

The men worked like heroes. Their energy never waned until a faint light in the east began to rival the red glare which the flames, through the medium of the high, rare atmosphere, cast over the desert plains for miles around, and every piece of lumber was removed to a safe distance.

Worn and wearied, John Proctor sat down to rest upon the wheel of his own copying press. A gradual change had taken place in the ranks of the loungers. Many of the spectators of the night had gone home to refresh themselves with a nap, and the remainder were reinforced by a straggling corps of men who had slept through all the turmoil and excitement. One of these, a stout fellow, with a big diamond blazing in his shirt bosom and a mimic beer bottle suspended from his massive watchchain, was recounting his experience, as all people revel in detailing their individual impressions on the occasion of a fire.

"You see I was sleeping like a log when Lizzie caught hold of my shoulder, and she says, 'Bob, Bob, wake up, I tell you. The sky is all afire, and there must be an eclipse!' I reached up to see if my pocket-book was safe——"

The words brought back to John Proctor a sense of the loss he had sustained. At that moment Maxon strolled up, flushed with exertion. He had just administered a sound kicking to a couple of young Mexicans, whom he had detected making off with a keg of building hardware.

"Maxon," he said abruptly, "did that fellow who got me out last night come out safely himself?"



"Now I think of it," returned Maxon, "he went back a minute; but he got out all right—just as the roof fell in. I thought at the moment a piece of falling timber hit him, but he scrambled off fast enough.'

A dread suspicion assailed John Proctor's honest heart; but he repelled it sturdily. Yet all day long, as he wandered dreamily about, answering a thousand idle questions or fishing from the ruins various mementoes of the wreck, there would constantly intrude upon him the memory of two greedy, devouring eyes, peering through a window, a strange retreat into a burning building, and disappearance into the shadows. When night came it was necessary for some one to stay and guard the ruins, for, if the wind should rise, some smouldering piles of lumber might be fanned into a blaze, and the remainder of the stock be swept away.

When the rest had gone home he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night the place was a dreary solitude. Once the call of a mocking bird thrilled in the distance. A fiery eye, miles away over the level plain, developed into the head light of the locomotive of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the station below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruins.

John Proctor, who had been slowly pacing to and fro, sat down upon a bunch of shingles and buried his face in his hands. He knew, what not even Maxon had guessed, that this disaster had wrought his irreparable ruin. It would require every cent of the insurance money to settle his outstanding liabilities, for he had done business on the rushing Western plan, and had carried a stock out of all proportion to his capital. If he could only have saved that five thousand, or if he had not been so ambitious. Annie had been ready—poor little girl! She had even proposed bringing her piano to this raw Southern town, and eking out their income with the result of her own labours. On one point he was resolved. Whenever he got square with the world again, he would put his pride in his pocket, and, humbly presenting himself before



the little woman, ask her to share his fortunes, for better or worse. O God! how long would it be? A stilled groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he arose and stood erect. His quick ear had caught the sound of some heavy body slowly moving over the ground.

"Who is there?"

A wavering voice replied,—

"Only me. Is that you, boss?"

John Proctor bent forward, and perceived a man slowly crawling along in the shadow of a pile of joists. As the figure emerged into the moonlight, he saw that the fellow dragged one leg helplessly after him. His suspicions melted away beneath his natural warmth of heart.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a falling timber, boss; but the fire got into my eyes, and I can't see very well."

He had drawn himself to Proctor's feet and stopped, turning a little upon one side, his head propped up with his hand.

"You see, when I come through the door something fell against me, and not seeing you, and not being able to get about very well, there were so many of them cussed Mexican thieves about, I was afraid they might make off with this," holding out a flat leather book, which John Proctor seized with a glad exclamation. The man went on, talking in an absent way,—

"I wouldn't have liked to have you think ill of me. You're the first man who give me a chance since I got down. I warn't always a loafer, sir. You spoke of my knowing something about the business; and to be sure I ought, if fifteen years as a 'sorter' in the Wisconsin lumber regions can teach a man anything of lumber. But when my wife died I struck off out West. It's been hard luck ever since—and my little girl—back there with her grandparents——"

His voice seemed to fail from weakness.

"What have you eaten to-day?" asked the other sharply.

The man answered reluctantly and almost in a tone of apology,—

"You see, sir—down there among the lumber piles—how could I——"

John Proctor was a man more given to action than speech. He addressed the man now in clear, decided tones,—

"Do you think you could hold on to my back while I carried you down to the hotel?"

"Why, sir! It wouldn't be fit."

"Shut up! Put your arms around my neck."

The office and bar-room of the hotel, a pretentious structure of Eastlake architecture, held its usual quota of respectable loafers, when John Proctor entered, with the uncouth figure on his back. A gurgle of laughter ran through the crowd. The majority fancied the young lumberman's brain had been turned by his recent losses, and that his *dementia* had taken the form of a violent development of the weakness with which he had hitherto been accredited. Their laughter suddenly ceased when the young man went straight to the clerk, saying, in clear, ringing tones,—

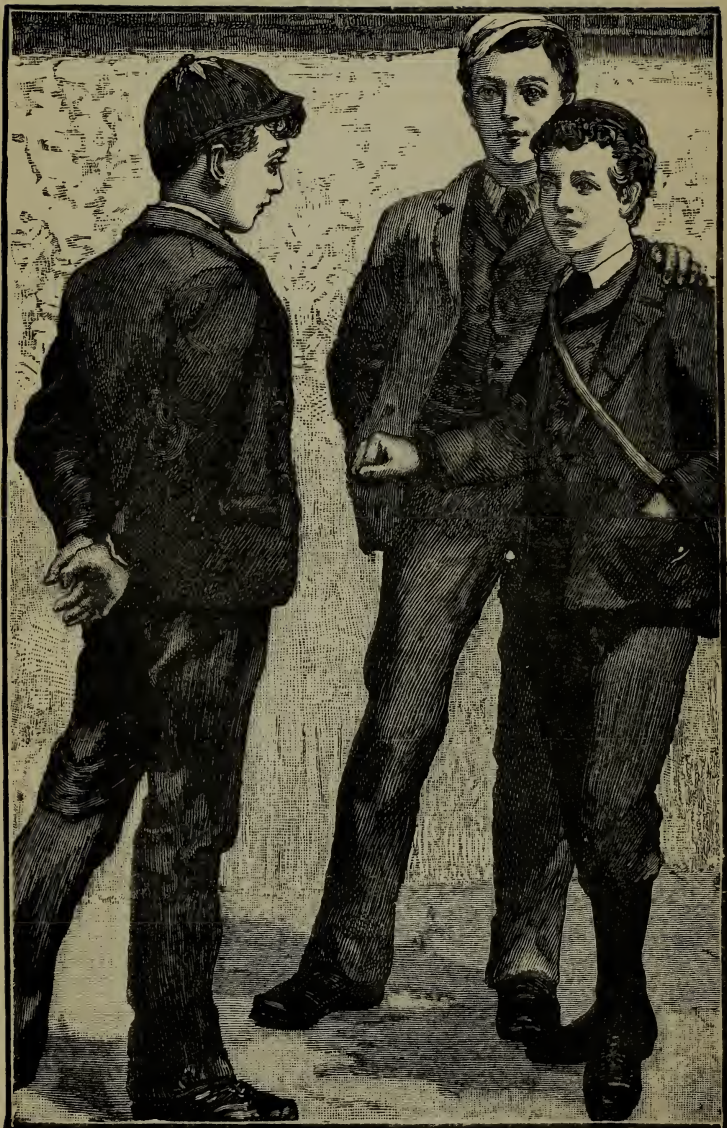
"Give me the best room you have. This man, who saved my life last night, is badly hurt. Some of you," turning to the idlers, "go at once for the surgeon of Atchinson Road."

A dozen men sprang forward to relieve him of his burden, to help him carry the poor fellow to a comfortable room, where he was gently laid upon the bed. The sufferer received those attentions in silence. His dim eyes stared incredulously about the room, and into the kindly faces bending over him. That anything like this should happen to him! How long would it last? Would they let him have one good night's rest before turning him out again? When once more on the desolate plain, wandering through sage-bush, mesquite, and soap-weed, it would seem like some strange dream. But what was this? The stalwart young lumberman speaking huskily to the doctor,—

"And mind, McLean, do your best. I owe him more than I can tell you. Put him in good trim to take the foremanship of my yard when I get stocked up."

The silly old vagrant buried his face in the pillow and wept.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS.



# SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS.



## MY FIRST SCRAPE.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE.

### I.

#### PENANCE.

A LONG time ago, it seems, since I first went to school, a regular old-fashioned boarding-school kept in a quaint old red brick mansion on the outskirts of the respectable old-fashioned neighbourhood of Turnham Green, by a stout old-fashioned Doctor of Divinity, who drank sound old fashioned port, practised good old-fashioned methods of instruction, and held in old-fashioned horror all new-fangled ideas on this and every other subject.

A good many things have changed since those days, but boys remain much the same from generation to generation, and, I take it, I must have been a pretty average sample of boyhood—if anything, perhaps, rather quieter and more considerate than the general run of boys. At all events, I remember standing in very wholesome awe of the Doctor, and distinctly making up my mind not to get into trouble with him, if I possibly could help it, one's relations with a school-master then largely involving certain painful contingencies of getting into trouble with him.

It was tolerably easy for me to keep from coming into direct



collision with the great Doctor himself ; from my standing in the school it was the ushers with whom I had more to do. Of these there were two, "Beauty" and "The Beast," as we called them, in playful allusion rather to moral than to physical qualities. "Beauty" was a slovenly, lackadaisical, dried-up little man, more than plain to look at, but lovable for his patient kindly nature ; he wore spectacles, his name was Markham, and some of the youngest of his pupils fondly believed him to be the author of an English history in much use among us.

"The Beast," on the other hand, was a very good-looking young fellow, in his own opinion at least, who prided himself on an imposing pair of red whiskers, and sported an elegant variety of chains, rings, and waistcoats, in those days when waistcoats were still gorgeous, and fine gentlemen and their imitators allowed themselves more licence in the matter of personal ornament than is approved by the sobriety of modern fashion. But his good points, such as they were, lay chiefly on the outside ; therefore we called him "The Beast" behind his back, and "Mr. Cox" to his face.

It was my ill-fortune to be chiefly under Mr. Cox's care, and not to appreciate this advantage. He had favourites among the boys, cunning sycophants, who knew how to work on his conceit, or genteel youths in whom he recognised a kindred spirit ; but to most of us he showed himself passionate, capricious, in fact a regular petty tyrant, making no allowance for our natural shortcomings, and bullying shamefully when the Doctor's eye was not on him ; for though our principal cherished the severe in education, he jealously guarded his prerogative of being the only fountain of severity.

I was one of those whom Mr. Cox "spited," as we used to say and think. How he stormed and railed at me when I forgot that an adjective should agree with its substantive, and what swinging cuffs I have had from him for not remembering at the moment the proper irregularity of some verb, that would never have had the heart to stray into such eccentric perfects and subjunctives, had it guessed one-thousandth part of the



sorrow it was to bring upon puzzle-headed urchins, who never did it any harm! When I was trying my very best to master these monsters, when a little encouragement was what I wanted, Mr. Cox seemed to delight in confusing and intimidating me, so that he should have an excuse for punishing, or for his more terrible threat of reporting me to the Doctor.

I and the like of me, trembling under his lofty rebukes, looked on our schoolwork, therefore, as a kind of sorry game in which it was the teacher's business to bowl out our ignorance as often as he could, by dint of his superior wisdom, while we awkward tyros might think ourselves lucky every time that we were able to stop one of his balls, scoring off them being almost out of the question. I did not suspect then what I know now—that this stickler for perfection was himself a very ignorant fellow, and could hardly read Cæsar, the main instrument of our torment at his hands, without a translation for such an easy classic.

Yes, Mr. Cox possessed that "clandestine refuge of schoolboys," as Dr. Johnson so grandiloquently styles it, what the schoolboys themselves call a *crib*, the Latin on one page, and the English opposite. To make it worse, the book was bound in a false cover, lettered on the back: "Selections from the Poets." This secret volume its owner generally kept locked up in his desk; but one Wednesday forenoon he had carelessly left it lying about, in his haste to be off to enjoy the half-holiday in London, as he and the other assistant-master had the privilege of doing turn and turn about. Hence all these troubles which I am about to relate.

"I am not going to put up with this much longer," were his last words to me before starting to catch the omnibus. He had bamboozled me so completely that morning by his bad temper that I had broken down in my repetition, always a stumbling-block to me. "You will stay in and learn these lines—do you hear me, sir?—and say them to me at night the first thing when I come back. If you make the least slip, off you go to the Doctor, and he will teach you what comes of this continual idleness and inattention!"

Wearily I sat down again in the empty schoolroom to make myself perfect in those tiresome lines. Presently I could say them all to myself, and I said them without a slip to a crony of mine ; but it did not follow that I should be able to repeat them to Mr. Cox, when he began to storm at me on the first sign of hesitation. I could do nothing more but take my chance of that painful interview with the Doctor ; if Mr. Cox were bent on bringing matters to this point, it seemed to me that no trouble on my part might avert the threatened fate. So, calling a schoolboy's philosophy to my aid, I shut the book, dismissed the subject from my mind for the meanwhile, and went out to have a game at prisoner's base till dinner-time.

It was a good dinner that day, roast veal with stuffing, and roley-poley treacle pudding, our usual Wednesday bill of fare, though now and then for a change they would put us off with cold meat and suchlike. A buzz of satisfaction arose when we saw the expected joints brought in, brown, savoury, soused in rich gravy. Nobody knows the beauty of such a sight like a schoolboy who has had nothing for breakfast but bread-and-butter.

Then began the cheerful clattering of knives and forks. When the Doctor at one end, and Mr. Markham at the other, had carved all round, our well-fed principal, wiping his rubicund face with a big red silk handkerchief, stood aside for a rest, till his services should again be called into requisition. He dined in private with his family an hour later ; and after helping us he had a way of wandering from one bookshelf to another, browsing mentally on some chance volume, while we ate our fill, for there was no stint in his establishment. But now, scarcely had I for one got well at work upon my plate of veal, when we were startled by an exclamation from the Doctor that drew all eyes upon him. He had taken up a book at random, and it was the contents of this that seemed to have moved him not a little. His face grew redder, and a dark frown overshadowed it, as he exclaimed impressively :

“ Boys, there is a serpent among you ! ”

It was our turn to be startled. We looked blankly at him,

and at each other, mutely inquiring who had done what to deserve this character. After a pause, to allow his words to sink into our consciences, the Doctor went on, holding up a plainly bound book, which none of us recognised.

"In spite of my repeated warnings and commands, in spite of the notions of honour which I have striven to instil into you, in spite of every rule which should govern the conduct of a dutiful pupil, one of you has been base enough to introduce into my school a translation, and that under a treacherous disguise, which, adding deceit to dishonesty, doubles the offence!"

Such was the usual style of the Doctor's eloquence, which exhausted every term of forcible reproach upon small matters, so that when he came to deal with the most serious transgressions, his wrath often found itself at a loss for words to express the climax of moral reprobation.

"A translation, I say, of Cæsar, intended to thwart and baffle all our efforts for your progress in sound learning," he repeated, as if we did not appear sufficiently horrified by the discovery. "Lay down those knives and forks there at once, and listen to me with respect!"

We hastened to obey, perceiving too plainly that the Doctor had worked himself into one of those moods of high wrath in which there might be no trifling with him. "Let the boy to whom this thing belongs stand up and confess his shame before you all!" proclaimed he.

We looked at each other, but nobody stood up.

"I say, let him rise in his place!" reiterated our ruler, thumping significantly on the contraband volume, still without producing any reply to this invitation.

"For the third time and last time, I call upon the owner of this book to reveal himself, that he may save his schoolfellows from disgrace and punishment. I insist upon his confessing, and that without delay."

But nobody offered to confess. We all sat still as mice, looking from one another to the Doctor, and from his irate face to our plates. The veal was growing cold.

"Does he set me at defiance?" cried the Doctor. "Then I call upon his schoolfellows to denounce their unworthy associate. For their own credit, they must not allow this outrage upon discipline to remain hidden one moment longer. Will no one speak? Boys, I blush for you!"

So said the Doctor, glowing indeed from whisker to whisker like a full-blown peony-rose, while his eyes searched our countenances to see if the criminal would not betray himself by his confusion. But as he could fix upon no one, and no response was made to his demand for confession, he took a hot and hasty resolution. Making three strides to the head of the table, he rapped sharply on it with his knuckles. At the accustomed signal, we all stood up like a well-drilled company that we were, though sorely doubtful what this might portend.

"Ungrateful, undutiful, and unprincipled boys, I am determined to get at the truth. Understand me! Not one meal shall any of you partake of at this table until the guilty person be disclosed to me, voluntarily or otherwise."

Thereupon, to our horror, he proceeded to say grace. What mockery of thanksgiving was this!

"There, you may go, and reflect over what I have said. Jane, Susan, take away! Dinner is over."

With this stern command, he put the offending volume in his pocket, and motioned to us to leave the room.

Once by ourselves in the playground, you may suppose how the hubbub of our wonder, of our hunger, of our indignation, of our disgust, broke loose. What a shame it was of the Doctor! What a fool of a fellow to leave his crib lying about in this dangerous way! What a sneak not to confess rather than get us all into such serious trouble! What a licking he ought to have from the whole school, over and above the official castigation which certainly awaited him! What an idea to think that we would all bear to be starved to save his skin! What an ass to imagine that he could keep his secret when we were all enlisted with such sharp-set zeal for its discovery! Now, then, who could he be?

That was just what we could not find out. Big boys were examined, small boys were threatened, everybody was suspected; but nobody would own the baneful book. No one had seen or heard of such a thing, much less would any one admit himself responsible for it. And yet we were to fast till somebody came forward to claim this forfeit, paying the penalty in his own person.

There was little play that afternoon. We were all too much taken up with discussing the novel penance so unjustly appointed for us. Fierce was the inquisition that went on amongst us. We upbraided and accused one another, raging with terrible threats against the unknown who had brought upon us this misfortune, and who came in for all the stronger vituperation, because, in spite of all, he remained in provoking obscurity.

Most of us grew visibly cross and dejected as the afternoon wore on, and we became more and more aware of our empty stomachs. What was to be done?

"I have a good mind to write home," said one boy, whose people lived close by, at Ealing. "I am sure my father would come and fetch me away, as soon as he heard."

"Why should we not all run away?" suggested a daring spirit. "They wouldn't blame us at home, if they knew why. They ought to know that we are being starved."

"They are sure to know in good time; there must be a coroner's inquest, when it is all over with us," said Filsby. Filsby was a jocose youth, the plumpest of the Cæsar class, who looked as if he could bear a little starving.

"Very funny for you, Filsby! You could live on your own fat for a fortnight."

"Well, I wouldn't care to be a skeleton!" retorted Filsby.

"We shall all be skeletons soon," quoth one hungry and gloomy lad.

"Then Filsby will be all funny-bone," said another, but nobody laughed, and one of the big fellows bid this ill-seasoned joker "Shut up!"

It was indeed a time for serious deliberation, and action, if



action were feasible. The cook had already been appealed to on the sly, but the fear of their master was too strong upon all the servants to allow of their relieving our distress. Had we no money to buy food? In the middle of the week, in the middle of the quarter, how should any of us have money, unless from some chance windfall? Only twopence could be raised throughout the school. That sum belonged to one boy, Steele Major, in the class above me, whose birthday had happened the week before, and so much of its fruits still remained to him. Steele was a lad of strong schoolboy virtue, and high ideas of public spirit. Another fellow might have concealed his riches in such an emergency; but he nobly threw the whole twopence into the common treasury that it might be spent for the good of all alike.

The next question was how to spend it? Twopence, unfortunately, will not go far on eatables to make a meal for some dozens of hungry boys. Steele's own suggestion was dried peas, as being cheap, and at the same time very nourishing, and as he was considered to have some right of decision, we all voted accordingly. His young brother, smuggled out of the playground through a gap in the hedge, ran to a shop near at hand, and came back safe with a bag of peas, which were forthwith shared out fairly among us.

So, for the rest of the afternoon we went about munching peas, washed down with water from the tap, and trying to persuade ourselves that they were a very pleasant form of diet, just for once in a way. It was the same Lenten fare with which Friar Tuck entertained Ivanhoe in his cell; but then, as will be remembered, this simple refecton was soon supplemented by a venison pasty and a goodly leather bottle. In our case we saw no present prospect of further dainties, and however we might try to pride ourselves on our Spartan hardihood, I fear we thought ruefully on those brown roasts of veal and those "stodgy" treacle dumplings, while our stomachs, craving for more, like so many Oliver Twists, called shame and vengeance upon the unknown criminal who allowed us thus to suffer for his sake, and made no sign.



## II.

## CONFESSION.

AT the usual time the tea-bell rang, and we flocked in, hoping to find that the Doctor had relented after all.

But no such thing! No cloth was laid; no friendly urn smoked upon the board, no welcome view met our eyes of those cups, filled with a pale liquid which was neither to cheer nor inebriate us to-night, nor of those piles of bread-and-butter which in hours of plenty we were wont to abuse, as being too thick in one respect and too thin in the other. Without a morsel of food we had to sit down forthwith for an extra hour's work under the superintendence of Mr. Markham, bound, however he might secretly sympathise with us, to carry out his principal's commands to the bitter end, as he now did in the patient downcast manner of a mill-horse performing its round of duty.

I know I, for one, did not study to much purpose that evening. As ill-luck would have it, I had to hammer out that very bit of Cæsar which tells how the food of the ancient Britons consisted of milk, cheese, and flesh. What a tantalising task for one who had eaten nothing since breakfast but a few dry peas, and one, one single tantalising mouthful of roast veal! I sat limp and sulky over my books, as did most of us. I remembered the story of the shipwreck of the *Medusa*, which I had lately been reading; I could now better enter into the feelings of those sufferers. I looked at Filsby's fat cheeks, wondering how long it would be before they began to shrink in. It was lucky for Filsby that he had not made one of that party on the raft of the *Medusa*. I went to sleep for a little and dreamed of apple tarts; but woke up to the unpleasant reality of emptiness. How would that heartless Doctor have liked it himself! Would my parents have sent me to school with such a monster had they known his ways? A few more hours of this peculiar discipline of his, I was sure, would make me ripe for open mutiny.

After two weary hours we were released from our books, to break out louder than ever into the natural anger of boys and Britons injured in so tender a point. Some of us asked Mr. Markham's advice as to what we should do for our relief. He cleared his throat, thought over it a little, and said with an air of great wisdom, which his spectacles helped to lend him in pronouncing the simplest opinion :

"You see, the Doctor is determined to punish the boy who has used a translation. If I were you, I should give him up."

"But if he is such a sneak that he won't own it?"

"Somebody has got to own it," replied Mr. Markham oracularly, after due consideration ; and not seeing his way to be of further use in the matter, he went out of the room, leaving us to our own consultations.

Then was started the proposition—I think it came from Steele—that, the Doctor being obdurate and we being famished, the only thing for us to do would be to select a victim who should offer himself as the culprit to appease his displeasure. As an amendment, it was suggested that the said victim should be chosen out of the Cæsar class alone, since the guilt seemed to lie among them.

This everybody else declared to be the fairest way of settling the matter, so we Cæsarians were mustered together, thirteen of us in all, and urged to draw lots for which of our unlucky number must go up to the Doctor and take on himself the blame and other consequences of owning that crib. When the true owner came to be found out, as no doubt he would be, in time, the whole school undertook to pay off with interest the debt thus incurred on his behalf. What could we thirteen say when appealed to, to perform this public service?

"But the fellow who is drawn will get swished !" said Filsby. "I don't want to be flogged. My grandmother left it in her will that I wasn't to be. I am too delicate !"

Filsby, you must know, could afford to act this part of mock fear. No fellow in the school was better acquainted with the Doctor's rod, or stood less in dread of it. I admired the boy who talked so lightly of such a fate, and, while by no means

sharing his carelessness, was inspirited by his example to risk my skin in the common cause. And, more or less heartily, the whole thirteen agreed to take their chance of being devoted to the Doctor's utmost severity.

"If any one of you is afraid, he can back out now," we were told; as if any one would own to being afraid with the eyes of everybody fixed upon him.

But before anything further was done in the matter, something happened to call off the general attention. The door opened, and there staggered into the room a small boy, bearing in his arms a hamper as big as himself. A murmur of surprise and satisfaction arose from every side, swelling into a cry of joy, and we flocked around him, like a beleaguered garrison welcoming relief.

Breathlessly the small boy explained: this was his hamper sent from home—it had just arrived; under the present circumstances he could not think of keeping it to himself; he handed it over to the elder fellows that its contents might forthwith be distributed at their discretion for the public good.

Never was generosity better timed! The small boy at once became a most popular personage. Steele graciously patted him on the back, making him flush for pride; and we hailed his gift with a cheer of mingled enthusiasm, praise for the giver, defiance for the Doctor, and hope for ourselves.

Then, while some were quickly cutting the strings of the hamper and wrenching up the lid, others came round the small boy, earnestly demanding what might be inside it.

"I don't know exactly," was all he could tell us. "I know there's a cake, because I have had a letter about it. Last year they sent me a pork pie and sausages, and some gingerbread, and hard-boiled eggs and apples—oh! and jam. I told them they should send more gingerbread this time."

Our mouths watered at the very name of these dainties, and there was such a close pressing round the hamper as to hinder the unpacking of it. But our impatience was joyful. A case that took so long to open must prove worth the opening,

"Bag me a sausage!" exclaimed Filsby, as the protecting layer of straw on the top came into view.

"I should like some of the pork pie," said another.

"Hard-boiled eggs for me!" cried a third.

"Hold your greedy tongues," said Steele. "Everything will be fairly divided without asking you."

But now, fancy our feelings when the hamper proved to contain nothing but one seed cake, and that a very moderate-sized one! There were, indeed, some mended clothes, books, and suchlike, but these were tossed contemptuously away as of no account. The rest was all straw and brown paper. Vainly we turned it out to the very bottom. There was nothing to eat but the cake, which would not afford more than a crumb all round. We received it with a groan of derision, and hungry looks of reproach overwhelmed that small impostor who for the moment had been able to pose as a public benefactor.

"I am very sorry," he stammered in dismay.

"Your people ought to be ashamed of themselves for sending you a cake like this," he was told, and seemed almost ready to cry for consciousness of his family's guilt.

"There is a ring, and a sixpence, and a thimble in it," he muttered humbly, as if that made things any better. Then the small boy hastened to withdraw into obscurity, his brief hour of greatness having come to such an end.

Steele was the first to recover from the consternation that fell upon us, and to propose a plan by which this disappointment could be turned to the best advantage. Though not in the highest class, he was a born leader, that boy, bold in counsel as in action, the kind of spirit to whom, as boy or man, his fellows give ready ear in doubtful and dangerous affairs.

His advice now was that we should divide the cake among the Cæsar class, and that whoever got the piece with the sixpence in it should be doomed as the Doctor's victim. This appeared such a just arrangement, the slices of cake going to balance the risk and the sixpence being set against the smart, that it was unanimously agreed to, and we thirteen prepared

ourselves for the pleasing certainty and the painful chance of the trial.

The cake was forthwith cut into fourteen equal slices, the first one being freely apportioned to the owner on Steele's proposal. That, too, we voted only right. The other pieces were divided among the Cæsar class by the small boy's turning his back and pronouncing to whom each should go. We were in the mood to be very exact in point of justice.

How nice that cake did taste, and how wolfishly the other fellows looked on at us eating it ; and how gingerly we crumbled and crunched each morsel, expecting every moment to come upon the sign of our doom. I was soon put out of doubt by getting the ring. Steele's young brother got the thimble. But strange to say, nobody owned to having found the sixpence, when the last crumb of cake had disappeared, though most of us were loud in denouncing the meanness of him who thus shrank from his destined part, while some hinted that the small boy had deceived us as to there being any sixpence. This mystery, I may remark, was never cleared up. If, as seems likely, there were a faint-hearted traitor among us all, the upbraidings of the other fellows could not wring his secret from him ; and our scheme for appeasing the Doctor came to a complete deadlock.

"I would rather take a dozen swishings than be afraid," declared Steele, scornfully.

"Oh, it's all very fine for you to talk !" said Filsby. "You are on the safe side of the hedge."

"Then I won't be, if you fellows are such cowards," cried Steele, firing up. "I was in Cæsar only the half before last, and the crib might have been mine. Let us draw lots fairly, and I'll take my chance with the rest of you—there !"

Here, indeed, was magnanimity ! After such an example of disinterestedness, who could hold back ?

"Only," stipulated Steele, "you should leave out my young brother, if I take his place."

That seemed fair enough. Young Steele was far the smallest of the Cæsar class, but a perfect prodigy for his age,



to whom all kinds of learning came as natural as playing to other boys ; nobody would ever suspect him of needing a crib. So he was allowed to stand aside, his elder brother coming forward instead of him.

Steele major at once set about arranging for the ordeal in a businesslike manner, which showed us that there might be no escape from going through with it. He picked out thirteen marbles from half-a-dozen hoards readily offered for selection. In those days we did not disdain marbles. I am not now so learned as Serjeant Buzfuz in *alley-taws* and *commoneys*, and I forget the technical name of the said marbles. All I remember is that the thirteen were of the same size and smoothness, and all light in colour but one, which was dark, with blood-red stripes, a fit emblem for the fatal lot ! Counting them out before us all, Steele put them into the pocket of his jacket and hung that up on a peg.

“ Now there’s the same chance for all of us. Whoever draws the striped one is in for it. That’s agreed ? ”

“ All right,” we assented, more or less cheerfully.

“ Then I’ll be first.” Steele plunged in his hand, and without hesitation drew out a harmless lavender-coloured marble, which he tossed carelessly away. “ There ! who’ll take the next turn ? ”

Half laughing and half serious, the twelve came up to try their fortune, some pressing forward as if eager to get it over, others hanging back in hope thus to have the better chance of escape, while the rest of the school crowded round, watching with keen interest. Such an exciting scene had not taken place among us for a long while. And the excitement grew as, one by one, nothing but light-coloured marbles were drawn, the red one remaining to the very end.

This looked bad for me, since Filsby and I came last, he professing much alarm, and I feeling more than I could afford to show.

“ Oh, I’m in such a funk ! ” he said, pretending to wipe away a tear. “ You go first.”

“ No, you ! ”



"Look sharp, both of you," commanded one of the big fellows, impatient to know the result of this strange lottery.

Then Filsby and I put in our hands together, and each seized one of the two marbles now left. We drew them out, holding our fists closed for a moment, as if willing to spin out our suspense, and provoke the eager curiosity of the spectators. I, indeed, felt most anxious to know my fate, but I put a calm face on it, and took my cue from Filsby, who seemed still inclined to make fun of such a serious subject.

"Let's see! Let's see!" was the cry all round us.

"Will you swop?" asked Filsby, holding out his fist towards me.

"None of your nonsense!" exclaimed Steele, hotly.

Filsby slowly opened his hand, displaying a marble white as snow—as dirty snow!

"No best of three!" he cried with a whoop, throwing it up in the air and catching it to testify his exultation.

There was no need for me now to show what my hand held. Of course it must be the red one, the sign of doom. I gave one look at it, not so much to make sure as to satisfy the other fellows. It seemed to me as if I had expected nothing better all along.

"What will you give to swop with me even yet?" said that jeering Filsby.

But I turned away from him without answering. Did he think I was afraid? Though my heart might quail within me, nobody should see me shrink from playing the part that had fallen to my lot.

"Go and have it over at once, and don't stop to think of it; that's the best way," advised Steele, giving me a kindly shove towards the door.

I took his advice, and started off forthwith on my painful errand, accompanied into the passage by a little crowd of sympathisers, exhorting, encouraging, and giving me from their own experience hints that I might find useful. But I did not pay much attention to them; my thoughts were taken up with what loomed so appallingly before me. They all left

me before I got near the Doctor's private apartments, and I marched forward alone to the lion's den.

I have since understood that I gained much credit by my bearing in the circumstances. It is not so hard to look bold when the eye of the public is fixed upon you. I was the hero of the hour, little as I had desired that "bad eminence," but since it thus came to me, I must behave befittingly. Theseus, no doubt, held up his head and smiled calmly when he set out to seek the Minotaur in its frightful labyrinth. Yet, perhaps, even that princely adventurer did not feel so unconcerned as he would make a point of looking before the people of Athens, and I, at all events, had need of all my courage to support me through such a task.

After trying so hard to keep out of scrapes, what a formidable one, for a modest youngster, was this into which I had fallen ! When a master attacks you, that is bad enough ; but far worse to have to march up to the muzzles of his guns, as it were, in cold blood, and invite him to open fire on you. I was at a loss even for words in which I should present myself as worthy of chastisement. I felt scruples as to telling a direct lie about the matter ; and yet my business could not be done but through some form of deceit. With a mind too agitated to settle this question, there was nothing for it but to rush blindfold upon my fate, trusting to the spur of the moment to help me out with what preliminary explanations would be necessary. I durst not stop for consideration.

I did not delay one instant in knocking at the door of the study, a boldly resolute knock, belied by the inward fluttering of my spirits. There was no answer, nor when I knocked again. I crossed the hall to the parlour, which was the sitting-room of the Doctor's family, where he was generally to be found when not in his private den. I heard his voice within, but it was only after I had knocked two or three times, not so boldly now, that he heard me, and cried out :

"Come in !"

I timidly opened the door. Our autocrat was snugly seated at supper, with his wife and daughters, but I had eyes only

for the Doctor's round red face, bordered by a halo of grey whiskers, shining like a harvest moon over an array of eatables that would have made my mouth water had the business in hand been less engrossing.

"Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the Doctor, helping himself to a pickled onion.

"Please, sir, may I speak to you?" replied I, in my smallest voice, not venturing beyond the doorway.

"Speak up, then, and say what you have got to say;" and as I hesitated, "Can't you say it here? What is it?"

"About that—that translation, sir."

"Ah! Have you come to claim that at last?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, sir, very well!" exclaimed the Doctor, as he happened to be brandishing the carving knife, and to my mind looked just like an ogre. "Better late than never! I thought a little starving would bring you to submission; but now it will be all the worse for you that you did not confess at once. Go into my study and wait for me. I shall speak to you presently, young man, in a way you will not soon forget."

I fancied the ladies of the family looked at me with pitying interest, as I softly withdrew to the Doctor's study. There I waited in the dark, for what seemed a very long time. I was glad to have got over the worst of my task, the self-accusation. Now there was the pain to be borne, which I must do with as much firmness as possible. I can honestly say that I had not looked forward with such dread to this part of the business, which now, however, began to look more serious the longer I remained in expectation of it. I found myself at once fidgeting to be done with this also, and trembling to think of the moment of trial.

But the Doctor was in no hurry to put me out of pain. In my agitation, I had left the door open, through which I could hear them all chattering and laughing, as if nothing grave were in hand. When the Doctor's deep voice boomed out above the rest I caught words here and there, and imagined he was speaking of "an example necessary," of "obstinate dis-

honesty," of "a severe lesson," and such ominous phrases so common on his lips. Probably I was quite wrong; he may have been talking about nothing more than the weather, as he finished his supper at ease, heedless of the mental torments which I underwent meanwhile, wondering how many cuts I should get, how much they would hurt me, and whether I should be able to stand them without crying. That is the worst of a flogging, having to wait for it with nothing else to do but to think about it. The best comfort I had was in thinking that this punishment would at least be undeserved. When *was* the Doctor coming?

### III.

#### ABSOLUTION.

A FEW minutes passed on leaden wings before the Doctor came, tramping heavily across the hall, and walking slowly, like a man who had just ended a satisfactory meal.

I drew my breath as one that, after long waiting in some dreadful ante-room, at length finds himself face to face with the dentist, calm, bland, and resolute "to be cruel only to be kind." He, my moral dentist, lost no time in arranging for the operation. He lit the candles, shut the door, rang the bell, and cleared his throat to address me with due impressiveness, first pulling out of his pocket that unfortunate crib which served him as a text.

"When you came to me, boy, to confess your disgrace, you must have well known what you had to expect at my hands. This base action of yours has given me a new insight into your character, which I shall henceforth bear in mind, and watch your conduct most closely. For your treachery and cowardice, I leave you to settle with your schoolfellows, who will doubtless teach you what they think of a companion who allows them all to suffer rather than come forward at once to receive his own deserts. From me, sir, you are about to receive an exemplary chastisement, richly merited. I have one question

to ask. Do you make this admission voluntarily, or have you been forced to by the others?"

To this I didn't know what to say, and in my confusion I said that the other fellows had sent me up to confess.

"You do well to tell me the truth, but this makes the matter only the worse for you," said the Doctor, terribly, producing from some dark recess a formidable birch-rod. "Yes, William, come in; I rang for you."

William, here appearing on the scene, was our lad of all work, an overgrown page-boy, who, among manifold other duties, had that of hoisting us on his back when we were to be flogged. Seeing the rod, he knew at once what was required of him, and came shuffling towards me with a grin, half sympathetic, half derisive, as was his wont on such occasions.

"Now, sir!" said the Doctor, and I was about to prepare for execution, when a knock at the door gave me a short respite.

It was Mr. Cox returned from his trip to town, all smelling of scent and tobacco, and arrayed in what passed with us for the height of fashion, from his curly whiskers down to his shiny boots.

"I have come back, sir," he said, reporting himself to his principal, while he looked curiously at the preparations of which I was evidently the object.

"And you have come back to witness the exposure of one of your pupils—one from whom I had expected better things. When you were at school, Mr. Cox, what was thought of a boy who learned his Cæsar surreptitiously by means of a translation?"

"It was not allowed," said Mr. Cox uneasily.

"Allowed?—I trust not! Was it not held in scorn by all right-minded boys? But what should you say of the paltry knave who possessed such a volume, shamelessly concealed under a false title, thereby deceiving his master, bringing his innocent companions under suspicion, ruining his own education, and incurring my most serious reprobation? Look there,



sir, at this wolf in sheep's clothing which I have discovered among us!"

Mr. Cox looked somewhat confused as he examined the volume handed by the Doctor for his inspection. It seemed natural that he should take this tirade as a rebuke of his own want of vigilance.

"Had you no suspicion of such trickery?" asked the Doctor. "Have you not noticed that this boy's work was prepared in a slovenly and superficial manner?"

Supposing Mr. Cox to be so little friendly to me, he was the last witness to character whom I should have wished to call; and I might well be surprised to hear him speaking in my favour:

"He is an attentive and well-behaved boy, sir. I have been very well satisfied with him of late."

"I trust you will have reason to be so for the future," quoth the Doctor, grimly, taking up the rod and looking at the door, which Mr. Cox interpreted as a hint for him to leave the room, as he did with some apparent reluctance.

Scarcely was he gone, scarcely had the Doctor again turned upon me with his alarming, "Now, sir," when there was a knock at the other door, opening towards the school premises.

"Come in!" cried the Doctor, with impatient vehemence, as if annoyed by this further interruption; and who should present his fat face but Filsby!

"Please, sir, I have had a letter from home, and they told me to ask you if I could have a new jacket."

"This is no time to trouble me about jackets," said the Doctor, crossly. "Go away, and shut the door; or, no—you had better stay. Since this boy has committed such a flagrant offence against the whole community, it is fitting that you, as a representative of his schoolfellows, should witness the exemplary punishment I am about to inflict upon him."

So Filsby stayed, modestly taking up his position in the farthest corner of the room. Master Filsby was well known among us to be an amateur of such executions, fond of resorting to curious expedients whereby he might be present when

some unlucky fellow suffered under the Doctor's rod, which was usually inflicted in private ; and on the present occasion I could not help suspecting that this new jacket must be such pretence, though his old one was certainly much too tight for him. To tell the truth, I would rather have had any fellow but Filsby to be witness of my torments, for he would be sure to make fun out of any weakness I might display. But I had no choice in the matter, and this small aggravation made little difference in my unhappy fate.

"Now, sir," commanded the Doctor for the third time, ominously handling the rod, and now there might be no further delay.

As if automatically, with hasty fingers I made the necessary preparations, then in a moment I found myself horsed on William's broad back.

What a helpless sensation it was to be thus hoisted in the air, and forced to feel the power of the tormentor ! I could not see what was going on behind me ; but I knew as well as if I had seen, how the Doctor must be taking a good grip of the rod, and stepping back to get a fair swing, and giving it a flourish in the air—what a long time he seemed to take about these preliminaries ! I caught sight of Filsby's face ; he winked at me, the heartless fellow ! I shut my eyes tight, and bit my lips hard.

Suddenly there came a mighty swish, and a sound like a pail of hailstones being dashed over my luckless body ; and I felt as if I had sat forcibly down upon a whole forest of nettles and prickles, the smart shooting through every nerve, and quivering down to my toes. Yet, after all, it was not so very bad ; the excitement helped to bear me up, and I had the benefit of martyrdom in a fortitude which I should never have displayed had I been suffering for my own fault. I have Filsby's testimony that I did not cry out, but only gave one wriggle, and braced myself up to bear the second cut.

I thought the second was never coming, nor, indeed, was it. All at once I heard Mr. Cox's voice, and became aware that he

had returned to plead on my behalf with the Doctor, to my own great surprise.

"I know that this book does not belong to him ; there must be some mistake about it," he was saying.

"Then to whom does it belong ? Can you inform me of the real culprit ?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Cox ; and, in a lower voice, "I will tell you another time."

Then came a painful interval of silence, intensely interesting for me, who could not see whatever might be going on behind me.

"Why, sir, you do not mean to say !—*is it yours ?*" cried the Doctor, in a terrible voice.

Mr. Cox made no audible reply ; but the Doctor must have read the truth in his face, for from my anxious pillory I heard him exclaim :

"Enough ! be good enough to leave us. I will speak to you later. Let him down, William."

This referred to me. Forthwith I was allowed to stand upon my legs again, just in time to see Mr. Cox slinking out of the room, hanging his head, and averting his eyes for shame. Hardly yet understanding how the case really stood, I lost no time in repluming myself, as became one whose innocence had just been attested from such an unexpected quarter.

"Stay, sir !" exclaimed the Doctor ; "you take for granted that the matter is at an end so far as concerns you. But it appears to me that your conduct stands in need of some explanation. Do I understand that this book is not yours, and that you know nothing about it ?"

"He never saw it before, sir," Filsby answered for me, as I stood, too confused to speak for myself."

"Then, pray, how did you come to acknowledge it as yours ?"

Still I stood dumb, not knowing what to say, and again the fluent Filsby came to my aid, explaining what I should have found most difficult to make clear on my own account.

"The truth is, sir, it was agreed that it should belong to him."

"Agreed! By whom? Why? What do you mean?" quoth the Doctor, bristling up, so that even Filsby, for the moment, was daunted.

"Well, sir, if you please, you said that somebody must own to it."

"I did, but I meant the real owner, no fictitious one."

"But we didn't know the real owner, so we had to find him, and we couldn't find him, so we just made one. We drew lots, sir, for who should take the blame, and that's how it was!" said Filsby, letting the whole truth come out with a run.

"Have I then been the victim of a plot?" cried our magister, as indignantly as if he were the party most ill-used in the matter. "It appears that you have attempted to deceive me. I fear I ought to punish you after all—and more than you," he added, with a warning glance at Filsby.

"But, sir, we were starving!" said Filsby, with such ludicrous seriousness that even the Doctor's stern face relaxed into a smile. Perhaps it occurred to him that he, for his part, had been too hasty.

"Well!" he remarked, after a little reflection, in a tone which seemed to convey pardon, so I took courage to put in a word for myself, reminding him that I had not actually stated the book to be my own, but had only come forward to take the consequences.

"A very weak and not very honest distinction, dangerously like equivocation," he said; "but, under the circumstances, I will take no further notice of what has passed. For what you have suffered you have only yourself and your school-fellows to thank, and you may be heartily glad that the truth has come out in time to save you from further results of your strange self-accusation. Let this be a lesson to you for the future."

We knew that it must be all right now, for this was the formula with which the Doctor always concluded his judicial proceedings. Then, in a kinder tone, he gave me a short lecture on the wrong of acting as well as speaking a lie, told me he was sorry for the mischance which had happened, and

expressed a hope that he might never have to punish me again for any fault of my own or another's. I inwardly resolved that I would do my best to meet his desires in this respect, for now that I came to think over it in cold blood, that first taste of the birch had been anything but inviting to further acquaintance.

All this time William had stood aside, awkwardly, as if uncertain whether his services could yet be dispensed with. Now, as the Doctor dismissed us, he turned to William, and said, in a boding voice :

"Tell Mr. Cox that I wish to speak to him."

Mr. Cox did not show himself among us again, but I had one more encounter with him. Before dinner, Filsby went out to get measured for that new jacket of his, and I got leave to go with him. As we were on our way back, Filsby suddenly gave me a nudge, whispering in my ear :

"Look—the poor Beast !"

It was Mr. Cox, who had almost ran up against us, hastily turning a corner. He was going towards the omnibus, with a carpet bag in his hand. When he saw us he started, and made a feint of looking the other way. I could not but be touched by this spectacle of fallen greatness. His showy clothes were hidden under a seedy overcoat ; he had his hat drawn over his eyes ; his very whiskers seemed to be out of curl. Thus slinks the disgraced satrap from the province where he has ruled proudly and unjustly, till his evil deeds come to light. Filsby saw nothing to pity in his case.

"Ya ! ya ! ya !" audibly exclaimed my companion, as Mr. Cox brushed past us, without taking any notice of this piece of impertinence. Filsby had been cap in hand to him only yesterday ; now, there was none so low to do him reverence. Even William, who followed, staggering under the weight of a box full of those fine clothes of his, was making faces behind his back, and furtive signs of derision for our benefit. The servants had disliked Mr. Cox as much as his pupils. This is what a man gets by being conceited and ill-tempered.

But I, moved by I know not what impulse, ran after my late tyrant, and caught him up, with :



"Can I carry your bag for you, sir?"

He gave one sharp look at me, as if to be sure that I was not making fun of him.

"Never mind," he said, in evident confusion. "Look here, you are a good little chap, and I am much obliged to you all the same. I am sorry you got into trouble about that book. Good-bye!"

He hurried on his way, and that was the last I saw of the Beast. Filsby might laugh at me for it, but I wasn't sorry to have parted with him good friends; and now that I am grown up and can consider the matter rightly, I am better pleased to have shown no ill-feeling. Mr. Cox had certainly not treated me very well, and had nearly been the cause of getting me into a bad scrape; but, after all, little harm had been done. It would be well for all of us if, in passing through life, we meet with no worse injury to forgive and forget. Then, as Shakespeare says, "Use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping?"—a remark that applies even more forcibly to boys, or, at least, did apply to schoolboys in my time.

So ends this story of my first scrape, and I am glad to say it was long before I got into another.

## THE LATIN BOY AND THE ENGINEER

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE "old man" was late that morning. Twice the bell on the upper deck had rung a warning signal. The steamer was ready to start down the river on her regular daily trip, sixty miles down and back between eight in the morning and seven at night. The purser stood by the little gang-plank, watch in hand, impatient to be off. The last trunks were being taken aboard forward, and both decks were well filled with passengers. Besides this the main deck was packed with freight, the boxes and barrels filling all the space up to the ceiling, and leaving only a dark and narrow lane on each side of the engine-room, from the grand stairs leading to the saloon to the open space forward.

The day was pleasant, and the river sparkled in the sun like a narrow lane of broken silver between the green fields and woods on either shore. Everything promised a pleasant, safe, and prosperous trip. It was June, and vacation was at hand. There were many young people on board going home from school, and they made a lively and happy company.

Just then a gentleman stepped up to the purser and asked if the boat would not start soon.

"Yes, sir ; right away. Soon as the old man comes."

"The old man ?"

"Yes, sir ; the captain. We always call the captain the old man, though he's not more than fifty. 'Spect he's waiting to see his boy—just home from the academy. He's coming now—boy's with him too. All aboard there ! Stand by, Jim, with the gang-plank."

Captain Jo Gregory was master and chief owner of the river boat *Fish Hawk*. She was his pride and delight, and the only means he had of earning a living. He had put all the little fortune left to him by his father into her, and should she be lost or wrecked he would be almost without means of support in his advancing age. He had run the *Fish Hawk* for many years, and was now looking forward to the time when he could turn the good old boat over to his son and retire from active duty in the pilot-house. This very day his hopes were ruined. His son was a failure.

No wonder he was late. The boy had returned only the day before from a three years' stay at the "Latin and Classical Institute" at Laurel Hill. By dint of hard saving, self-denial, and patient labour on his boat the old captain had managed to pay for the boy's schooling at the institute. He had been told it was a good school. It had certainly been a costly one, and yet his boy had come home either a dunce or a fool.

Behind the captain came the boy himself. He was tall and thin, with pale face and small white hands and weak eyes—so weak, indeed, that he wore glasses, though scarcely sixteen. The captain seemed disconcerted and ill at ease, and, nodding to the purser, went at once up to the pilot-house and put his brown muscular hands on the big wheel. The pilot, who stood by the window looking down on the deck below, pulled a cord, and then there was a muffled clang as from a distant bell. A moment later there was a jar, a slight, tremulous motion, and the wooden shed on the dock seemed to slip silently past the window. The captain turned the wheel in gloomy silence, and the boat moved slowly out upon the river.

The boy had followed his father to the pilot-house and sat down on the cushioned seat behind the wheel. For some time nothing was said, and then the old man gave up the wheel to the pilot, and turned to the feminine boy behind him.

"So you took one prize in all these years at school?"

"Yes, sir. I took the prize for Latin verses. I was the best Latin scholar in the Institute."

"And what's the good o' your knowing Latin to me?"

The boy had never looked at it in that light before. His ears burned, and he felt a certain choking indignation in his heart. Was he to blame if his costly education had not shown him a single way in which he could earn a living? At last he spoke—

“I’ve heard all you said last night, father. I’m not surprised you are disappointed. It was not wholly my fault. I had to study the things taught in the Institute—Latin, a little Greek, literature, ancient history, and that sort of work. Not one of my teachers ever said a word about earning a living. Most of the boys there were ashamed to work.”

“You knew you must some day earn a living?”

“Yes, sir; I knew that, and I’m neither afraid nor unwilling to earn my own living, only my education has not given me a chance.”

“And all the money I paid for your schooling’s thrown away?”

“I hope not, sir.”

Just at that instant a strange hollow voice seemed to speak in the little room. The captain put his mouth to a speaking-tube at the door and called out—

“What’s wanting, Jenkins?”

“Jessup’s not on board, sir; s’pose he’s ill. Send me a hand.”

The captain turned to his son and said—

“We are short-handed. You must go down to the engine-room and help the engineer. I don’t know as your foolish Latin verses will help you much, but you can try and be useful in some way.”

“I’ll try, sir,” said the boy, as he opened the door and stepped out on the breezy, sunny deck.

“I’ll try; I’ll try.”

It kept ringing in his ears as he went along the deck, down the saloon stairway and through the dark and narrow lane between the piled-up freight to the engine-room. He knew the way well enough. Many a time he had sat in the engine-room watching the bright machinery and listening to the

clanging of the great brass bell. He knew every call by heart, when to stop, go slow, go astern, and even the "jangle-bell" for full speed ahead. The engineer, an old grey-haired man, recognised him at once, and welcomed him to a seat on the bench in the little room.

The walk down from the pilot-house to the engine-room had not taken two minutes. How much may happen in that time! On the deck he saw well-dressed boys with pale, thin hands—just home from school. "Nice boys, afraid of work, just as I am," he said bitterly to himself. On the stairway he felt better. In the gloom of the narrow passage-way through the freight he brushed away a tear. He would try to repair the foolish, almost wicked, mistake of his schoolteachers. The smell of the hot engine, the mingled odours of the freight, the dirty floor, the dark and torrid engine-room with its oil and black iron—nothing should stand in his way. He would be a man and do a man's work, even if his teachers had made the blunder of thinking that a gentleman cannot work. He would be——. Here the old engineer saw him, and welcomed him heartily.

"How are you, Jenkins? Haven't seen you for months."

"Well, I'm jolly glad to see you again. I ain't been very well 'long back. Some kind o' trouble of my heart. So you want to learn to run her. Well, it's not hard. She's a beauty, and runs as stiddy as your father's old grey mare."

"She" was the great engine that filled one side of the room. "She" was working steadily, with slow measured pace and with deep sonorous breathing. The big upright cylinder was in the centre, and from its top slid up and down the shining piston-rod. In the rack on the wall stood the iron bar used for starting the great machine. At the right was the end of the long eccentric-rod loosely hooked over an oscillating arm. Mr. Jenkins pointed to this, and said—

"When I hooked her up I noticed a flaw. Hope it will hold together this trip."

He meant by this that the eccentric-rod had been "hooked up" or put over the oscillating arm, and thus rendered the



engine automatic or self-acting. If the engine was not so "hooked up" it would not work unless the steam was admitted to the cylinder at every stroke by means of the long iron starting-bar.

It was wonderful how quickly the boy grasped the practical side of the work of running the engine. In the course of the next three hours he learned to stop and start the engine and to hook her up so that she would run alone. The boat stopped every few miles, so that there was plenty of practice with the starting-bar.

One of the stewards came to call him to dinner, and he was astonished at his wonderful appetite. A plate of hot baked beans and a slice of cold corned beef seemed fare fit for anybody. His hands were black and oily. He had ruined his silk necktie. His linen collar was simply "gone," but he felt happy. A month before he would have been vexed till he could get a clean one.

After dinner he returned to the engine-room. Here was a true teacher. The old engineer told him more about steam and steam-engines than he had learned in all his life before. "Working her expansively" was as interesting as a novel. The cut-off was a wonder of science; and then, too, he enjoyed the sense of power when he handled the big bar. He moved it one way and with a sonorous roar the steam filled the great cylinder; the vast engine over his head moved with immense precision. He moved it again, and the splendid sweep of the huge beam, so high in the air, became a wand beating time to the rhythmic music of power. He felt the jar of the great wheels on the water; he heard the rush of the foam, and felt the whole ship move at his touch. This was work—pleasure, power, and knowledge made alive.

About five o'clock the old engineer said the Latin boy was doing so well that he should handle the engine at the next stopping-place.

"Keep your ear on the bells and don't lose your head. I'm somehow a little unwell. I'll sit here and rest a bit. Don't forget to hook her up."

With that the old man settled himself comfortably and shut his eyes. In a few minutes he was sound asleep.

"Never mind," said the Latin boy to himself, "I reckon I can do it alone. Let him rest. He's tired out."

Just then the bell rang to stop. The boy put the bar in place, and in a moment the engine was at rest, though he could feel the boat still rushing through the water. Clang again. The engine reversed. Clang again. Stop. Then came a slight jar, and he knew the boat had touched the dock.

In a moment came the bell again. He started his great machine. Then came a loud jangling bell. Full speed ahead. He must hook her up again. Easy enough to do, but— With a loud snap the hook broke off and fell with a crash to the floor. He was startled for an instant, and then sprang to the starting-bar. The boat must not stop in mid-stream, or disaster might instantly follow. She would lose steerage way, become unmanageable, perhaps be lost.

Without ceasing to move the bar he called to Mr. Jenkins to wake up. The old man slept very soundly. Even the noise of the accident did not rouse him. He called again and again, and still the man slept. He tried to touch him with his foot without letting go the bar, but could not. The heat began to be oppressive, and with one hand he tore off his white collar and pretty silk tie, and threw them on the floor. He must keep on. Not for an instant must the boat stop. He wondered how many miles the boat must go before it stopped again. The work was not hard, but incessant. Presently he managed to rip off his coat and vest, though he tore them both. His watch fell out of his pocket, and was smashed on the iron floor. The perspiration fell down in his eyes, and he brushed it off with his wet shirt-sleeve. Could he stand the work much longer?

He must, he must. He would be a man. He was a man. All his pretty Latin verses seemed weak and silly beside this. Here was work befitting a gentleman—to do his duty. By-and-by it began to tell on his weak and flabby muscles, and he fairly cried at his own weakness. When he must needs be

a man he was only a puny child. Then he ripped his white shirt off, and found he could work far better in his woollen undershirt. It had not the horrible damp chill of linen. Now he understood why the wheelmen and the boatmen despised fine linen.

Would the boat ever get there? He was too proud to call for help; besides, no one passed the engine-room, and perhaps he could not make himself heard above the deep throb of the mighty machine that depended for every stroke on his feeble arm. He might drop the bar, let the boat go, and give it up. He might stop the boat for a moment, and run to the speaking-tube and call his father. That he would not do while he could hold the bar.

Clang! Stop!

He made one more stroke. It seemed as if he could not make another.

Clang again. Reverse.

He hardly knew how he did it.

Clang! Stop!

\* \* \* \* \*

Three minutes later he looked up from the floor where he had fallen in utter exhaustion, and saw his father standing over while the pilot and two men were supporting the engineer.

"Jenkins—fell—asleep. Hook broke."

"We know it all, my son. Poor Jenkins had a stroke o' heart disease. You are a man. You brought the boat through the narrowest escape she ever had."

"Why! are we not at—the dock?"

"No. We just escaped a collision with a big excursion steamer. That last reverse o' the wheels saved hundreds o' lives."

"And the Latin verses, father. I'll make no more."

"Make a million if you like, though they do seem silly. You've proved yourself a man, and it's all any father can want."

## ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

*A STOWAWAY'S STORY.*

BY ROBERT OVERTON.

I AM a professional schoolboy, and my name is Higgins. Those who have read my other stories will know I am called Higgins junior to distinguish me from Higgins senior, another boy (no relation) in the same boarding school—my deadly rival. Or he *was* my deadly rival, for doing what I am going to tell you has put him quite in the shade. I am a hero, and I don't want any one to forget it. Nobody shall if I can help it. I have been on the Ocean Wave (both with capitals !). I have saved five hundred and forty-nine souls.

I have not spelt that last word wrong, because I don't mean five hundred and forty-nine soles out of the sea, but five hundred and forty-nine precious lives from death in the sea—or from a worse death. Not bad for a boy of my age !

It began with the record for the high jump in our school being broken by Doctor Cobbs, the head-master. I give the Doctor the credit of breaking it, but I claim for myself the credit of making him do it. You shall soon know whether I am claiming too much. When Guy Fawkes' Day approaches we are all busy making preparations for keeping up this great Festival (I prig this expression from the Prayer Book). At the very start of the preparations for the last fifth of November I was handicapped by the want of capital. I had no ready money, my allowance was mortgaged at ruinous interest for weeks ahead, and I was under serious liabilities at the pastry-cook's and other shops. These things—especially the last, for

my credit was cut off—weighed on my mind. I was thinking one day very seriously what I should do to get some fireworks, when a brilliant idea occurred to me. If I could only raise enough money to buy some gunpowder and a few other things I would make them myself. I could make a lot at less than cost price. The idea was too good to be lost. I plucked up my spirits, borrowed a few shillings on the security of doing other boys' impositions for them till the advances were worked off, bought the materials, and went at it. To begin with, I poured all the powder on the bottom of my beautifully dry locker in the big school. In this locker I kept everything except what I was supposed to keep there—namely, books. Two or three days after I had put it there the Doctor came into the room during class-time. He was going to pass through, but just as he reached the fatal spot where my locker stood (it doesn't stand there now), he became annoyed and angry at hearing some talking going on amongst us. The only way I can explain the accident that happened is like this : my skates were at the top of the locker, and the gunpowder, as I have said, was at the bottom. A pair of sharp skates, falling quickly some feet on to loose grains of powder, would produce sort of natural effects in the way of starting them.

Doctor Cobbs thumped the top of the locker very hard with his fist (down *must* have rattled those skates), and roared out—

“Silence !”

But it wasn't silence that followed. It was The Explosion. I saw him spring so high above the smoke that I had hopes he would never come down again. It was the highest jump I ever saw. Jorkinson's high jump at our last sports wasn't in it, by comparison.

An awful scene followed, and that night saw me locked up in a separate bedroom by myself, there to remain till my punishment was decided on. A part of that punishment was fixed to be a money fine of two pounds, to pay for the ruined locker and the damage to the Doctor's clothes. Two pounds ! as much “down” as I had, and the balance to be made up by



the confiscation of my pocket-money every week till the whole amount was paid. Two pounds—a boy fined two pounds who hadn't a farthing saved, and whose allowance was mortgaged till the end of the term (in some cases I had even given second charges, as my father, who is a lawyer, would say)—a boy who was in debt all over the village. As to money down, I had to confess I had none at all; then, when they heard about my allowance being forfeited, my creditors among the boys held an indignation meeting—about half the school—presided over by the boy who took the most interest in my affairs on account of having most money at stake. They passed unanimously a resolution to take it out of me another way. Lastly, my debts in the village came to the Doctor's ears. He said he would make an example of me once for all. At this "critical juncture" there arrived from home the most important letter I had ever received. My mother was ill, and she and father were going at once on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. They were going so quickly, and lived so far away from Birchingham Hall, that they could not come to say good-bye to me. If they did they would miss the ship they wanted to go by. They said they would come home in the spring. I should have to spend my Christmas holidays at school; they were sure I would *continue* (oh, good gracious!) to please my kind master, and they sent me a sovereign. Of course they wrote to Dr. Cobbs too, and told him. He said he was very sorry for my mother's illness, but he could not overlook my black record for a long time past. For three weeks I must spend all my playtime in the punishment-room by myself, except on a few stated occasions, and during my Christmas holidays at the Hall *suitable restrictions would be placed on my enjoyments*.

There was only one ray of sunshine. It was the sovereign. I had learnt a great deal of business in my father's office, and I called a meeting of my creditors in the hamper shed, read them my letter from home, showed them the money, and offered a composition. They were bricks, and wouldn't take anything. I proposed and seconded a vote of cordial sympathy

with me in my afflictions, and of entire confidence in my honour, and it was carried, with only a little reluctance.

Then my punishment began to take effect upon me. It was dreadful to be shut up by myself and be obliged to hear the shouts of the boys in the playground and the field. My spirits got low, very low. Higgins senior climbed in at the window one evening and said if I would like to hang myself he would bring me a reliable rope, and would come himself and watch my struggles, and would swear not to cut me down till all was over. I said I would rather he brought me some books to read. He said he had some stunning new books. He had gone in lately for *Pirates on the Ocean Wave*, and *Bold Buccaneers*, and gore-stained decks. He brought me his books. They had a great influence on my depressed mind, especially as it got lower and lower. I could think of nothing but the *Ocean Wave*, the wild, the free, and the jolly times everybody had on it, doing nothing but saying, "Ay, ay, sir!" and beating to quarters, and hitching up trousers. I went on thinking and wondering about the *Ocean Wave*, and groaning more and more about my miseries at school, past, present, and to come, till I made up my mind at last to run away to sea. I thought perhaps I should get on one of the Queen's ships, and how fond all the officers and men would be of me. And when a war broke out I would climb up to the mast-head and be the first on board the Admiral's flag-ship to see the enemy; and then I would clamber down and go on the quarter-deck, and salute, and say, "The enemy is in sight, sir!" Then the Admiral would say, "Where away?" and I should have to reply, according to all Higgins senior's sea books, "On the port bow, sir!" I practised hitching up my trousers, and got a bundle ready to take with me.

And at last I did it. I ran away. I felt awfully funny as I slipped out of Birchingham Hall in the darkness—through the playground, across the field, and into the high road by way of the village. A lump about the size of a whale came into my throat, and I felt like turning round and going back; but I gulped it all down, and trudged off along the road that led

to Plymouth, which was only about twenty miles off. Having my sovereign in my pocket, I made friends with a waggoner driving in the same direction. I stood a supper for the two of us at a little inn, and then climbed into the waggon and fell fast asleep, and dreamed I was a bold old sea dog. When I awoke we were in Plymouth. I gave the waggoner a shilling, got some breakfast, and made for the Docks. I knew that I should soon be pursued, so wanted a ship at once. I went on board several vessels, and said, "Please, sir, do you want a cabin-boy?" all correct, but instead of answering according to the sea books, they clouted me. I felt awfully discouraged, and, to tell the truth, very much like crying. In fact, I went so far as to get behind a post—to blow my nose. Here I overheard some men talking about a ship called the *Martin Abbott*, which had been laid up at Plymouth for several days owing to an accident coming round from London.

"Steam's getting up," said one of the men; "she'll get out as soon as the cap'en comes aboard."

I was just wondering what sort of a ship the *Martin Abbott* was, when there I saw her, right before me, her name painted in great gold letters on her bows. There was a gangway from her deck to the wharf, and I walked boldly up it on board. A very rude man came up and asked me in a very rude way what I wanted. Then I told a story. I said, "I'm waiting for my uncle—the captain." So he touched his cap and went away. I walked around a little and watched. At last somehow I got down below—lower and lower down till I reached the coals and ballast and I don't know what. I had some fearful falls and hurt myself very much—but I got there. I was almost killed by some heavy things that came tumbling down almost at the last, but slipped away just in time. How long it was before I felt the ship was moving I shall never have a clear idea—it seemed about four years, all made up of nights. But at last the *Martin Abbott* got under way, and I began to pluck up a little. I was a Stowaway, and proud of the title. Higgins junior was on the Ocean Wave. Soon I wished the Ocean Wave was on Higgins junior. I holloaed,

but nobody heard me except the rats. They ate up all my food, and I only wished they would eat me too. I tried to crawl out, but I couldn't. As I read in a novel, let us draw a veil o'er the painful scene. The Ocean Wave was a fraud. That was my last thought as I fainted away.

I was brought to my senses by a more awful feeling than even what I had gone through before.

What was it all round me—warm, hot, thick? I was choking—dying. It was smoke!

What was that—where all the rats were running squealing away? Flames! The ship was on fire! My hands and face were all torn and bleeding as I scrambled, so slowly, so slowly it seemed to me, up from my hiding-place, screaming, "Fire! fire!" After minutes that seemed to me like hours, I knew I was getting near the decks. I heard excited voices, and then a hatchway was flung open, and I jumped, and caught hold of somebody's hands, and I was hauled up, still screaming "Fire!" and pointing down below.

It was night, and we were right out at sea—in the Bay of Biscay, where the great black waves were rolling and rolling and rolling all round us. But splendid order was kept on board the ship. The officer who roared out some commands, and the men who came running up to him, all kept cool. Down went the firemen, sailors took up positions in different parts of the ship, buckets and everything else that was wanted seemed to be ready like magic, and by-and-by it was reported to the captain that the fire was out, the alarm having been given (by Me!) just in time. If it hadn't been for Me, the fire would have got too firm a hold ever to be put out at all.

Imagine me in the state cabin, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, the ladies kissing me, and all sorts of good things being brought to me.

It was a long time before they would leave off and let me be washed and put to bed. I told my story the next morning, and the captain forgave me, and I was a Hero. There were five hundred and forty-nine people on board, and—let Higgins senior say what he likes—I saved them all.

There was a lady lying in her cabin so ill that her husband did not like to leave her, but of course she heard all about it, and she sent a message just after breakfast to ask the "dear little boy" (that's me, Higgins senior) to go and see her husband and herself in their cabin.

It was rather dark in the cabin at first, but I had no sooner shut the door behind me than the lady gave a strange, loud cry, and the next moment such loving arms were round me, such loving tears and kisses were on my face, and I was pressed so close to such a loving heart.

She was my Mother !

I thought perhaps they would take me on to South Africa, but I was sent home from Lisbon. Telegrams and letters were sent off before me, and my uncle met me when I reached England, and took me back to school.

What the Doctor said to me in that long talk in his study I'm not going to tell anybody ; except that, looking so kind and good, he asked me at the last, " You won't run away from me again, my boy, will you ? "

And there was another lump in my throat as I replied, " No, sir."



## UP A TREE.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

[T had been raining three or four days—raining hard. Down on the rim of the ocean in the neighbourhood of Casco Bay, where the Topham School was encamped, it seemed to several impatient boys that it would never cease raining.

Some of them had been planning to explore the small islands in the bay; others had in view a visit to a fort two or three miles away; and Foo Tong, a Chinese lad who was a pupil in the school, wanted to take a cruise to a neighbouring beach in search of specimen shells. Indeed, each and all the boys of the school had some project to carry out when the sky became clear.

Finally Foo Tong became impatient, and concluded not to wait any longer. Rain or shine, he meant to venture forth in a dory of one of the fishermen. Hence, as might have been expected, a catastrophe followed.

Foo Tong was not much of a sailor, and he therefore induced Napoleon Bonaparte Pickens, a coloured boy, who was chief lieutenant to the camp cook, to go with him and manage the dory. The two stole away from the camp unobserved, and met in a cove where the boat was fastened.

“No goodee watching rain allee time,” said Foo. “Me wantee more great fun.”

“We’s jes’ gwine to hab it, an’ no mistake,” Nap replied. “I’s ben achin’ a whole week to try dis yere dory.”

Both made haste to untie the dory; and in another moment.

after taking aboard Nap's dog Gip, they pushed off from the shore. Although it was raining, the bay was calm, and it was not difficult to row or to keep the boat pointed in any direction desired. But had either of the boys really been accustomed to living near the sea, he would have noticed that a thick fog was threatening in the distance, and been more cautious.

"Jes' you steer wid de paddle, Chinesey, an' leabe de rest to me," said Nap. "I know what I's 'bout when I gits in a boat. Keep her headed for de p'int right afore yer nose."

Foo was quite willing to do as he was bidden, especially as Nap performed the hardest part of the labour; and as he had not yet mastered much of the English language, he also let Nap do most of the talking.

In about three-quarters of an hour they reached the beach for which they had set out, and drew the dory high and dry on the sand. Then Nap went to work, assisted by Gip, digging clams, while Foo wandered off in search of shells. The afternoon undoubtedly would have passed pleasantly enough, and everything would have turned out quite as intended, if that dense fog, which was approaching slowly and surely every moment, had kept out of the way. Nap did not notice it until it began to gather around him, and then he did not stop to think much about it. Clams, big and little, were engaging his attention just then; and as soon as he had filled his hat with them he kindled a fire and proceeded to roast them.

"Guess we'll hab a little clam bake on our own hook, Chinesey," he said.

"Fire much goodee," Foo answered, running up to it a moment, and choking with his mouth full of smoke. "Big fun. Hi! hi!"

Gip barked, Nap heaped the crackling fire with wet driftwood, and Foo ran hither and thither picking up every shell and pebble that chanced to please him. By-and-by, however, Gip heard the sound of a bell somewhere in the distance, and suddenly became melancholy, as dogs sometimes do when they hear bells. Sitting down, he howled loud and dismally.

"Shut yer mouth, you ole pup!" Nap commanded savagely.

But Gip could not be silenced so easily. He trotted away a rod or two, and began howling again.

"Golly, it's de fog-bell ober on de Cape!" Nap said to himself, after listening a minute. "We's in a scrape. Hey, Chinesey! Chinesey!"

Foo appeared shortly, out of breath and rather startled.

"Hurry up an' help pull de dory into de water," said Nap, tugging at the boat. "Time we's a-gittin' up an' gittin', I reckon."

"What for go?" Foo asked, surprised.

"Too muchee fog, Chinesey," Nap explained.

"Ho! ho! fog no hurt," said Foo, shrugging his shoulders as usual.

"You am only a goose, I guess. Catch a holt ob de boat quick. Do you hear?"

"No, siree, you no bossee me," Foo answered stubbornly.

"Me not go now. Me hunttee more shells."

Nap stood up straight, pulled his tattered old hat firmly on his head, and placed his arms akimbo.

"Look a-yere now, Foo Tong, you jes' better believe I's a-gwine for to be cap'en ob dis boat. You help me git her into de water dis minute."

Foo shrugged his shoulders again. "Me no speakee English," he said. "Me no understand."

It did not take more than three seconds more, though, for him to learn what Nap meant, and hastily dropping the shells he held, he assisted to draw the boat to the water. Then he stuffed his pockets with his treasures, and sat down in the stern.

The fog was already so thick that nothing could be seen in any direction except fog, and it was becoming thicker and thicker. Nap believed at first that he knew the right direction to head the boat, but before he had been rowing many minutes he discovered that he was not sure where they were. In fact, he was bewildered, and as the thought occurred to him that perhaps he was rowing toward the open sea instead of the mainland, he grew a trifle frightened.

"Chinesey," he said, in a scared voice, "it's kinder on certain which way for to p'int. Mebbe's we's a-gwine de tother way, an' we oughter turn right round."

"You a great cap'en, you!" Foo said sullenly. "Row ahead. Me steer. Me know which way."

After these remarks both remained silent, and Nap continued to row with all his strength for a half hour or more. The shore, however, did not appear to be any nearer than before, and he finally stopped, discouraged, and allowed the dory to drift.

Foo now for the first time began to look frightened. He too had supposed that he knew the right direction to steer, but he had found that he was mistaken. He saw that unless the fog cleared soon they would be in a dangerous situation. A vessel or steamboat coming in from sea might run over them, or they might float out among the waves, and be capsized. He talked to himself excitedly in the Chinese language, and, standing up, shouted for help.

"You am powerful stirred up, Chinesey," said Nap, looking at him with wonder. "Guess you tink fogee some hurtee now, hey?"

"Row, row much more," Foo said entreatingly, taking up the paddle and plying it desperately. "We try again."

They turned the boat and rowed in another direction a long while; then they shouted until they were exhausted; and at last, when they had been rowing here and there two or three hours, and it began to grow dark, they gave up in despair. Foo lay down in the stern, coiled his pigtail, covered his head with part of the loose sack he wore, and fell to wishing that he was back in Hong-Kong. Nap, quite tired and careless, leaned against one side of the boat, and was soon sound asleep. Gip, in fact, was the only one that was on the watch, and he sat in the bow with his ears thrown forward, as if aware of the responsibility that rested on him.

A couple of hours later, while Nap was dreaming that he was on the slippery back of a whale which was frisking around at sea, the dory thumped solidly against something, Gip growled

and barked, and Nap awoke just in time to see Foo scrambling out of the boat and stepping on a dark rock.

"Hi! hi! no drownee me here!" Foo cried, greatly delighted. "Waves no tipee over big little rock. Hi! hi!"

The place proved to be a small rock island, in the centre of which was a tall spruce tree. When Nap had examined it, he remembered that he had seen it once before while sailing with some of the boys of the school. It was near one side of the bay, he believed.

"Guess we'll hitch up yere till mornin', Chinesey," he said, fastening the boat. "Seems to be better'n loafin' round on de water."

"Yes, yes," Foo answered. "Hitchee boat. We stay here."

It was so dark that neither could see the other two yards apart; but the rain had ceased. Nap squeezed the water from his jacket, made a pillow of it, and prepared, by lying down at full length on the rock, to resume his slumbers. Foo, after some moments, also followed his example. The night, however, was not to be passed so easily. Some time before morning Gip's barking awoke them, and they both jumped up, rather startled, to find that the miniature island was nearly all under water. The tide was rising and covering it; and, moreover, the dory had somehow disappeared. The only way they could escape the calamity that threatened them was to climb the tree, which Nap hastened to do. But first he buttoned his jacket around Gip, then tied a strong fishing-line over it; and when he had reached the lowest limb he slowly drew the dog after him. He then mounted to a higher limb, while Foo took possession of the lower one.

"Reckon you don' want to be drownded no more'n we does, do you, pup?" he said, putting one arm about him.

Gip licked his hand, and expressed his gratitude by wagging his tail in a thankful manner. Before many more hours he performed a service also, as will be seen, that quite paid for the care his master had shown him.

In the course of an hour or more a faint gleam of daylight began to appear; and although the fog still remained, it was



not so thick as it had been. Now and then the vague outline of trees could be seen in one direction, not a great distance away. Nap and Foo both shouted for help several times after they had distinguished the welcome sight. But still another long while passed, and no one answered.

"I tell you I's gittin' tired ob dis," Nap said at length. "Seems dough we might stay yere for eber. Mebbe de Professor an' de boys 'll neber miss us."

Foo said nothing. But an idea had occurred to him. He could not speak English, neither could he write it; but several times in his life he had made some more or less extraordinary attempts at drawing. He sharpened a lead-pencil and drew a crude picture on his handkerchief of the tree with Nap and himself among the limbs, and the water surrounding it. When he had completed it he handed it down to Nap, who thought it looked very much like drawings he had seen on tea chests.

"Tie him on dog's neck," said Foo, making many gestures with his hands. "He swimee over there; then over shore. Boys sees picture; then come."

The idea was too novel for Nap's mind to grasp.

"Guessee pup not fool 'nough to try dat," he said.

"Ho! ho! You more scare than dog. He swimee when you drop him in water. I give you one dollar to make him swimee."

Nap considered the proposal, and concluded that he would try it. If Gip would not go he could manage somehow to draw him up again. After tying the handkerchief securely around his neck he patted him a moment affectionately, and then dropped him as easily as he could.

The dog, of course, was greatly surprised by this treatment, and refused to swim away until he found they would not aid him. He then, however, lost no time in reaching the land, where he shook off the water, and barked back at them. When he grew weary of doing that he ran up and down the shore searching for something to eat. But at last Nap and Foo lost all hearing of him.

Hour after hour passed; the fog all vanished; the sun shone

bright ; and by-and-by the tide had fallen sufficiently to expose a bit of the rock beneath the tree. The boys descended, and waited and waited, impatiently and desperately hungry. The forenoon seemed a year long, and the afternoon equal to three or four years. But both passed somehow ; it grew dark, and the rising tide again drove them up the tree.

Perhaps if it had not been for Gip the catastrophe might have had a very serious ending. How *he* spent the day nobody ever knew ; but he made his appearance among the boys in the camp about sunset in a very drenched and soiled condition. The head master and all the school had been searching high and low the most of the day for the missing boys ; and when Foo Tong's handkerchief was found around the dog's neck there was much excitement. An old fisherman to whom it was shown said " he guessed the China boy meant that they was on One-tree Island," and an expedition was fitted out immediately to go in search of them.

At last Foo and Nap saw a light approaching over the water ; then they heard the dip of the oars, and a few minutes afterward they were rescued.

" Golly ! " said Nap, as soon as he realised that he was safe, " you don' catch me a-gwine to sea agin in dis yere bay."

" Not muchee ! " said Foo, shrugging his shoulders.

## PIGWACKET CENTRE SCHOOL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE truth was, that District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre, had had a good deal of trouble of late with its school-masters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upper hand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before the uprising of this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used not to be very uncommon; but in so "intelligent" a community as that of Pigwacket Centre, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good way all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "handsome mahn," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural hair which grows up with carefully bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt (see Cat. Harv. Anno 1693), had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which has had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The

soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited,—something, perhaps, of the high spirit ; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by.

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the schoolhouse, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved ; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set grey ones. But he managed to study him pretty well,—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough, that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man ; and he had heard stories of a fighting-man called “The Spider,” from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big-limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster’s name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed, swallow-tailed coat, showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. One morning, on going to the schoolroom, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the schoolroom. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really

no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning *a'h'm!* was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wad shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no *immediate* notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First, he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulder like an epaulette—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm—or the hard-knotted *biceps*—any of the great sculptural landmarks, in fact—you would have said there was a pretty show of them beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself. Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said; "not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make



a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old veneered bureau. First, he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The springs creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed, and looked at his cleanly shaped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale,—not a heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle-weights seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

Master Langdon took his seat, and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half-past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself, 'f ye a'n't afeard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the savage instincts of his old wolf-ancestry looked out of his eyes, flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth.



The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike, or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at singlestick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye, and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said fiercely; and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise, that it curled him up in a instant, and he went bundling out of the open schoolhouse door with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher-youth looked round, but the rebels were all cowed, and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said; "'n I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the old French War.

Abner Briggs junior did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The

master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him suddenly by the collar, and with one great pull had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards, and stood looking at him.

The rough-and tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows ; and Abner Briggs junior was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just pluck enough left in him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So the master had to strike—once, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a schoolmaster added to the effect of the blow ; but the blow was itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

“Now go home,” said the master, “and don’t let me see you or your dog here again.” And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Centre School rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got “riled,” as they called it ? In a week’s time everything was reduced to order, and the school-committee were delighted.

## LET GO YOUR ANCHOR!

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE new ship *Texas*, all ready for sea, lay at one of the large wharves on the Bath side of the Kennebec River. She expected to sail on the following morning for Savannah, at which port she was to load with cotton for Liverpool, England.

Captain John Sears, part owner of the *Texas*, was her commander, but in the eyes of his son Johnny, aged twelve, this fact was not of nearly so much importance as that he, Johnny Sears, was to accompany his father in the ship on the voyage in question.

The captain was sitting on the quarter-deck enjoying his after-supper cigar. Johnny was restlessly roaming up and down in a fever of excitement, his sharp eyes taking in everything of interest about the ship. Following closely at his heels was a handsome English mastiff, which stood very nearly three feet high, with tawny hair, a broad chest, and handsome head. A friend to be desired was Jack, the mastiff, but a terrible foe. Jack was a pup when given to Captain Sears. Having grown to his present estate on shipboard, he might literally be called an old sea-dog, and it is needless to say that the mastiff Jack and the boy Johnny were great friends.

"If the crew *do* come in the morning boat, I doubt if we get away to-morrow," remarked Captain Sears, half aloud, breaking a silence of some minutes' duration.

Johnny dropped the spokes of the big wheel with which in imagination he had been steering the ship before a heavy gale of wind.

"Why not, father?" he asked, with a distressed face.

"Barometer falling, and the equinoctial close at hand," was the brief reply, as, knocking the ashes from his cigar, Captain Sears glanced doubtfully at the setting sun, which was half hidden by a bank of dun-coloured cloud.

"Telegram for you, sir," said a small boy, who had just scrambled aboard, and stood looking about him with wide-open eyes.

Tearing open the yellow envelope, Captain Sears read aloud as follows:—

"'PORTLAND, *October 19th*, 187-.

"'Trouble about crew. Come on at once in 5.30 train.

"'J. JENKINSON.'

"And it's twenty minutes past five now," said the captain, rather crossly, as he jerked out his watch, for he by no means liked the idea of leaving the ship that night. Both his officers were ashore, as also were the cook and steward. All of them had families in the vicinity, with whom they were spending this their last night before sailing.

"Well, there's no help for it," finally remarked the captain, with a sigh, as, slipping into the cabin, he hastily changed his coat, and brushed his hair; "so, Johnny, you must look out for the ship a little while. I'll call at Hortons' on my way to the depôt, and have them send down a night-watchman right away. Until the watchman comes down, don't let any stranger aboard. I shall probably be home in the morning boat. Good-night." And swinging himself on to the wharf, Captain Sears rapidly made his way up-town, while Johnny, with a rather disappointed look, began to pace the main-deck in true nautical style.

A repulsive-looking man, who bore the marks of a tramp—and a sailor tramp at that—rose up from behind a lumber pile near the edge of the wharf, and shook his clenched left fist in the direction taken by Captain Sears. His *left* fist, for the reason that his right arm was missing just above the elbow.

"I thought it were you, Cap'n Sears, when I heard your

voice whilst I was layin' round here yisterday," he growled, savagely. Then, turning, he looked thoughtfully up at the ship's side. "Nobody in sight," he muttered, "the watchman not like to get here for a good half hour at best, and only a slip of a boy aboard, while like as not old Sears has left some money or wallyables layin' round his state-room to be had jest for the takin' of 'em. It's wuth runnin' a bit of resk for, anyway." And with another glance up the deserted wharf, the tramp began climbing the side ladder, using the stump of his left arm with considerable skill to help him in his ascent.

Hearing the steps, Johnny turned toward the gangway. A greasy slouch hat, whose tattered brim partly shaded the wicked-looking face of its owner, met his gaze.

"Oh, look here now, I say, we don't allow any strangers aboard," said Johnny, with a very decided shake of the head, as he stopped short in his walk.

"You'll 'low the watchman what Cap'n Sears had sent down from Hort'ns' aboard, though, won't ye, sonny?" was the cool reply. And without awaiting further remonstrance the intruder drew himself over the rail and stepped down on deck.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered Johnny, slowly and rather doubtfully. "Do you know my father—Cap'n Sears, I mean?"

"Oh yes," returned the man, with an unpleasant smile. "I was to sea with yer pa once in the ol' ship *Vanguard*. It was he cut off this here arm, owin' to an accident that happened to me that v'y'ge," he continued, touching the stump with a very dirty forefinger.

This interested Johnny at once, and he was about asking the particulars, when, rather to his surprise, the supposed watchman turned on his heel and quietly walked into the cabin.

"Hi—I say there!" cried Johnny, rushing after him, "my father don't allow——"

But poor Johnny's speech was brought to a sudden end. For as he entered the cabin he was caught by a strong arm, and dragged toward the open door of the steward's pantry.



"I'm goin' to put you in solitary confinement for a spell, sonny," grimly remarked his captor, as Johnny vainly kicked and struggled.

All at once there came to the frightened boy's mind the remembrance of his powerful friend Jack, whom he had last seen asleep on the quarter. "Jack—oh, Jack! here—come here!" he cried at the top of his voice. There was a scuffling sound on deck—a noise as though a calf were tumbling down the after-companionway—and through the half-darkness appeared the glowing eyes and indistinct form of the great English mastiff.

Well was it for the scoundrel that he released his hold on Johnny in time for the boy to grasp Jack's steel collar with both hands, and hold him back by force and voice.

"Get out of this, quick, or he'll tear you to pieces!" cried Johnny excitedly, while Jack, growling fiercely, tugged at his young master's restraining grasp. And as Johnny forcibly though inelegantly represented it afterward to his father, the man "got." Johnny heard him scrambling over the rail and down the side steps at an astonishing rate of speed.

"I declare!" Johnny exclaimed, with a gasp, as he released Jack, who sprang on the rail and watched the flying man through the gathering darkness. "'Spose Jack *hadn't* been aboard! There's over five hundred dollars in father's desk in the state-room. *Won't* I have a story for father when he gets back in the morning, though!" he added, excitedly, as, lighting a lantern, he hung it in the main-rigging, noticing with some surprise as he did so that the wind was rising, and it had begun to rain.

Hour after hour passed, and still no watchman. Captain Sears had left the message with the Hortons' clerk, who had forgotten to deliver it; that was all. And so, wrapped in his oil-skins, Johnny paced the wet deck, with Jack by his side, while all the while the continually increasing gale piped and shrieked through the rigging.

By midnight it was blowing harder than ever, and Johnny began to feel very uneasy, though he scarcely knew why.

Ascending to the quarter, he steadied himself by the mizzen-rigging, and peered shoreward through the thick darkness. All at once there was a loud twang, and the stern hawser, which had been as taut as a steel bar, slacked suddenly, and fell with a splash in the water. Another similar noise, and then another, and still another.

Rushing frantically to the top-gallant forecandle, Johnny saw that the great ship's hawsers hung helplessly at her side, while the *Texas* herself was swinging rapidly out into the river, the gale driving off shore with terrible force.

It was not fear of personal danger which made poor Johnny, as he stood half-paralysed for a moment, cry, "Oh, what *can* I—what *shall* I do?"

It was the remembrance that his father's savings of twenty years were invested in the *Texas*, and Johnny had heard him say that he knew he *ought* to keep his share insured, but he could not well afford it. And Johnny well knew that a collision with the vessels anchored in the river, or, still worse, striking the Hawkbill ledges on the other side of the channel, would bring a heavy bill of expense to the *Texas'* owners.

Now, after the launching, the great anchor was hove up and hung by the ring stopper at the cat-head, ready to let go. Johnny, who had been on board when the *Texas* was launched, had watched the whole operation from beginning to end.

"It's all I *can* do," said Johnny, aloud, as a sudden thought flashed through his mind. The carpenter's iron-headed maul lay on the forecandle. Seizing it with fast-beating heart, Johnny placed one foot on the cat-head, and with a strength born of excitement and despair, struck once, twice, thrice, at the strong iron trigger which, when in position, confines the hauling part of the ring stopper.

There was a swift rattle of chains, a tremendous splash, and then followed the grinding rush and roar of the great chain-cable as it flew through the hawse-hole from the ranges under the forecandle. Then came a sudden tautening of the cable, and lo! the *Texas* was safely riding at anchor nearly in the middle of the river.

"I guess we'll go below and turn in, Jack," said Johnny, with a great yawn; "the ship's all right now." And they went.

"What did the man mean by saying that you amputated his arm, father?" asked Johnny, on the following day, as a steam-tug was taking the *Texas* swiftly down the river toward the ocean.

"He was the ringleader of a mutiny, and the worst man I ever had in a crew," was Captain Sears' answer, as he rested his hand fondly on his boy's shoulder. "He fired at me twice, and to save my own life I shot him through the arm, shattering the bone. This ended the mutiny, but the wound would not heal, and if I had not cut off his arm he would have died. He made a great many threats, but I had entirely forgotten that such a man lived until I heard your story. By cutting the hawsers he hoped to do me a great injury, and would have accomplished it, only my twelve-year-old son was too quick-witted for him."

"Now, father," exclaimed Johnny, "Jack deserves ever so much more praise than I do."

But I don't wonder that Captain Sears is proud of his boy  
Do you?

## THE "RED RANGERS."

BY KIRK MUNROE.

TOM BURGESS had come to Berks to spend the summer with his uncle, Squire Bacon, greatly to the delight of his cousin Hal. He arrived one evening in the spring, and went to school with Hal the next day, so as to get acquainted with the Berks boys as quickly as possible. After school he was introduced to so many boys that he got their names all mixed up, and was sure he should never be able to tell which belonged to whom. He was about to beg his cousin not to present any more of his friends just then, but to give him a chance to become a little acquainted with those whom he had already met, when Hal suddenly cried out,—

"Oh, here's Will Rogers, Captain of the Rangers, and a regular brick. Hi, Will! come here a minute. This is my cousin, Tom Burgess; he's going to stay here all the summer."

The slender curly-headed fellow thus introduced shook hands cordially with Tom, and said he was glad to welcome him to Berks, and hoped they should become as good friends as he and Hal were. Then he said he must hurry home, as he had to make arrangements for that evening's meeting of the Rangers. As he started off on a run, he turned back and called out, "Be sure and come to-night, Hal, and bring your cousin with you."

Tom had noticed that Will's handsome face was very pale, and was disfigured by a livid scar across his forehead, apparently that of a recently healed wound. His curiosity was so excited by this that he could hardly wait for his latest acquaintance to

get out of hearing before asking Hal how it came there, and who the Rangers were.

"Who are the Rangers? Well, I should think you'd better ask! Why, what a stupid I am to forget to tell you the most important thing of all! Let's sit down here on the sunny side of this stone wall, and I'll give you the whole story."

After they had seated themselves comfortably in a warm spot, Hal began, and narrated as follows:—

"You see, Will Rogers, the fellow you have just met, was always getting up something for us boys to do. We had all sorts of clubs, and secret societies, and orders of Red Men, and such things; but they didn't any of 'em last long, 'cause Will was always reading about something new, and wanting us to try it. Last winter, some time just before Christmas, he got hold of an awfully exciting pirate story, and the day after he'd read it he came to me and said he'd thought of a perfectly immense scheme, and if I wanted to be in it I must assemble at their barn door at seven o'clock that evening. Of course I wanted to be in it; so I went.

"A lot of the fellows were there, and Will let us in and took us upstairs in the dark to the door of a room in the loft. He told us to wait there until we heard three loud hand-claps, and then to enter the hall in single file, and on no account to speak a word until the Great Panjandrum spoke to us. Then he went inside and shut the door, leaving us outside in the dark, and wondering what was up.

"In a minute we heard the hand-claps, and we went in as he had told us to. At one end of the room, which was very small and low, and smelled of old harness, was a big box like a platform, with a little box covered with a white cloth like a table on the top of it. Behind the table stood a figure all in white with a black mask over its face. On the table were two hollow bones with lighted candles stuck in 'em. On the wall, behind the whole outfit, hung a square of black cloth with what I thought was a baseball and two bats painted in white on it; but Will told us afterward that it was a pirate flag, and they were skull and cross-bones.



"The light was kind of flickery and dim, and the white figure was awful solemn, until it spoke ; then we knew by the voice it was Will. He said :—

" 'Minions of the Lamp, Sea Kings of the North, Terrors of the Red Men, Wild Rovers of the Spanish Main, and Brothers in Deeds of Daring.'

"You see, we had been all of those things at different times ; only I hadn't never been a Minion, and don't know exactly what they did ; but I know all the rest.

"When he had called us our names, as deep down in his throat as he could say 'em, he went on and said : 'The time has come for boys to free themselves from tyrants, and to assert their rights. We have assembled in this ancient stronghold, at this solemn midnight hour, to organise a band of robbers, whose name shall become a terror to the surrounding country, who will lend their powerful aid to the cause of boys, and who will levy tribute from all men. Who of you are ready to join the Red Rangers of the Rio Grande, and pledge them your names and fortunes ? Let them raise their right hands, and let all cowards leave the hall, and beware that they betray nothing.'

"Nobody dared be a coward, so we all raised our hands, and then we all took an oath to burn, rob, kill, and destroy all enemies of the Rangers. Each fellow had to repeat the oath separately after Will, who flashed the light of a bull's-eye lantern that he had hid behind the box in his face all the time he was saying it. It was just an elegant oath, I tell you, only I can't remember it now.

"We had another meeting next night, and Will was elected captain, and me lieutenant of the band. After that we had a lot of meetings, and arranged all the grips and pass-words, and did everything up ship-shape. After a while the fellows got tired of having only meetings, and wanted to strike terror into the heart of somebody, and have some booty to divide, or do something exciting. So Will said he would organise an expedition that should harrow the enemy the next Saturday night."

"I suppose he meant 'harry' the enemy," said Tom.

Without noticing the interruption, Hal continued: "We didn't know until we started who was going to be harrowed; but after we'd got out of the village, Will said it was old Pop Miller, the hermit, who lives out on the Lake road all alone, and is humpbacked. He used to be awful cross to boys, and try to hit 'em with his stick, when they ran after him on the street, and called him old Hippety-hop.

"He had a yellow dog that he called Midas. It was a regular coward on the street, and would run if you only picked up a stone; but in his own yard he was as brave as anything, and would come tearing at you if you even touched the fence. So we asked Will what he was going to do about Midas.

"'Oh, I'll fix him all right,' he said, and he held up a brown-paper parcel that he carried.

"When we got pretty near Pop's house, Will made us go into ambush behind some trees, while he went on alone to 'ree-conoiter,' as he called it. Pretty soon we heard Midas bark, and then Will came running back to us, all out of breath. He said he reckoned that was about the last of that dog's bark, for he had thrown over the fence a big piece of poisoned meat that would soon quiet him.

"He said old Hippety-hop came and looked out of the window when Midas barked; but didn't see him because he was hiding behind the big lilac bush.

"We waited there quietly, until we were 'most frozen, and some of the fellows began to grumble, and say they didn't think that sort of thing was much fun. When Will heard 'em he got angry, and commanded silence, and said that all grumblers or cowards could either retire, or remain and be shot at sunrise, just as they pleased.

"This made the fellows shut up, 'cause they didn't want to do either, and they were afraid they'd be laughed at, too, for being cowards.

"At last Will ordered us all to put on our masks—they were made of white cloth, and some were black—to examine our

weapons, and see if they were ready for instant use, and to prepare to advance. I didn't see the use of examining our weapons, 'cause we only had broomstick guns and lath swords, except Will, who had an old cavalry sabre without any scabbard, that was his uncle Ben's; but we examined 'em, and I reported they were all O. K.

"Then Will said: 'Red Rangers of the Rio Grande, the enemy is before you. He is intrenched, and his works must be carried by storm. As we expect no quarter, so we will give none; the contest must be to the bitter end. Your captain expects every man to do his duty, and, remember, the more of you that fall in battle, the more booty there will be to divide among the others. Rangers, advance!'

"Just then Tom Moody, a little chap, 'most a whole year younger than me, began to whimper, and say he didn't want to be killed.

"Will heard him, and said, very fiercely, 'Ha! have we a coward among us? Let him be bound to yonder tree until our return, when his execution will take place. We have no time to attend to such trifles now.'

"So we tied Tom to a tree with all speed, and marched away.

"When we got to Pop Miller's front gate we waited to see if Midas would rush out at us; but he didn't, and we didn't hear anything, except a kind of a whining out in the old barn. Then Will said the enemy's sentinel had been silenced, and ordered me, with half the band, to guard the front of the castle, while he and the other fellows crept softly around to the rear entrance. When we heard his bugle blast we were to rush in and capture the enemy. He didn't really have any bugle, only an old tin horn; but he called it a bugle, and we knew what he meant.

"There was just a light in one room, and we could see the enemy through a crack in the blinds, sitting reading. We kept mighty quiet, and I tell you I felt kind o' shaky, too, while we were waiting there in the cold for the signal. I didn't know exactly what we were a-going to do anyway when we

heard the bugle blast, and I wondered if old Hippety-hop had his stick handy.

"You've no idea how dreadful the moonlight made the fellows look in their masks—some black and some white. They all seemed kind o' shivery, too ; but I suppose it ~~was~~ the cold.

"All of a sudden we heard an awful noise from the back of the house. It wasn't the bugle blast, but was a sort of a crash and a scream. It scared us so that we all started and ran, as fast as we could, out of the gate, and down the road. Just as we heard the noise I was peeping through the blinds at old Hippety-hop, and I saw him jump up and grab his stick, and go for the back door.

"I didn't see any more, 'cause I ran with the rest, and we didn't stop till we got back to our old ambush. Tom Moody wasn't there. He didn't want to wait and be executed, so he had untied himself and run home.

"We waited in the ambush a few minutes, talking in whispers about that awful scream, and wishing some of the other fellows would come and tell us what it all meant. Then we saw a boy come running down the road, and we hollered for him to stop and tell us what was up. We didn't know who he was at first, 'cause he'd forgot to take off his mask ; but as soon as he spoke we knew it was Dick Bolter. He said Will Rogers had fallen down an old dry well, and he guessed he was killed. He said Mr. Miller and the boys were trying to get him out, and he was running to the village for the doctor.

"Then we all went back to Pop Miller's house, and found him and the rest of the band standing around a hole with lanterns and a rope. The hole, opening right in the white snow, looked dreadfully black, and we could hear a sort of a moaning down in it.

"They let Jack Carew down with a rope and a lantern, and he called up that Will was alive, but insensible, and that his head was cut open and bleeding awfully.

"Then some men from the village came, and they got 'em both out, and took Will into Pop Miller's house and put him

to bed, and the doctor sewed him up, and said he must not be moved for a long time, and pretty soon he had a fever and raved.

"I found out afterwards that just as Will was going to blow a bugle blast on his tin horn for the attack, he jumped off a pile of snow on to a rotten board over the old well, and it broke and pitched him in. When he got to the bottom his head struck on the sabre he carried, and got cut open.

"I tell you, we fellows felt rather bad when we heard the doctor say that Will's wound was a very dangerous one, and that he might die. It made us feel small, too, to see how good Pop Miller was to him. Why, you would have thought Will was his own son, the way he waited on him and nursed him. Of course Will's mother went there, and stayed all through the fever and took care of him; but Pop was mighty good, and was always thinking of something nice to do for 'em both.

"He was very good to us boys, too, when we went to see how Will was getting along, and some of us went every day. He said he hadn't ever got acquainted with boys before. He felt awfully bad about his dog Midas, which was found dead out in the old barn, and said it was the only friend he had in the world. We told him how sorry we were, and that if he'd take us for friends we'd try and be as good as a dog; and I've got an elegant bull-pup in training for him, so I reckon that'll be all right.

"While Will was sick in Pop's house we Rangers got into the way of cutting the old gentleman's wood for him, and when after a month Will was carried home we somehow kept it up.

"Pop's got just the finest collection of butterflies, and when we go out there he shows 'em to us, and tells us all about them. He's going to help us make collections for ourselves now that spring's set in good and warm, and we can catch 'em, too.

"Will only got out about two weeks ago, and the first thing he did was to reorganise the Rangers, and make 'em into a relief corps. That means we're going to do all the work about



Pop Miller's place, and relieve him from his troubles, for he's poor and ill, you know, and we're his only friends, till he gets the bull-pup. Our name's been changed, too, from the Red Rangers of the Rio Grande to Pop Miller's Ready Rangers, to show that we're ready to do anything he says.

"You never saw such a changed fellow as Will Rogers is. He's just as different as anything since he's been ill, and he says all the bands he forms now are going to be to help folks, instead of to rob and harrow them. He says he is not going to read another blood-and-thunder story, for they're all the lowest-down, poorest kind of trash, and it just makes a fellow feel ashamed of himself to read it. We all say so too, and we Rangers are going to try and have every bit of it kept out of Berks, and we'll do it, too.

"Our meeting this evening is to make arrangements for digging and planting Pop Miller's garden, and making it the best anywhere round.

"We've torn up our old skull-and-cross-bones flag, and we've got a new one—white, with a red axe and a bull-dog on it—to show that we're always ready to work for and protect our friend Pop Miller, the very nicest old gentleman in the world, if he has got a hump back."

"Well," said Tom Burgess, "I think I'd like to join you."

## TOM DEANE'S ADVENTURE.

**F**EW wild animals bear a greater variety of names than—let us give an incomplete list of his names—cougar, puma, American lion, American tiger and panther, often corrupted into “painter,” Indian devil, catamount.

The panther, that is his best name, has a very extensive range, being found from Northern New England all the way through both American continents. He is an active climber. His cry is peculiar, and has often been taken for the scream of a woman. There are well-authenticated instances of persons in dense forests who have hurried, as they supposed, to the rescue of a woman in distress, and have not discovered their fearful mistake until the fierce animal was upon them.

Ordinarily the panther is a cowardly beast. It sneaks up behind its victim, after the manner of the lion of South Africa, and though it often retreats rather than engage with an enemy, it is a dangerous foe when wounded, and occasionally displays remarkable courage.

There are parts of Pennsylvania which are almost as wild to-day as they were a century ago, when the shout of the red Indian awoke the forest echoes, and no settler had trod the unbroken solitudes. There are even now, in one county, “licks” to which deer still come in spite of the closing in upon them of the steadily advancing hosts of civilisation.

Mr. Wilson Deane is a well-to-do farmer in the wild region of which I speak. He has a son, Thomas, now eighteen years old, a bright, wide-awake, good-natured youth, who still goes to the district school in the winter, and assists his father during the rest of the year. He is a strong, active boy, and one of

the most skilful rifle-shots in that county where good marksmen are plentiful.

Tom's grandfather came from Massachusetts, but his father was born where he now lives, and both of them have thrilling stories to tell of their adventures with wild animals.

Like most boys, Tom is fond of hunting, and when the farm work goes well, he expects a day's "gunning" once every month or two.

Through corn harvest and "potato-digging" last season, Tom Deane's labour had been cheered by the promise of one or two days to go deer-hunting about the first of October. But a heavy rain delayed the work somewhat, and so it happened that he did not get time for his outing until the middle of the month. Then he set off one morning with his rifle, of the old jointed-breech pattern, on his shoulder, and with the light spirits which the prospect of a season of recreation after hard work usually brings. But Tom was destined to have a memorable experience that day.

His father gave him a parting warning, "Look out for yourself, Tom." Then he added, a little anxiously, "Don't get lost in the woods; and try and be back before sundown. I don't like to milk alone."

His mother, who was more anxious, as mothers always are, said, "Do be careful, Tom, with your gun, and don't go too far into the woods."

Tom smiled; he was used to this sort of caution. That was what his mother always said to him. It seemed rather womanish talk. But he loved her none the less for it.

The "lick" which Tom intended to visit first was about three miles distant, through a wild section of woodland. He reached the spot he had selected, and although the time of day was not particularly favourable for the appearance of deer, he concealed himself behind some large rocks to wait for game to come.

He had hardly settled himself in his position, when his ear caught the sound, a peculiar whirring noise, which he recognised instantly, and promptly made the greatest leap of his life. Turning about, he saw a large rattlesnake in coil, his

head erect, and the peculiar vibrant apparatus at the end of his tail continuously in motion, giving forth that warning sound which, once heard, is for ever remembered.

Tom could have shot off its head without difficulty, but he was afraid of alarming the deer which he hoped were in the neighbourhood. He, therefore, hastily opened a bombardment of the enemy with stones, and speedily disabled it.

"Where you find one of them you're apt to find its mate," muttered the young hunter to himself, and proceeded to select another hiding-place, very nearly on the opposite side of the "lick."

An hour or more passed with no signs of game. Then, getting tired of his enforced inaction, Tom decided to go to another "lick," one of which he had often heard his grandfather describe, but had never himself visited. It was situated, he had been told, about a mile farther along the swamp lands, from which a number of saline springs ooze up.

He went to the north side of the bog, keeping within the borders of a long copse of laurel which covered the hill on that side. The little hickory belt, between the laurel and the swamp alders, offered clearer walking, and as the wind was southerly, he hoped to approach unperceived by any game which might be about the "lick."

He had gone halfway, as he supposed, when, having stepped behind a fir bush for a moment, in order to reconnoitre a cautious line of advance, his ears caught the sound of a light rustle in the edge of the alders a few rods away. He had barely time to turn his head, when he saw a full-sized buck, with antlers thrown back, coming directly toward him from the direction of the "lick."

It was a beautiful mark, with its dusky white chest, mauve shoulders, black-ringed nostrils, and bulging, glistening eyes.

With suppressed excitement Tom raised his gun, cocking it as he did so. But the bush behind which he stood only partly concealed him. The buck saw the motion and started aside, two bounds, then having had only an imperfect glance at its dangerous enemy, it stopped and "blew."

Tom, who had been on the point of shooting at it on the run, now fired with a rather more careful aim. The buck bounded off the ground, fell, sprang up, and dashed away with four or five convulsive leaps, when, coming in violent collision with a chestnut stump, it fell again, and lay kicking wildly.

Tom rushed forward with an involuntary shout of elation. He saw at once that the ball had passed through the buck's body.

"Good shot!" said he, and admiringly patted the stock of his old rifle.

The deer was plainly at its last gasp. Tom knew that the shot must have frightened all other game within hearing, and accordingly made the mistake which many another hunter has made, of not reloading his piece. He set the rifle down, drew his knife, and proceeded to kill the deer, and to consider how he could best dress it.

First he cut a "gambrel" stick, and then with a cord which he had brought along in the pocket of his frock set to work with considerable exertion, for the deer was fat and heavy, to draw it up to the limb of a hickory, preparatory to skinning and drawing. His plan was to take home one hind quarter wrapped up in the hide, and come back next day, with his father, for the rest of the meat.

Tom was not a skilful butcher, and made a clumsy and slow job of it. After half an hour of hard work he was not nearly through with his unpleasant task. Suddenly he heard behind him, not far off, a curious, fitful beating on the dry leaves and ground. Engrossed as he was, and quite unmindful of danger, he threw a careless glance over his shoulder.

Careless, but for one moment only! For his eyes fell on a spectacle fit to appal even a veteran hunter. Not over fifteen feet away there crouched a panther of the largest size, its ears set back, and its fiery eyes, like glittering metallic balls, fixed upon him, its claws working in the earth, and its long tail switching nervously from side to side.

A few steps behind it, another panther, also of huge



proportions, in a half-sitting posture, snuffed and gloated over the rich repast whose odour was wafted to its nostrils.

And there lay Tom's unloaded rifle twelve or fifteen feet away, between him and them !

Obeying his first impulse, he ran for life into the alders and so onward through the swamp, his reeking knife still in his hand, nor did he once pause till he had reached the ledgy hillside beyond it. Here pausing for a moment, half expecting to see the ferocious creatures close upon him, he plainly heard loud growls from across the bog whence he had fled.

The panthers were feasting, quarrelling, very likely, over the dainty banquet with which Tom had involuntarily provided them ; and after the first paroxysm of his fear had passed the young hunter felt not a little chagrined at his loss, and the sorry story he would have to tell his father and grandfather.

He remained there, listening, for a long time. Occasionally the growling was renewed, then after a while it ceased. Still Tom sat on the ledge listening, waxing more impatient and angry about his deer every minute.

At last, hearing nothing more of the growling, he concluded that the panthers had eaten their fill and gone away. If he could recover his gun, and carry home the buck's antlers in evidence of his rather improbable story, even that would be better than going back empty-handed. So, after waiting a while, he stole back across the swamp and through the alders, listening after every step as he drew near the place.

Coming at last in sight of the spot, he saw nothing of the panthers. They had pulled down the carcass, and apparently eaten all of it, except the bones, which he could see, together with the antlers, lying near.

He crept along, and after some time drew near on tiptoe. Feeling pretty sure now that the marauders had gone, with a last look all around he stepped forward, and picked up the skull and horns.

Just then, quick as a flash of light both panthers alighted on the ground, one on each side of him.

They had been lying crouched low behind a log, among

some sedges only a few yards away, and no doubt had been watching every step of his approach.

The boy uttered an involuntary shriek, and clutched his knife ; but the panthers, instead of springing upon him, merely crouched, glaring up into his eyes, so near that he could have kicked them had he dared. There they lay, their eyes fixed on his face !

For some unaccountable reason, though it may have been because they were well stuffed with deer meat, they did not seem disposed to attack him. At any rate, they were evidently in no hurry to do so, but lay there, each doing just as the other did. Each seemed to be trying to stare poor Tom out of countenance. Meantime the boy, half-paralysed with fright, could even imagine that they were grinning horribly at his expense. Trembling so violently that he could hardly stand, he remained motionless for what seemed an age, not daring to move hand or foot.

So long as he stood still, the brutes lay crouched and did not move. At length, unable to bear it a moment longer, Tom drew back one foot, his left, then his right, very slowly. But the two panthers wriggled along on the ground, just as far as he moved, keeping their glowing eyes fixed on his face, and each doing exactly as did his mate.

The poor lad knew not what to do ; every moment he expected that they would spring upon him and tear him to pieces. Then after another long tremulous pause, he backed off a few steps more. Again the sportive brutes wriggled along by his side.

Finally the young hunter, in his backward course, came to a large log, and feeling very weak from the long strain on his nerves, sat, almost fainting, down on it. The panthers drew up nearer, and resting their jowls on their paws watched him unwinkingly.

What would not Tom now have given to be out of his dangerous situation, and safe at home again !

He inwardly berated himself for a fool for coming back when he was once safely away. After sitting on the log for a

long time, he mustered his strength and courage sufficiently to draw his legs up on it, and get upon his feet on the other side. The panthers followed slowly, too, and kept equal pace with him, one on each side. It is impossible to say what whim possessed the animals. They would not let him get away, nor did they seem to wish to touch him.

At length Tom quickened his backward walk a little, but they kept their positions, moving faster as he did. He dared not turn his back on them, but essaying to move a little faster tripped over some brush, and fell flat on his back. At this, both brutes rose to their feet and stood over him, one even putting out his paw and feeling softly the despairing young hunter's arm.

Expecting every minute to be killed, and so worn by this time that he scarce cared if he were, Tom closed his eyes, unable longer to endure the savage fixedness of their gaze. Presently he felt one of them lick his boot. Then one of them smelled him all the way from his hand up to his face, the cold shivers of horror running through the poor fellow all the while. Venturing to uncloset his eyes after a time, he dimly saw both panthers sitting up hard by, as if holding a silent consultation over him. By-and-by one smelt him again—even licking his hand once or twice—attentions which sent a shudder to the boy's heart, for he expected to feel the beast crunch it the next moment between its jaws.

Tom thinks that a full half hour passed in this way. He was just bringing his courage to the point of venturing to rise and back off again, when he heard the panthers scratching on the ground. He peeped, and saw that they were clawing up dry leaves and bits of brush on each side. These they drew up about his person, and he perceived that an effort was in progress to bury him, as something to be kept for future eating.

Tom lay quite still, having no desire to interrupt his own obsequies, and gradually the animals covered him with a thin covering, mainly of dead leaves. For some time they sat about like two big cats after dinner. Presently one of them

uttered a plaintive little *yow* ! and started to walk back to the bones of the deer. The other followed, and for a little while, as they walked softly away, Tom heard them occasionally *yowing* in the same plaintive minor key. It may have been a kind of feline requiem for what they had buried ; or else a yawn for a nap to which their late hearty dinner had predisposed them.

Tom waited only till, by the sounds, he judged that the must be out of sight and hearing, then slipped out of his shallow grave, and started off through the swamp toward home at his best pace.

It was too late when he got home to organise a panther hunt that day, but the next morning, accompanied by his father, grandfather, and several neighbours, Tom again visited the "lick." They set several traps, but neither of the panthers was seen or caught.

Their odd behaviour on this occasion may be set down as another of the queer traits which naturalists have from time to time recorded of the *felis concolour*.

BY WIND AND WAVE;





# BY WIND AND WAVE.

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## THE CAPTAIN'S LESSON.

*A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.\**

BY DAVID KER.

“**L**AND on the weather bow!” shouted the look-out at the foremast-head of the *Vrouw Katerina*.  
“That must be St. Helena at last,” chuckled the Captain to himself. “Good! Now we’ll land *two* passengers at once!”

When Captain Matthias Evertsen chuckled in that way, it always meant mischief to somebody; and you would have said, looking at his short thick-set figure, and hard, coarse, low-browed face, that he could be a very ugly customer if he liked.

Like all the Dutch captains of that time, he was a first-rate seaman, and as brave as a lion; but, like far too many of them, he could be terribly cruel to any one who offended him, which was only too easily done.

Two hundred years ago, when a voyage to the East Indies and back often took twenty months or more, the captain of a merchantman in the Eastern seas could do pretty much what he liked. To drag a man under the keel of a ship, or keep him in irons for three days or so without food, was the

\* This story is perfectly true, and gives a pretty correct picture of sea-life in the seventeenth century.—D. K.

commonest thing possible. It was a common saying in those days that there was no law beyond the Line; and when a captain murdered two or three of his crew, or when a crew mutinied and murdered their captain, no one at home troubled himself much about it.

When Evertsen spoke of landing *two* passengers, any one who had heard him would have wondered what he meant. The only passenger aboard, an old Dutch merchant from Java, had just died, and it was natural enough to wish to bury him on land; but who could the other passenger be? We shall see presently.

Larger and larger, darker and darker, loomed out against the bright evening sky the huge black cliffs of the lonely islet, one day to be world-famous as the last prison of Napoleon. But at that time it was still uninhabited, and a drearier or a more desolate spot could scarcely have been found upon the face of the earth.

At length, just as the sea was all ablaze with the glory of the sunset, the ship anchored close inshore, and Captain Evertsen, ordering his boat to be got ready, went below, and putting his head into a dark, narrow hutch between decks, called out, with one of his ugly chuckles:—

“Now, Van Doorp, my boy, rouse up, and get ready to go ashore.”

A big, sullen-looking man, whose swollen and blood-stained forehead showed that he must have “offended” the Captain in some way, rose sulkily at the call.

Meanwhile the boat had been lowered, and the Dutch merchant’s coffin put into it. Van Doorp was then ordered in likewise, and the boat pulled for the shore.

“Now, my lads,” cried the Captain, “quick, and put Mr. Van Doorp and his friend ashore. He’ll have a whole island to himself, and the other gentleman will be nice quiet company.”

Even the rough seamen stood aghast at this refinement of cruelty, which doomed a living man to perish by inches, with a corpse for his only companion. The unfortunate sailor

knew his commander too well to plead for mercy ; but as the boat began to recede from the shore he sprang upon a rock and shouted,—

“You won’t get rid of me so easily, Captain. Mark my words : I’ll come back and haunt you for this.”

Evertsen answered only with a scornful laugh. A few moments later he was on his own deck once more, and the fatal island was soon lost in the fast-falling shadows of night, while the *Vrouw Katerina* sped on her course.

But although the Captain laughed at Van Doorp’s threat, it troubled him nevertheless. Like most cruel and ignorant men, he was very superstitious, and believed in ghosts, witches, spectre ships, mermaids, lucky and unlucky days, and other such absurdities, as firmly as he did in the ship’s compass. It was long before he could get to sleep that night, and when he did it was only to dream that he was being chased through the water by a shark with a coffin-shaped body and a head like Van Doorp’s. Then the dream changed, and it seemed as if the ship itself had turned into a coffin, on the other end of which Van Doorp was standing with a loaded pistol, bidding him jump overboard or be shot. About daybreak he awoke to find the vessel becalmed, the cliffs of St. Helena still visible, and his crew shaking their heads and muttering,—

“It’s a bad look-out to be becalmed here—eh, Hans ? ”

“True, Peter ; we’re in a bad way now.”

“You’re right, mates : no luck can come to the old craft, with a dead man’s curse following her.”

This sudden calm, following so close upon his own evil deed, seemed to the troubled Captain a direct judgment from Heaven. All day he wandered about the deck, restless and miserable, watching for some sign of a breeze, but not a ripple was to be seen on the smooth surface.

As night fell, a pale phosphoric light began to spread over the sea, till far as eye could reach it was all like one sheet of fire. Every spar of the ship stood out clearly, and the faces of the crew looked quite ghostly in the unearthly glare. The Captain, too ill at ease to go to bed, was moodily pacing the

deck, when a cry of horror from his men made him turn round, and he beheld a strange and terrible sight.

Right in the centre of this spectral light the strangest kind of a small craft was floating toward the vessel. It was rowed with two broken pieces of wood by a figure which, as it came nearer, was recognised by every one as that of Van Doorp. The crew screamed and ran back like children, while the cruel Captain fell on his knees. His strange dream came back to him. Nearer and nearer came the ghostly voyager, till he was heard to shout,—

“Ship ahoy! Heave us a rope, will you?”

Now, among the crew was a reckless Zealander, a special crony of Van Doorp, to whom this voice sounded so lifelike that he began to hope his old chum might not be dead, after all. He threw out a rope, and the next moment the coffin passenger had scrambled up and leaped down on deck.

The thump of his feet upon the planking was so heavy and unghostly that even the terrified Captain felt at once that no spirit could ever have made a sound like *that*. He started up, and seizing hold of Van Doorp with both hands (as if to make sure that he was really there), gasped out,—

“Tell me this moment—are you alive or dead?”

“Alive, to be sure,” answered the sailor, laughing. “No thanks to *you*, though. When I found the old craft still in sight this morning, I thought I might as well give myself one more chance; so I turned Mynheer Kloots out of his coffin, made paddles out of the two halves of the lid, and here I am.”

“Here’s a dollar for you, my lad,” said the Captain, drawing a long breath. “Go forward and take your old berth again, and after this I’ll never punish any man without good reason, and then only in a proper way.”

And Captain Evertsen kept his word.



## DICK WENTWORTH'S SWIM.

*THE TRUE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY'S DEED.*

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

### I.

DICK WENTWORTH was the poorest youth in the university, and the proudest. Without a dollar to begin with, and without any kind of help, he had made his way through the first two years of his college course, and meant to make his way to the end. He did it by "working like a slave and living like a pauper," as he himself said; but he did it proudly, with his head erect. When anything like help was offered him, he refused it almost resentfully; but he was not too proud to earn money by sawing wood for those who could pay, or by doing any other honest work for wages; and he was not too proud to cook his own food and wash his own dishes.

At first there were students who turned up their noses at Dick Wentworth, and called him a pauper, but after a while even they began to see that while Wentworth was as poor as a pauper he had not a trace of the pauper's spirit. He was a hard-working, independent gentleman, who respected himself and was soon respected by his fellow-students.

Still, nobody thought much about him. He had no intimate friends, and was nobody's hero. He was the best swimmer in the university, and was captain of the students' life-saving crew—to which the Government had furnished a lifeboat for use on the lake—but that did not count for much in college life.



## II.

There was a hurried running through the college at day-break one morning, and a loud knock at Wentworth's door.

"What's up?" he asked, leaping out of bed.

"Steamer ashore! We're going to man the lifeboat!"

"I'll be with you in half a minute," answered Wentworth; and hastily drawing on his trousers and undershirt, he ran toward the lake shore, where all the students and half the townspeople were gathered.

The scene on which the people looked was appalling. A large passenger steamer lay stranded about four hundred yards out, and the sea was beating her to pieces. Her upper works were already a mass of splinters, and shattered doors and bits of painted bulk-heads were every minute thrown up by the billows at the very feet of the people on shore, telling the sad story of what was happening out there beyond the furious surf. The pelting rain and the driving spray nearly hid the vessel from view, but in such glimpses as were to be had of it the people on shore could see the passengers and crew clinging to the wreck. Fragments washed ashore showed plainly enough that the ship's boats had been beaten to pieces, probably in the attempt to launch them, and the whole ship's company were now helplessly awaiting death.

The students of the life-saving crew, with Wentworth at their head, brought their lifeboat to the beach and prepared to launch it. They placed themselves in two lines, every fellow stripped to the waist, and at the word pushed the boat into the water. The bow was instantly swung around by an incoming wave, and the boat was driven beamways upon the shore.

A second effort was made, with greater care and a nicer calculation of time between the waves. The boat rose upon the crest of the billow, and the young athletes bent to their oars; but the water was too strong for them. The surf tossed the boat back upon the beach, capsizing it, and seriously injuring one of the crew.

"We want a volunteer to take Stokes' place," cried Wentworth, whereupon three stalwart young fellows offered themselves. "I'll take you, Mason," said Wentworth; "you're the best oar. Take your place."

The boat was righted, and a third attempt to launch her was made. For a moment it seemed that this time success had been attained. The boat rose upon the wave, and two vigorous strokes of the oars carried her beyond the curling crest. Then an oar broke; a rower fell backward. There was a moment's pause in the stroke, and the lifeboat was dashed upon the beach by the angry sea. This time, alas! the good lifeboat's ribs were crushed to a shapeless mass, and several of the crew were stunned by the fall.

A murmur of terrified despair ran through the crowd, which now included every man and woman of the college town. It was evident to all that nothing more could be done. Nothing frailer than a lifeboat could live for a moment in such a sea, and there was now no lifeboat to be had. The people were dumb with horror as they realised that there was nothing to do but stand there in the pitiless storm and wait for the bodies of the ship's company to come ashore. They were already beginning to come, indeed. Two men and one woman—all dead, and all more or less bruised and broken—had been drawn out upon the sand. These were the first swept overboard, but others would follow, and but one fate awaited all that company of people who could be seen clinging to the ship, unable to help themselves, and without hope of help from others.

*"Let us pray!"*

It was the college President—a venerable man, loved and revered throughout the town—who spoke. The people knelt at once, and the old man prayed fervently, with his white head bared to the storm. As he ceased, Wentworth approached him with an air of determination which fairly startled the good old man.

"Why, what are you going to do, my boy?" asked the President in astonishment.

"I'm going to try to carry a line to the steamer," said the youth calmly.

"It is impossible!—it is madness to try!" exclaimed the President.

"So it is," said an old fisherman who stood by. "That sea will beat you to a jelly in two minutes."

"I suppose it is impossible," replied the boy; "but I'm going to try, sir."

The President looked into the youth's face, and catching something of the enthusiasm of his heroic purpose, laid his hand upon Wentworth's head, saying,—

"When God gives it to you to attempt such a service to your fellow-men, it is not for me to interfere. May He strengthen and keep you!"

Wentworth bowed his head to receive this benediction, and then stripped himself at once, while the people looked on in awestruck admiration of such heroism, and shuddered at the thought of its seemingly certain end. The symmetry of the youth's person, his superb beauty of body, seemed to make the matter worse; for was it not a special pity that a youth so perfect of limb and so full of life should be given as a sacrifice to the fury of the storm?

"Now then, Thorpe," said Wentworth, after tying a slender cord about his body, "I want you to pay this out carefully. Remember that a single ounce of unnecessary pulling may cost all these people their lives."

"And your life too," said Thorpe.

"Yes, I suppose so; but I wasn't thinking of that."

After giving his fellow-student careful directions as to the management of the line, Wentworth stood for a moment eyeing the water. Then following a retreating wave, he plunged head first into the wall of water, his purpose being to dive under the wave, and come to the surface beyond the break of the surf.

A moment's suspense followed; then the people saw the lad's body lifted up and borne in on the crest of the wave. He had failed, but at least he was unhurt. Taking time to

recover breath, he plunged in again, and disappeared in the bank of incoming water. The slow seconds passed with no sign. Men felt their hearts beat violently as they waited. The wave came in and broke upon the beach, but still the diver did not reappear.

"That ended him, poor fellow!" said the fisherman.

"No, there he is!" cried Thorpe, as Wentworth's head came to the surface. Unfortunately the dive, long as it was, was not quite long enough, and as the diver came up he was caught by the next wave and dashed upon the beach.

For a time Wentworth seemed exhausted; but the breath came again, and looking toward a lumber-yard near at hand, he bade the people bring lumber and make a spring-board.

"Put it on the edge of the bluff down there where it overhangs the water—as near the edge as possible."

The students obeyed, shuddering, for they knew that to be dashed ashore against the bluff would be certain death to their comrade.

"He can't try that more than once," said the old fisherman; but somehow nobody thought it worth while to beg Wentworth not to try it at all. There was a resoluteness in his look which made them feel that persuasion would be useless.

When the spring-board was in place he examined it, and then, walking back a dozen yards, ran rapidly up the board, made a great leap forward, and went down among the waves. There were seconds of breathless waiting and eager scanning of the water. Then,—

"Hurrah! I see him!" shouted a student; "and he's beyond the break of the surf."

"Yes, and he is swimming steadily," said another; "but he'll never make the ship in such a sea as this."

"He's the strongest swimmer I ever saw," said Thorpe.

"That may be, but this is an awful swim. It is a quarter of a mile to the ship, and with such a sea on it might as well be ten miles."

It was impossible now to see the swimmer, buried as he was in a raging sea, and blinded as the people were by the mist

and spray. But the line was slowly drawing out, and that showed that Wentworth still had strength to swim.

Students climbed trees for a better view. The women came and crowded the bluff in their eagerness to learn how matters went with the swimmer. One young woman ran out upon the spring-board. She stood there, watching the bold swimmer through a large spy-glass. Her hair was blown loose, and tossed about by the wind. A gust carried away the shawl she had worn about her shoulders. But she knew nothing of these things, or of the pitiless pelting of the storm upon her. She knew only that there was a young hero out there among the mad waves, daring death in an effort to save the lives of others.

After a while the paying out of the line came to a stop. The cord hung limp in Thorpe's hands, and even began to drift back upon the beach. Five minutes, which seemed five hours, passed away. Then the line stretched again, and the paying out was resumed. Not for long, however. The intervals of rest increased in frequency and length, while the spurts of swimming grew steadily briefer.

He was still alive, however, and that was something. After a while the swimmer seemed to have recovered strength, for the line drew out slowly and steadily for a very long time, and by the amount of cord left it was judged that he must be within a hundred yards of the ship. Then he ceased to draw the line. Minute after minute passed without a sign. That long swim, they were now sure, had been a last desperate effort to reach the ship, and when that failed the swimmer had sunk to the bottom.

There was a low murmur among the people as this thought was forced upon them. Then there was a twitch at the line in Thorpe's hand, and a moment later it began again to run out.

"We give Thee thanks!" said the President, reverently baring his head and looking upward, and not another word was spoken by any of the people on the shore. There was no need of speech. The line still drew. Wentworth was still swimming.



The young woman on the spring-board had not lowered her glass for a moment. She had stood there like a statue, scarcely moving a muscle. Now she changed her attitude a little, and in a voice quivering with excitement, she said, "They see him, and are getting a line ready!" Then, after a pause: "They are throwing the line! He has caught—no, he has missed it! He is drifting past the ship and out of reach! He has caught a line thrown from the bow! They are hauling him up! He is on deck! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

And the girl, wild with joy, threw down her spy-glass, and waved her arms as she shouted.

A larger cord was now attached and drawn on board. Then a cable was carried out, and a little after noon the first load of passengers—women and children—was brought ashore. When all the women and children were saved, the men followed, and with the last carful came Wentworth and the Captain. The youth was greatly exhausted, and much bruised from being hauled aboard the ship, but no bones were broken, and a day's rest in bed was all that he needed.

### III.

No, Wentworth did not marry the spy-glass girl. If this were a made-up story that is the way it would end; but it is not a made-up story at all. It is simply a true account of something that actually happened, though I have changed the names of the real persons somewhat. Wentworth was the hero of the college and the town, of course, and when it was known how poor he was there was an effort made to raise some money for him. There were wealthy men who wanted to subscribe liberally to a fund for his benefit, but the proud fellow refused to receive a cent, saying, when the matter was mentioned to him,—

"I'm not an object of charity. Give your money to the poor."

And so Wentworth went on "working like a slave, and



living like a pauper," but in truth being a self-respecting gentleman. He made his way through college, and, as a matter of course, such a young man made a place for himself among men. If I were to mention his real name here many readers would recognise it as that of a distinguished clergyman and scholar, who, in spite of added years, is still strong for the doing of his duty.

## THE STORY OF A SCRATCH CREW.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

SEPTEMBER 1856 was the time ; the scene was San Francisco Harbour. The good ship *Tarratine*, with clearance papers for New York, and half a cargo of hides in her hold, had left her moorings and swung at anchor in the bay, waiting for the sailors to be brought on board. There had been a new crew shipped, for the crew of the outward voyage had, as a matter of course, deserted the ship on her arrival in San Francisco, and those of it who had not been "shanghaed" in the dens of the city, and shipped off to various parts of the world, had gone to the diggings.

But the *Tarratine* had no difficulty in securing hands, such as they were. The famous Vigilance Committee of 1856 was just then holding the city with a grip of iron, and, while a corrupt municipal government and judiciary stood aside and trembled, was reaching out searching, resistless arms, and dragging malefactors from their most secret hiding-places, to meet the swift justice of its terrible tribunal. Every criminal not under arrest was seeking to leave the country, and, as a consequence, the shipping offices were crowded with men who desired to embark.

The ship's full complement was twenty men ; but, as several were entered as green hands, the crew was increased by four more who desired to work their passage.

The crew were, as usual, rowed out to the ship in little parties, each under charge of a sailor boarding-house runner, and, in various stages of drunkenness, were left, with their kits,

on deck. With the turn of the tide the anchor was raised, the sails thrown loose, and, with a fair wind from off the shore, the *Tarratine* moved grandly down the harbour and through the Golden Gate. Six miles beyond, the pilot left the ship, and the next morning found her breasting the long waves of the Pacific a hundred miles from land, making a good offing before turning her head to south-east by south on her long path around Cape Horn.

It was soon evident that the ship was more than full-handed. When the watches were told off on the first night, there were found to be two more men present than the shipping list called for; and later two stowaways appeared on deck, raising the number of men before the main-mast to twenty-eight. Out of all these there were not over half-a-dozen competent seamen, or twice that number that had ever worked in any capacity on board a vessel.

To keep such a number of green hands employed during the hours of the day-watches was next to impossible, and the evil effects of idleness in a ship's crew unavoidably appeared. So few of the crew were competent sailors, that extra work was thrown on the able seamen, and this created discontent among those who otherwise would have been amenable to the duties and restraints of their position.

But a danger worse than idleness or grumbling arose from the character of most of the crew. Many of them were of the criminal class, whose sole reason for shipping had been to escape the penalty of their misdeeds ashore, and it was evident from the first that they had no intention of submitting to any of the essential discipline.

For the first few days, while sea-sickness prevailed and the men were comparative strangers to one another, they were fairly tractable, though mainly useless; but, as they gained their sea-legs, they became insolent and defiant, and tended more and more to band together in a common opposition to lawful government of the ship.

There was a good and efficient set of officers on board, who asserted their authority with promptness and energy; but their

patience and temper were tried to the utmost, and they had to acknowledge to each other that there was a dangerous, mutinous spirit among the men.

The situation was well illustrated by the account given by the first mate, Henry Herbert, to Captain Conyers on the eighth day out from San Francisco. The captain was a clean-shaven, white-haired old man, naturally pacific of temper, and especially averse to contention on this particular trip, as he intended to retire from the sea at the end of the voyage. Mr Herbert was a short, dark, thick-set young man, of great strength and activity, excitable of temperament, and full of pluck and energy. He was speaking of the crew.

"It's the worst lot of pirates," he said, "that ever came aboard a merchantman except to board her over the quarter-rail with cutlasses in their hands. There are burglars, pick-pockets, ticket-of-leave men, desperadoes from the mines—an out-and-out bad assortment generally. There are not six of them know the main-mast from a marling-spike to begin with, and those that do, through bad example, are getting as bad as the rest. There are more knives and pistols in the fore-castle than would stock an armoury, and if there was one among them could navigate they would seize the ship. We have a nice outlook between here and the Horn. I don't know what'll save the ship if we get bad weather."

Mr. Herbert grew warm with indignation as he talked.

"They're a set of rowdies," he continued. "Hear them now. Another quarrel over cards."

The sound of an altercation came aft from near the fore-mast, followed by several pistol shots and the crowding of men about the scene of the affray. Several of the crew who were listlessly pretending to coil some ropes on the deck dropped them, and ran forward without hesitation, and one or two who were at work in the rigging also stopped labour, and moved to positions whence they could view the proceedings.

The third mate was on the main-deck, and went forward, not very willingly, to quell the disturbance, without success, it seemed, for the altercation continued; and, mingled with his

tones of authority, arose voices equally aloud, evidently giving in profusion that abomination in the mind of a ship's officer known as "back talk." Mr. Herbert joined the third mate, but, even with his assistance, it was a considerable time before matters were at all quieted.

The two officers had to submit to much more insolent language than was agreeable, and there had been an ugly and menacing display of weapons by the men. They came back aft pale and silent with anger over a situation so unpleasant, which they seemed powerless to control.

This was in the second week. Matters were worse at the beginning of the third. The men now held the forward part of the ship as their independent domain, worked or not as suited their individual preferences, and constantly defied and insulted the officers. The weather, luckily for all on board, had been fair, with gentle, northerly breezes, for, in case of a storm, there would have been great danger, with such a crew on board, of going to the bottom. As it was, the officers worried along, encouraging the willing, ignoring the insolent, and, at times, even taking, from necessity, a hand in the manual labour, themselves.

If this condition of affairs were to prevail when they should reach the stormy winds and waves off Cape Horn, the fate of the vessel seemed inevitable indeed and deplorable.

"We've endured this state of things about long enough," said Mr. Herbert to the captain, as they stood together on the quarter-deck during the dog-watch on the evening of the fifteenth day. "By our reckoning, if this breeze holds, we should be to-morrow noon in latitude eight degrees north, longitude one hundred and ten degrees west. If we propose to get rid of this ship-load of criminals, and not go with them to destruction off Cape Horn, we must change our course to-morrow, as soon as we have taken the sun and proved our reckoning. By my calculations, it will be a run of about two thousand one hundred and forty miles to Callao, and, steering by the wind along the equator, we ought, with fair luck, to make the port inside of twenty days. The winds are southerly at this season, and we may sail free all the way."

Mr. Herbert spoke with freedom to his superior officer; but he had sailed years with Captain Conyers, who greatly relied on him, and who in this emergency had sought his advice.

"Well, I suppose it must be so," said Captain Conyers, with something like a sigh. "I don't know what the owners will think to have us go out of our course like this."

"It can't be helped," said Mr. Herbert. "And now I propose another thing, captain, if you'll sanction it. And that is to recapture this ship. I think we've been the sport of a lot of beach-combers long enough, and I should like to get into authority again, if only for half an hour, just to see how it would seem. I have a plan by which I think we can put those fellows down, and keep them under until we can set them ashore."

"Come to my room to talk, where we'll be out of the hearing of the man at the wheel," said Captain Conyers, nervously.

They entered the cabin, and there ensued between them a long conversation of an argumentative character, in which objections raised by the captain were successively done away with by the confident and energetic representations of Mr. Herbert, so that finally the captain, rising, said in a tone of resignation, "Well, we'll try it."

The force that might be counted on in support of the lawful authorities on the ship was seven in number, being the captain, the first, second, and third mates, the carpenter, steward, and cook. The element opposed was twenty-eight in number, but of these several of the able seamen were not pleased with their associates, and appreciated the dangers of their position; these men were neutral factors, who would not resist, nor could they be counted on to assist the officers in the event of a mutiny of the crew.

Mr. Herbert took none of the other officers into his confidence until the next day at noon. Then, while they were at their dinners, they were briefly told what was expected of them, and given their instructions what to do.

They all entered most heartily into his plans. A little after two bells in the afternoon Mr. Herbert left the cabin,



and walked forward among the men. There he saw a sight which, at that time of day, has rarely been paralleled on a merchant-ship sailing on the high seas. There was no work going on fore or aft, but the entire crew, save the man at the wheel, were lounging at their ease. Some were sitting on deck at cards, others were lying in their berths smoking, and others again were sitting on the bits or leaning against the rail, indulging in conversation which was plentifully intermixed with oaths and obscenity.

As Mr. Herbert came among them they glanced at him with contemptuous indifference, and went on with their occupations. But his face was very serious, and his voice was so impressive that they were compelled to listen with attention as he spoke.

"Boys, there's danger ahead. The old man's been looking at his glass, and he says we're going to have one of the worst kind of storms, and it'll strike the ship right away. Now, boys, all hands turn up aloft, and furl the sails. We're in the squally latitudes now, remember, and we'll go to the bottom in a hurry if a cyclone catches us with our canvas spread."

The men looked from one to the other, not much liking the prospect held out by Mr. Herbert, either of the work or the storm. Presently one of their number dropped his cards, and got up from the deck, saying,—

"Well, boys, I reckon we'd better do as he says. There'll be time afterwards to finish our game."

So one by one they quitted the rail, got up from the deck, or rolled out of their bunks, and slouched in an independent manner to the places assigned them. By the time the clew-lines and buntlines had been hauled and belayed, the entire crew had turned to, and were then all sent up to furl the sails on the main-mast.

They clambered up the rigging, awkwardly enough most of them, but in time they were all aloft, strung out along the yards, tugging away at the canvas, and working still harder to save themselves from falling. As they fumbled at the sails

directed from the deck by the second and third mates, Mr. Herbert, the carpenter, and the cook met by preconcert at the forecastle, which they at once entered.

The carpenter carried a mallet and chisel and the cook a gunny sack. The carpenter proceeded actively to pry open every chest, each of which was expeditiously searched by Mr. Herbert, and the weapons contained therein transferred to the bag held by the cook.

Every bunk and mattress was thoroughly examined with the same intent, a thorough inspection made of the top-gallant forecastle, and then the three came aft, carrying with them, as booty, sixteen revolvers, eleven knives, eight slung shots and billies, and an assortment of burglars' tools. These were deposited in the cabin, after which the ship's officers were one by one called in before the captain and mate, to make certain preparations, and to receive further instructions. One by one they returned to the deck, and took their stations, unnoticed by the men aloft.

When these preliminaries had been completed, Mr. Herbert walked toward the foot of the main-mast. The expression of disgust and annoyance which his face had borne for a fortnight past had given place to a look of intense satisfaction. He stepped smartly, his tones were quick, and his whole presence bristled with electricity. Looking up, he shouted in stentorian tones,—

“Aloft there ! All hands loose sail !”

At an order so unexpected the men stopped the work of furling and looked at one another.

“What does the fool mean ?” said one man, and then those who could steady themselves looked down. The ship's officers and the steward and cook were on deck, each wearing a pair of revolvers. Mr. Herbert and the third mate stood at the weather, and the second mate and carpenter at the lee main-shrouds, and a handspike leaned against the rail by the side of each. The captain, flanked by the steward and cook, stood on the poop, whence they commanded with their weapons the main-deck and rigging.

"Come, be lively there!" shouted Mr. Herbert, sternly; "throw those gaskets loose!"

One or two old sailors, from a mechanical habit of obedience, began to untie the gaskets so lately fastened; the rest of the men consulted together hurriedly. Their deliberations were cut short by one big fellow, their ringleader, who, crowding past the rest on the main-yard, shouted,—

"Come on, boys! We may as well have it out with them once for all."

"Yes, come on, you rascals, and have it out," thundered Mr. Herbert. "The storm the captain told about has got along, and it's right here on deck waiting for you. The man that leaves the rigging without orders will run into it."

The ringleader began to descend the weather ratlines, and nearly all the men in the rigging started to follow him. Those in the lower rigging struck the deck first, but they could only come two at a time, and as they leaped from the shrouds they met the handspikes in the hands of the officers stationed at the rail, and were tumbled senseless one above the other in a heap on deck, the big ringleader under all the rest.

By the time seven mutineers had been disposed on the deck, prostrate and bleeding, and the revolvers had begun to crack merrily from the poop, the men still in the rigging, not liking the prospects below, nor the singing of bullets about them, instinctively and unanimously concluded to reascend and obey orders.

The men who had been hit were handcuffed as fast as they recovered consciousness and placed in the lazaretto, where they remained during the rest of the trip. After the sails had been cast loose, the men in the rigging were permitted to descend one by one, and were searched as they reached the deck. They were not allowed to retain even a pocket-knife that might be used as a weapon.

After the yards had been hoisted, the sails sheeted home, and the ropes coiled, the crew were ranged on the main-deck, where the captain delivered a short lecture, instructive if not pleasing to his audience, and concluded by setting them all

hard at work without reference to the customary hour of "watch below."

The yards were hauled as soon as the sails had been set, the helmsman received the order "East south-east," and the *Tarratine*, with a crew for the time being at least thoroughly subdued if not penitent, turned her head toward Callao.

There was no more "watch and watch" on board the *Tarratine*, but the men were kept busy from morning till night. The amount of paint work and iron scraped and sennit made during the rest of the trip was something well-nigh unprecedented in maritime history. The officers were always on deck by twos, keeping well together and heavily armed against any sudden outbreak; but after their late experience there was no disposition toward insubordination on the part of any of the men.

The weather fortunately remained fine throughout and the wind generally favourable. The Galapagos Islands were sighted on the tenth day after changing the course, and eight days later the anchor was dropped off Callao.

There the crew made grievous complaint of their late severe treatment before the American Consul. After a little investigation he arrived at the full particulars, and then had the complainants all committed to the *Calabozo*, or common jail, where between heat by day and cold by night, with clouds of mosquitoes at all hours, they led a sufficiently dismal life until, after months of imprisonment, they were finally shipped off in instalments in vessels bound for American ports.

As it turned out, events could hardly have happened more fortunately for the owners of the *Tarratine*, as the California steamer brought despatches to Captain Conyers that had reached San Francisco after his departure, and which instructed him to proceed to Valparaiso and complete the ship's cargo there. These despatches would have been missed but for the necessity which compelled him to put into Callao.

## A QUEER KIND OF HOLIDAY.

BY DAVID KER.

“**F**INE day we’ve got for it—eh, Bob?”  
“First-rate, old fellow; and the wind all in our favour, too. I say, let’s stand out to sea a bit; it’s no fun dodging about the coast this way.”

They were young sailors who spoke thus. Neither could have been above fourteen; and in 1742 the eastern coast of England was very different from what it is now. Lighthouses were few and far between. Sunken rocks and shoals, not yet set down on any chart, abounded all along the coast. Worse still, the savage fellows that haunted the shore, and lived upon the plunder of wrecked vessels, thought nothing of showing false lights to lure a storm-beaten ship to her doom, or of quieting with a timely knock on the head any one who might have survived to dispute their right to her cargo.

But all this did not trouble Bob and Jim in the least. They were out for a day’s sport, and a day’s sport they meant to have, come what might. Young as they were, it was not the first time they had taken a boat out to sea in rough weather; and when Jim, taking the tiller, shouted to Bob to “let go the sheet,” and they felt themselves flying over the water like sea-birds, both boys fairly shouted with delight.

“When I’m a man,” cried Bob, “and have money enough, I’ll be a pilot, and have a craft of my own, and cruise about all day on the look-out for jobs.”

“And I’ll be captain of a frigate,” added Jim, “and sail all round the world, into all sorts of places where nobody’s ever been.”



For two or three hours the young sailors were perfectly happy ; but at length Jim said, rather seriously :

"Hadn't we better put her about? I can hardly see the shore, and you know we promised Sam to bring the boat back before dark."

"Just one half hour more," pleaded Bob ; "we don't have a cruise like this every day."

Away they went again ; but meanwhile the breeze had freshened to a strong wind, which was fast rising into a gale. The dancing ripples had turned into white, leaping waves, one of the hugest of which burst suddenly over the gunwale, drenching both lads to the skin.

Jim's clear grey eyes were bright and fearless as ever, but his firm lips were set, while even the reckless Bob began to look serious.

"I—I think we'd better put about," faltered he.

"Too late," replied Jim, decisively ; "all we can do now is to keep her before the wind. If this wind don't change, the next land we shall see (provided we see land again) will be the coast of Holland."

"Pleasant !" sputtered Bob, ruefully, as another wave filled his eyes and mouth with brine. "I wish I'd let you turn when you wanted to."

"Never mind, old boy ; it can't be helped now. Catch hold of this bit of bread and red herring ; we shall want all our strength before long."

They did so, indeed. A few minutes later a furious squall burst upon the devoted boat. Before Bob's numbed fingers could obey Jim's shout of "Down with the sail !" the gale struck her with its full force. The light mast snapped like a stick of sealing-wax, down came yard and sail with a run, and the hampered boat careened till the sea poured into her like a cataract.

How Jim managed to get forward and cut away the wreck he never knew. But the boat righted at last, and they began to bale her out, having first lashed the helm amidships to keep her steady.



Afternoon waned into evening, and evening deepened into night—a night that seemed endless to the forlorn boys, now wholly at the mercy of wind and wave. About an hour after midnight a deluge of rain burst upon them, showing that the storm was near its end, and they hailed the favourable sign with a cheery hurrah. But the next moment Bob shouted frantically,

“Port your helm! here’s——”

Before he could finish, a huge black shadow seemed to start up over them right out of the sea. There was a tremendous shock and a deafening crash, and a shattered boat went down like a stone into the depths of the sea, leaving them clinging convulsively to a tangled mass of cordage.

“I say!” cried Jim, who was the first to reach the deck of the vessel against which they had been dashed, “this is ‘out of the frying-pan into the fire.’ The old tub’s half full of water, and there’s not a soul on board!”

“*Isn’t there?*” shouted Bob, bending his head eagerly forward. “Listen!”

Sure enough, at that very moment a faint knocking was heard right under their feet, and a feeble cry of “Help!”

“There’s some fellow shut in here,” cried Jim, pointing down the after-hatchway, which was quite choked with broken spars and fragments of wreck. “Bear a hand, Bob, and we’ll soon have him out of that.”

The hatchway was speedily cleared of rubbish, a door at its foot flung open, and a man, gasping and gurgling as if strangled, fell forward into their arms. They dragged him up into the fresh air, and he began to revive at once, although it was some time before he could speak. While Bob was attending to him Jim examined the condition of the vessel. The foremast was still standing, but the main and mizzen masts had gone by the board, and the planking on the starboard-quarter was completely stove in, while the hold was nearly full of water. The only comforting facts were that the wind had fallen, and that the sea was evidently going down likewise.

“He’ll do now,” said Bob, coming up. “I’ve propped him

against a spare sail, and he says he'll be all right presently. He tells me his name is Crossley, and that he's a rich merchant homeward-bound to London from the Baltic. When they took to the boats he ran down to get some money or something, and those timbers fell and blocked him in, and the crew went off without him."

"Well, look here," cried Jim; "this craft's loaded with timber, so that she's not likely to sink; and I don't believe she's leaking either, or the water in her would be a deal higher. Let's try the pumps and see."

To work they went, and were soon joined by Mr. Crossley, who, now that his faintness had worn off, did as much work as both of them together. After a long spell of pumping Bob went to "try the well," and returned with the good news that the water had fallen six inches.

"Bravo!" cried Jim; "we'll pump her dry in a few hours at this rate, for it's only the after-hold that's been filled. Let's look about for something to eat, and then at it again."

After some search they rummaged out a biscuit chest and a small cask of water, still unhurt by the sea. While they were eating, a faint gleam of light began to show itself in the east.

"Hallo!" cried Bob; "I thought this was supper, and it turns out to be breakfast. Look alive, mates; the sun 'll be on deck soon, and he mustn't catch us skulking."

At it they went again, and by sunrise the ship was so much lightened and the sea so calm that the three worn-out workers thought they might venture upon a nap. When Jim awoke again the sun was well above the horizon.

"Bob," cried he to his chum, who opened his eyes at that moment, "here's a breeze getting up from the east. Now if we can only manage to get some sail upon the old craft, I think we'll find our way home yet."

Bob and Mr. Crossley were on their feet in a twinkling, and the three set to work to make sail. The foremast and jib-boom being still sound, they succeeded—not without some difficulty—in hoisting the jib and foretopsail. Then Jim went to the helm, while his crew of one man and a boy stood ready

to obey his orders. For even in this first boyish adventure of one who afterward became so famous, he seemed already to command and be obeyed quite as a matter of course.

The breeze freshened, and the lightened ship went pretty rapidly through the water. All that day she ran before the wind on a westerly course, and just about nightfall our three voyagers saw the distant coast of England looming shadow-like along the horizon.

"Thank God !" said the merchant, drawing a long breath.

"We haven't made such a bad voyage, after all," laughed Jim. "We went out in a boat, and we're coming back in a ship. I'm sorry for poor old Sam, though, losing his boat, because he was so kind as to lend it to us. If we get any salvage for bringing this craft into port we'll give it to him."

"Never mind the boat, my boy," rejoined Crossley ; "I'll make that good ; and you may rely upon some salvage for saving my life, whether you get any for the ship or not. By-the-bye, what's your name ?"

"James Cook," answered the boy.

"I'll remember it," said Crossley ; "and I'm much mistaken if all England doesn't some day remember it too."

He spoke truly. Thirty years later that barefooted boy was the greatest seaman and explorer in Britain, and Mr. Crossley, then a white-haired, wrinkled old man of seventy-five, was never tired of telling his friends about the strange voyage that he had once made in a water-logged vessel with CAPTAIN COOK.

## ON THE WESTERN OCEAN.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

“IT is many a good long year ago since what I’m going to tell you about happened,” said Captain William Grant, of the brig *Dolphin*, as he crossed his legs, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and settled himself comfortably for telling a yarn. “It is many a good long year ago, my lads. I was then a boy thirteen or fourteen years of age, and what I’m going to tell you happened aboard this very brig *Dolphin*.

“She was then not more than four years old, and not one of the liners could touch her running free. We loaded oats in Limerick for London, and put to sea on a heavy February day. We were hardly clear of the land when the glass began to fall, and all the heavens thickened up with the clouds like dirt. I heard the captain saying to the mate, as they stood at the skylight—this very skylight over our head now, boys—that he didn’t like the look of it at all. Then he looked aloft and into the wind, which was nearly due east, then walked aft. As he came back he said, ‘There aren’t three hours between us and bare poles.’

“‘I agree with you,’ said the mate; ‘and we’re too far off to beat back.’

“In less than an hour we were close reefed. In less than two the storm was upon us. The wind was something terrible, lads. Before it struck us with its full force we had taken everything off her except the fore double-reefed topsail; and when the gale struck her it took that topsail out of the bolt-ropes as easily as I throw that tobacco-pouch across the table.

"What went after the topsail I can't tell. There was a terrible crash, and—remember, lads, I was a youngster then—in a few minutes it seemed as if everything aloft had come down by the run. Some rope or spar, I don't know what, knocked me over, and all the men were busy with their knives cutting away the wreck before I came to. By that time both topmasts were gone, short of the trucks, and the great danger was that the wreck, which we were towing upon our port side, would stave in the planks of the hull. Some of the stanchions and bulwarks had been carried away by the wreck, and although we had a dry deck—not a bucket of water had come aboard yet—the *Dolphin* looked as though she had been hammer and tongs at it for a fortnight.

"For six-and-thirty hours that gale blew. Then the wind died away, and it fell a dead calm. This was even worse than the gale. Every minute I expected the brig would founder. Now she was in the trough of the sea, broadside, now stern foremost, now bow foremost, now with her quarter to the sea. She was utterly helpless, and during the gale we had lost two men overboard.

"All this time we had no exact notion of where we were. The captain had no knowledge of navigation, and no man aboard was a bit better off in this way. But even if the captain had had all the science in the world, we had no chance of taking the sun, no chronometer aboard, and, to the horror of all, it was found out that, in the excitement and the danger, no one had thought of winding watch or clock, and we were without the time. You can see, my lads, we were in a nice fix. We were hundreds of miles out in the Western Ocean; the boat and the galley had been swept away; we could hardly show a rag of canvas even if a breeze sprang up; we were dismantled; we had no man aboard who knew anything of navigation; and we had provisions for but one month.

"Days and weeks went by, and still we saw no sail. For the first fortnight we were allowed the same grub as usual; but then we were put on half-allowance.

"At the end of six weeks we had one barrel of water and,



two days' half-allowance of grub. Still we saw no sail. We gave ourselves up for lost. In six weeks and two days the last biscuit was gone, the last pound of beef eaten. We still had a cask of water untouched, and with that we could manage to live for a few days longer; but I think by this time we gave ourselves up. Still the sea was rolling and tumbling around us, every now and then sweeping the decks. We were all as weak as children by this time, and if the pumps had wanted tending for more than fifteen minutes out of the two hours, we could not have manned them regularly.

"I have been often out in a bad gale since, but I'd rather ride out the biggest storm of wind that ever came out of the heavens than lie another six weeks helpless like that in the Western Ocean, with the waves running mountains high.

"There was one man among the crew, Jim Clarke by name, I never liked. He was a tall, thin, dark-bearded sea-lawyer, with a list to starboard. I will say he was a thorough sailor, and knew his business as well as any man in the brig. But he was always grumbling and growling, and ever since we came to be put on short allowance his grumbling and growling grew worse and worse.

"None of the men liked Clarke. He was always trying to stir up a mutiny about something or other, and the first day we were put on short allowance, when it was his watch below, I heard him say,—

"'What I want to know, men, is this: Here we are, sticking by this brig out in the Western Ocean, and now we're cut down to half-victuals. Are the owners going to make up to us for half-starving us while navigating this brig? While I'm abroad this brig my wages are running on, and why shouldn't my full victuals be running on also?'

"'I'll tell you what it is, Clarke,' said one of the men, with a grim laugh, 'if I were you, and didn't like my berth, I'd pack up my bag and chest, and step ashore.'

"At this the other men laughed, and Clarke knocked off, and said no more about the matter.

"But now that we hadn't a pound of beef or a biscuit, and



were already weakened by exposure and short grub, Clark spoke more openly. He said,—

“‘Here we are now without a blessed mouthful of grub aboard ; and all this time since we were put on short victuals we’ve been saving the owner ninepence a day each man. The cargo and the ship are insured, and if we don’t live to get ashore the owner will have all the value of the brig from the insurance people, and all the wages too, except those who drew on advance notes. Now I’m bothered if I’m going to let the owners have all my money, for I got nothing on an advance note. I’m not one of the sort that want to die. I want to live, and I mean to live ; and I want to get my money.’

“The other men said they all wanted to live, but how was it to be done ?

“Clarke suddenly looked round, and there was something in his evil eye which made my blood run cold. Never in all my life before did I see so horrible an expression in any man’s face. There was something in it like you see in the eye of a rat when he turns on you in a corner. Then he said, in a low, clear voice, ‘There are nine of us ; we have nothing to do but tend the pumps. Why shouldn’t one of us go for the good of the others ?’

“The three men gave a groan of horror. ‘No,’ said one of them, indignantly ; ‘we were messmates together, and we can die together, like men—not like brute beasts.’

“I think these words and the way they were taken by the other men showed Clarke he had no chance of arguing them into what he wanted them to do. All the remainder of that watch below there was no other word spoken, and when we went on deck (we had to guess the time, of course, for we had no watch or clock going) the men avoided Clarke ; and when he caught hold of a pump handle with another of the men, that man dropped the handle and walked aft. I tell you, my lads, that, if the men were disgusted, I was frightened well-nigh out of my life. I sat or lay thinking on the deck all that watch, wondering what would become of us.

“I thought to myself, ‘Can it be possible that we are aboard

this brig, with close upon two hundred tons of oats, out of which no doubt some sort of food could be made, and that, while we have water to make it with, we must either die of hunger or turn cannibals ? ’

“ Just as the captain and his watch came on deck a thought suddenly struck me, and I went up to him—he was a kind man, and I wasn’t a bit afraid of him—and said, ‘ May I speak with you aft, sir, for a minute ? ’

“ ‘ Certainly, boy,’ he said. ‘ Come this way.’

“ ‘ If you please, sir, Jim Clarke said in the cabin, in our watch below, that it was better one of us should be killed than that all should starve.’

“ ‘ If Clarke,’ said the captain, ‘ talks any more such horrible nonsense, I’ll throw him over the side to cool him.’

“ ‘ And, if you please, sir, I thought just when you came on deck that we might be able to get some oats.’

“ ‘ But, boy, we can’t touch the hatches. You know that very well ; and even if you got at the oats, what could you do with it? We’re not horses ; we can’t eat oats.’

“ ‘ No, sir ; but if we broke through one of the after-bulk-heads we could get some oats, and we could grind it up in the coffee-mill, and boil it and make porridge.’

“ ‘ Hurrah ! ’ said the captain. ‘ Well said, youngster. We ought all to be keel-hauled for not thinking of that before. Our brains must have got stupid with hardship and hunger. Come on, men. Cheer up. The youngster has done the trick, and we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves.’

“ In a very few minutes the carpenter was at work boring an auger-hole in the bulkhead between the hold and the captain’s state-room, and in a very few minutes more we had a couple of buckets of oats. We put on a pot of water ; we roused up the fire ; we clamped the coffee-mill to the cabin table ; and while one man attended the fire, another ground away as hard as he could.

“ When all was ready the captain called all the men down to the cabin, and shut the companion on the inside, so as to keep out the water. Then he said : ‘ My lads, we have to thank

this youngster here for this fine supper of porridge when we are on the point of starving. There is one amongst us who shall have no porridge to-night. Jim Clarke wanted us to turn man-eaters. He shall make his supper to-night of the top of a belaying-pin. But to-morrow morning, just to show him we're not as great brutes as he, we will give him half a plateful. Now, my lads, let us all thank God, and then you fall to.'

"The captain did not eat a mouthful until all of us had finished, but I warrant you that did not take us long. Jim Clarke begged and howled for some, but the captain would not give him a spoonful. 'No, my sonny,' said he; 'you'll do to-night on cold water, and if the night's fasting kills you we promise not to eat you up, but to throw you overboard as if you were a good shipmate and no man-eating sea-lawyer.'

"For five days more we drifted about in the Western Ocean, and were then sighted by a homeward-bound bark. She bore down upon us, and sent a boat aboard. Soon we had plenty of provisions. The captain of the bark offered to take us all off, but our captain refused to go. The bark fortunately had some spare spars, which were thrown overboard, and towed to us by the boat. The captain also gave us some spare sails, and enough provisions to last us for a month, and he sent his own second mate, who had passed in navigation, aboard us.

"When the captain of the bark had done all this, he promised to stand by us for a day or two to see how we got on. At the end of that day we had got a jury-mast rigged to the foremast, and on this we set a large square sail. Next day we rigged up another sail; and, to make a long story short, crept slowly back to the coast of Ireland, and at last arrived in Kinsale.

"It was three months before the *Dolphin* was again ready for sea. I have sailed in her pretty much ever since, and met with no accident of any account. One good thing those two months in the Western Ocean did me was to show me that every ambitious boy who goes to sea ought to know navigation. It is thirty-five years since I passed, and I am now qualified to take any kind of a craft to any part of the world."

## A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old *Ironsides*, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming-to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while everybody was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle-men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden,

in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring whitestone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, made light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars amidships, we had sent up cap to gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them; so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got everything ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half-way between the Arsenal and Hospital island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the



delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had had in the fore part of the day died away at noon, and though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay in her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got underway from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of everything around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and

the clusters of ancient-looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal, and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trousers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffarel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look out. A group of some half-a-dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks ; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe ; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock ; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a lanyard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial play-mate ; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffarel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that

scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing halfway up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you wicked rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respec' for de young officer den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across

the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was halfway up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, while the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be grown weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down the fore-to'gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when leaping on the fore-yard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the tafferel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of everything around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"My God! Massa Scrupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that, a long smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence" would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equili-



brum, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had

been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

“Robert!” cried he, “jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you.”

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised

his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, "Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that, glistening with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to'gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

## THE LOST BOAT OF '37.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

“THAT is a splendid skin, that white bear’s. What a magnificent carriage robe it would make! I should think you would use it for that purpose.”

“Carriage robe! No, no. It is too precious for that, or for anything else which could tend to wear or to soil it. There is too much history written all over its white fur; it carries too many associations with it, some of them pleasant, some of them sad, to let it ever go into common use. Why, the very fight in which it was won deserves a poem, to say nothing of what the result of the fight disclosed. I must tell you the story.

“Our ship had been for two days solidly blocked in the ice on the southern side of Jones Sound, about a mile and a half north-west of Caledon Point. As there seemed no prospect of any motion in the pack which would release the ship, half a dozen of us had started out early that morning for a walk and a scramble toward and along the land, ready for any adventure that might occur. We headed into the deep bight between Caledon Point and Belcher Point, entering a small cove, whose position, as I afterwards determined it, is quite accurately in  $75^{\circ} 46' N.$  and  $81^{\circ} 40' W.$

“The ice which we had crossed since leaving the ship had been rough, formed of cakes tumbled here and there by the movements of the floe, and was clearly of recent formation. We had no sooner entered the ‘gate’ than we were in another region. The surface was comparatively smooth, and no words were needed to assure us that the ice was *old*. It bore the stamp of age on every side.

“‘I should not wonder,’ said one of the men, ‘if this here cove froze up five thousand years ago, and forgot to thaw out again.’

“‘To be sure it did,’ said another. ‘It is the very place where old Adam used to do his skating. See, there is an 8 that he cut on the backward roll.’

“But my curiosity was so strongly excited by the strange, *old* look of everything about us that I pressed on rapidly, and when we reached the rocks that marked the left border of the inlet already mentioned, my comrade Howard and myself were about a hundred yards in advance of the men. We passed the point, and, sure enough, a smooth surface of ice stretched between the hills several miles inland; but we saw nothing of ice or hills, for right before us, and not thirty yards away, was *the picture reproduced on the cover of this book*.

“It really seems as though the artist must actually have seen what I saw then. The positions, the expression, the intention, are all there. That sweet-looking old she-bear on her hind-legs, with one paw on her cub’s shoulder, stood there for a second just as you see her, but it was only for a second. They seemed to have been examining the ruins of the old boat when they heard our approach, and were ready instantly for fight.

“‘Quick, Howard! Ready with your rifle, man. Here they come!’ and like a flash they did come. The horrid snarl changed to a burst that was the beginning of a howl, but ceased abruptly, and they made their dash without a sound; they were too much in earnest to waste breath in that way. Howard was on my left, and of course the mother fell to me. The reports of the rifles came together, and the two bears went down together. The old one never stirred a muscle; the force with which she had sprung doubled her in a heap, and whirled her over till she lay on her back with her tail toward me. My ball had struck her right eye, and ploughed up the entire base of her brain. Death came in a moment.

“The cub dropped like his mother, but scrambled to his feet again. Howard had aimed at his left eye, and had struck



it not quite fairly. But before the bear could recover himself the second ball did its work, and the fight was ended.

“‘Well, well, old fellow,’ said Howard, turning around coolly to me, ‘lively bit of a breeze we have had.’ ‘Breeze?’ said I. ‘I should think so; sharper and quicker than a West African squall.’ By this time we had reached the two huge bodies. The size of the mother you can see, for this is her skin; we judged that her weight must be in the neighbourhood of nine hundred and fifty pounds. The other I have called a cub, but he was as large nearly as his mother—certainly as heavy within a hundred pounds.

“The men now came hurrying up, and for a while great were the excitement and the rejoicing. We were making preparations for carrying the skins and the meat to the ship (no easy task over such a rough surface), when a cry from Howard aroused us: ‘The boat! look at the boat!’ and forthwith the bears were forgotten and abandoned, and we hastened away to the spot where they had been standing as we first saw them.

“Projecting just a little from the ice were the worn and broken timbers of a boat. It was not at all strange that in the whirl and the excitement of the moment Howard and I had not noticed them. Of course our interest was intense. In that fearful world of ice and cold an abandoned boat tells always a tale of woe and horror.

“The first thing we noticed was that, old as the ice all about us might be, the boat was older. And the next was that she had been frozen in and made fast by the ice at the very point where we found her. Her top-sides, it is true, were shattered and broken, but in such a manner as to show that it had been done by time, storms, and bears, rather than by floating and running ice. Her lower works were still entire, and if taken into open water she could still have carried an ordinary crew. This latter fact we could not learn, of course, till we had removed the greater part of the ice and snow which mostly filled her. But everything in relation to her showed that she had been built long, long ago: how long we could scarcely venture to think.

“ ‘How long, ‘Tom?’

“ ‘Heaven only knows, sir. Before we were born, I’m a-thinking,’ replied he, very solemnly. This was as we had only commenced removing the ice. Not another word was spoken until, nearly down to her keel, one of the men broke out a piece of ice, and called out, ‘Look here, sir—look here. This is a jacket. No; it is only a bit of a pocket, after all. And a pocket it was—the only remnant we found of her ill-starred crew.

“ ‘But what a tale it told! The bears had doubtless dragged away and devoured the bodies long years before, this little piece being in some way torn off and left. In it we found a scrap of paper. It was the commencement of a letter of which the main portion had been carried off with the garment, probably with the body of the writer. It was written in pencil, and evidently by a hand cramped and stiffened with cold, though the heart was warm as ever. This is what was written, or rather what *is* written, for here on the inside of the bear-skin I have fastened the original scrap. Look at it, and think of the heart-ache that went with it:—

“ ‘*August 24th, 1837.*

“ ‘MY DARLING MOTHER,—I shall never see you again. God help you! God help you! Our ship is crushed in the ice. Seven of us took to the quarter-boat, and we have been now six days without food. The others have died, and I am——’

“ ‘That is all. Thirty-five years that boat and that pocket with its scrap of paper had been in the ice. Poor mother! who she was, where she lived, we never knew. All we could say was, ‘God help her!’”

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BY ROAD AND RAIL.



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## DICK ORMSBY'S LUCK.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

### I.—INTRODUCTION.

THE friends of Mr. Richard Ormsby had made the good fortune of that young man almost proverbial. From his earliest boyhood it had seemed as though everything worked in his favour.

The strong and well-built frame, the bright grey eye, the ready smile, the quick and active brain, the true and honest heart,—all these were factors in the advancement which he made in the world ; but they themselves were characterised sometimes by those for whom Nature had done less as only elements in “Dick Ormsby’s Luck.”

Ormsby was a man who had known how to make the most of his opportunities. If the mental alertness which enables one to see what to do, even when the end is far off, is fairly called luck, then he was lucky. If courage and honesty—but the reader knows what follows them, and why, too well to quite agree with all that his friends said of Dick Ormsby.

For all that, I sometimes think that when I have written down the story of that part of his life which I know best, it will be, after all, a story of his “luck.”

Dick Ormsby was a farmer’s son. I cannot tell you much



of his boyhood ; those who know say that he was a good student, and perhaps a little of a dreamer ; they tell me that he loved his books with a passionate fervour, and that he loved machinery equally well.

I have been told that the hill of learning was a very hard hill for him to climb ; that he worked longer and harder over his lessons than others did ; that he was rather a stupid fellow in school.

But they say that when the civil engineer who surveyed the railroad through the town in which Dick lived suddenly wanted some one to take the place of a man who had fallen ill—a man whose place, although subordinate, was one of importance—Dick stepped forward and said, “I can do that work,” and did it.

His mother found an old and almost worn-out copy of a book on surveying in the boy’s room when he had gone.

How he got it and when he had learned it my informant did not know. He and the lad’s mother believed in the gospel of hard and honest work, and said there was no effect without a cause ; but the neighbours had already got used to the words which I have put at the head of my story, and they used them then.

Later, when the road had been built, there was a sudden need, one night, for some one to take the place of an engineer, and run a train a hundred miles.

Dick Ormsby had been back and forth along the road, as hundreds of others had, and he was not the only one who looked at the engine with longing eyes, and thought of what success that night might mean.

But there were the hundreds of lives to be thought of, and Dick Ormsby was the only one who felt that he had a right to undertake the task.

“I can do it,” was his manly, modest statement.

Dick Ormsby climbed the ladder of life fast. I have said that I could tell you little of his boyhood ; my account of that has been brief. I could tell you more of his early manhood, but of that there is little need for the purpose of this story.

I prefer, rather, to commence my story proper with my acquaintance with him.

I was introduced to Mr. Ormsby the day he was thirty years of age. And on that day he became the superintendent of a division of the railroad.

## II.—THE STORY OF BELL ARTIER.

I WRITE you from Fernville, as I said I would, my dear Mollie, but neither one of us could ever have guessed that I would have so much to tell. And I don't know where to begin.—What shall I say first?

I am en——

I am enraptured with the scenery here. But I haven't time to tell you anything about that. I don't believe I have noticed it much yet.

Please don't think I have gone crazy. They all say the scenery is grand, and I don't doubt it. The truth is I am en——

I am enchanted with the climate. The air is delicious. The breezes are laden with the odours of thousands of flowers. That is, they all say they will be. It has rained like a deluge and blown like a hurricane ever since I have been here!

And, as I have started to tell you, I am really en——

I am certainly entirely at a loss how to begin. Perhaps if I began at the beginning I should do better.

When I left home I was almost late for the train. Father had intended finding some one in whose care he could place me, but there was no time. He gave me a few hurried directions, to which, I fear, I gave little heed, and there was just time to kiss him once, and we were off. I spread my shawl over half the seat next the aisle, opened the window, and had settled myself for plenty of comfort, when something happened.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a pleasant voice.

I looked the young man over as he stood there. He was tall, dark, rather good-looking, although I fancied he was

perhaps a little dissipated looking, and he was well-dressed. I moved my shawl and gave him room.

I remembered enough of what my father had said to me to feel that I must not allow this man to be too familiar. But he was so kind and courteous, so polite and dignified, that my reserve didn't last long. In half an hour I was talking as freely with the stranger as though I had known him all my life.

He asked about my destination, and learning that I was going to Fernville, he was very much pleased.

"Do you know any one in Fernville?"

"Only the friends I am going to see there. They will meet me with a carriage when the train arrives."

He gave me a quick, searching glance that set my pulses beating more rapidly than ever before, notwithstanding the fact that it lasted only an instant, and that his eyes looked carelessly at the landscape a moment later.

There was certainly admiration in his look, and I fancied there was a certain reckless determination, too. I was drawn toward the man in spite of myself. I thought how wide you would open your eyes when you read my account of my adventures, especially if——

"I am going to Fernville myself," said my new-found friend, "and I shall be glad to be of any assistance to you. I must go out now," he said, hurriedly, as the train drew up at a station and stopped, "for I have a telegram to send."

He returned in a few moments and took his seat beside me. I thought the conductor looked a little strangely at me as he passed through the cars a little later, and I fancied that my seat-mate thought so too, for he looked a trifle annoyed and anxious.

I wondered what business it was of the conductor's if any one of his lady passengers chose to be civil to one of the gentlemen.

At the next station a curious thing happened. The conductor had scarcely reached the platform, which happened at this station to be on the same side of the train as that on which I was seated, when a man rushed up to him and put a

slip of paper in his hand. I heard only a little of the conversation which followed, and my new friend heard nothing, for he had gone forward to the next car just before the train stopped. This was the little which I did hear :

"Which one?" asked the stranger.

"In 47," was a part of the answer ; and 47 was the number of our car.

"Strange, isn't it?" was asked of the conductor, a couple of minutes later.

"Yes, it is strange," he answered. "I have been puzzled and worried over it all the way."

The stranger looked over his shoulder toward the office, and said, "He'd take this train instead of waiting for the next."

A minute later we were in motion again ; my friend had returned to his seat beside me, and the stranger had settled himself in the seat behind us, and was either busily engaged in reading, or pretended to be.

I confess to a good deal of curiosity regarding what this man and the conductor had talked about. I wondered whether the train was in any danger of any kind, but the thoughtful man at my side was busying himself in his efforts to interest me, and I soon forgot all else in the pleasure of the ride. A shadow seemed to pass over the face of my pleasant companion.

"Ladies are subject to so many annoyances when they travel," he said. "What if your friends should fail to meet you? You told me they live five miles out of town ; our train reaches Fernville about dark ; I shall be pleased to offer you my protection until we reach an hotel, should anything happen to prevent your friend being at the station. I stop at the Arkwright House myself, and shall advise that you go there."

The stranger threw his paper aside, shut down the window behind him with a slam, and walked down the aisle of the car with a quick and determined air. He met the conductor on the car platform, just ready to enter the car as he went out, but he laid his hand on his arm with a fierce energy, and shook his clenched fist like a desperately angry man.

Well, Mollie, I'll try to make my story a short one. Our

train arrived at Fernville just at dark, and my friends were *not there* to meet me. I saw that before the train had fairly stopped. My friend took my luggage and helped me from the car. The stranger and conductor followed us across the station platform. It was raining a little, and there was promise of very bad weather. The man with me called a hack, and directed the man to drive to the Arkwright House. The hackman looked at me as queerly as the conductor had done earlier in the day. But he assisted us in, and with a very familiar nod to my companion, he mounted to his place.

I saw a policeman a little in front of me and at my left look over my head at some one behind me with an inquiring look ; it changed into one of understanding and quiet obedience a moment later, and he laid his hand on the bridle rein of one of the horses of our carriage.

"I must detain you a moment," said he, in a low voice.

"What does this mean?" shouted my protector ; and I am sorry to say it, but he swore terribly.

The stranger I have mentioned stepped forward and raised his hat to me.

"Miss Belle Artier, I believe?" he said.

"No matter what you believe," said my companion, with another ringing oath, "this lady is in my care, and I will trouble you to stand aside at once."

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, ignoring what had just been said, and addressing himself to me, "I have the honour of a business acquaintance with Mr. Artier, and I shall not allow his daughter to be deceived and injured. The Arkwright House is a place to which no respectable lady can go."

"You are a liar," said the man at my side.

"Did you send that message?" asked the man who claimed to be a friend of my father, and he took a slip of paper from the hand of the conductor, and put it in my hand.

I read the following :—

"HOME, *June 27th*, 1882.

"MRS. JOHN K. ARNOLD—*Fernville*: I shall not come until to-morrow.

BELLE ARTIER."



"By what means do you possess yourself of private telegrams?" cried the man at my side.

"Did you send it?" persisted the stranger, scarcely more than glancing at the excited man who had questioned him.

"I did not," I said.

The stranger turned now to the man.

"You wouldn't be surprised," he said, "if I declined to answer the question of a man who can stoop so low as to send a *forged* message, but I will answer you. The messages which pass over the lines of this road are known to such authorities of the road as happen to be in the offices when they pass; and as I am superintendent of this division——"

"Superintendent are you?" interrupted the baffled villain; "I never saw you before. But they have a little proverb about you which I'll prove——"

I saw his lips form the word "false" to finish his sentence, but he didn't speak it. Another policeman caught him by the throat, and the bullet he had intended for my new-found and true friend went up through the roof of the carriage.

"It's attempted murder this time, is it?" asked the officer as he shut the irons over the man's wrists. "I think you'll find this a serious day's business, Dandy Taylor."

I saw the conductor clasp the hand of the man who had risked his life to warn me, and there was more than respect and courtesy of an official for his superior in it, there was love and gladness and thankfulness; and he said something which puzzled me a good deal then.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was five days ago. Five days is quite a long while, isn't it?

Mr. Arnold knows the superintendent very well indeed, and, as it is rainy, they have been together during the last week a great deal—that is, Mr. Arnold has had to be in town at his store, of course, but the superintendent has been out here.

Visitors should stay at the houses they visit. Don't you think it would be dreadfully lonesome for him to spend his time in town at Mr. Arnold's store? I do.

And so—well, I am really en——

Let me be bold with you, Mollie : for, as I started to tell you at first, I am really engaged !

Ten minutes since I heard that conductor bidding my lover good-bye.

“The very sweetest woman in all the world !” said Richard. Just think of that, Mollie !

And the conductor said what he said at the station that night—and said it with his heart in it—“Dick Ormsby’s luck !”

### III.—RICHARD ORMSBY’S STORY OF OAK RIDGE CURVE.

I SHALL always remember the first time I saw Oak Ridge. We were surveying the road then, and I was a boy with all the possibilities of life before me. We had traced out the place where the road was to find its way along the valley, and at night we all camped at the lower end of the long ridge which seemed to offer the best chance for reaching the prairie above.

It was June. The moon was full. The night was perfect. A light breeze kept away the insects which might otherwise have troubled us, and it also prevented the formation of dew.

A friend of mine, and myself, walked up the long ridge in the moonlight. The grass and the flowers waved about us in the night wind.

We sang as we went, with the strong and unthinking happiness in our hearts spending itself in that way.

Halfway up the ridge there is an abrupt turn. We made it less abrupt in the curve we put in the road, of course, but it is rather a trying turn now.

A giant tree, much larger than any of the others on the ridge, stood a little distance from the path in which we were walking, and cast its dense black shadow across our way.

I suppose I shivered, as one will, sometimes, without a very definite reason for doing so, for my companion laughed, and said :

“What’s the matter, Dick ? Is some one walking over your grave ?”

"Oh no," said I; "I guess there's nothing serious. I should enjoy rolling up in my blanket pretty soon. Let us go back."

We went down the hill again, and slept, under the bright sky of early summer, the deep and refreshing sleep of boyhood.

That was many years ago; time flies, and boyhood will not last; it was all very many years ago.

I have been married nearly five years. Belle is the best wife in the world—big Belle, I mean—for there is a little Belle in our house, now.

It was late in December that business made it necessary for me to go on an entirely different part of the road from that which I have in charge.

I went through without any delay. It was desirable for me to step off from time to time on my way back.

Oak Ridge Station is not a very large place, nor a particularly inviting one. But I had to remain there for a few hours.

I left the passenger train there at about the middle of the afternoon, planning to finish my business by evening, and to take a freight train which would pass there at about midnight.

I greatly preferred riding over the Oak Ridge Curve in a passenger train, with all the appliances for safety with which they are provided, but the poor hotel accommodations at Oak Ridge Station repelled me from the place, and the pleasant home a hundred and fifty miles away was drawing me to it.

I finished my work by dark, and had a very fair supper, and sat and talked with two or three men with whom I was acquainted for a long time.

When they arose and spoke of going to their homes, I took out my watch and found, to my surprise, that it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"It's a bitterly cold night," said one of my friends, as he drew on his heavy overcoat and muffled his face in a thick woollen scarf, "and I don't envy you your ride."

"I shall stand it all right," I answered. "The car will be warm, and I shall be comfortable in the station until the train arrives. I shall go over there now and wait."

It was only a quarter of a mile to the station—a small building almost at the end of the prairie, and near where the descent began.

The moon was full. There were houses all along the way, scattered a little, it is true, but not more than eight or ten rods apart. There was little snow. The cold was intense. I was strong and vigorous. I never felt that death for me was further off and more unreal than I did as I pulled the heavy collar up about my ears that night, lighted a cigar, and started on my walk to the station.

I passed over half the distance, perhaps, and was walking slowly and thinking deeply when there was a sound behind me and a little to my left.

I turned quickly, and there stood a man, rough and desperate-looking, with his hand almost on my shoulder, and a heavy revolver pointed directly at my head.

I could see two more men close behind him. I turned a little toward the right: a hand was laid on my right shoulder, and I stood looking at another revolver on that side, with the wickedly triumphant eyes of Dandy Taylor behind it.

"I've sworn to pay off the debt I've owed you for more than four years," he said, "and I reckon to-night will do as well as any time. We are four to one. Make a sound or a sign and you are a dead man, and the ones your cries call will have to be dead men, too. You know they tell no tales."

And he laughed hoarsely.

"Walk ahead of us toward the station," he added, "and remember what I've said."

I walked on, those four wretches behind me. We met a man and woman, who pleasantly bade us "good-evening."

I must have looked strangely at the couple, for I saw a look of wonder in the man's face, but I had no right to call sudden death to them, and I walked on.

I saw the station agent busily writing as we passed the station. The handle of a revolver showed on his table, but I had none, and to have called for aid would only have been to throw my own life away and leave him with four men against

him—four to one would be the odds after I called him as certainly as before.

So I walked by the building, and there was no human habitation left in front of me for many weary miles.

Two of the men, Dandy Taylor and one other, took me by the arms now and hurried me forward down the track. I would have stopped and fought for my life, but there was no chance—not the slightest.

The air was deadly cold. The stars looked pitiless. The men who were with me had determined to have my life. I felt that in all probability I was taking my last walk.

There was one chance in my favour. You will find both history and fiction full of instances of chances. There always have been, and I suppose there always will be, men wicked enough to kill who will play with their opportunities for murder.

These men could have killed me in perfect quiet and thrown my body over the precipice at the side of the road along which we were walking. Instead of doing that they hurried on as though they had a different, and, I could not doubt, a deadlier purpose than that. They were playing with fate. They were trusting to the future. They were risking all they had. It was my only chance.

We stopped at last near the giant tree which I mentioned having seen when we surveyed the road. I shivered again, and it was not all cold which caused it.

They hurried now. In a minute I was securely bound hand and foot, with strong cords, and was tied to the rails of the track!

"Better shoot him in the head before we go," was the suggestion of one of the ruffians as he turned to Dandy Taylor. "You want to mangle and crush him, it is true, but suppose anything should happen to prevent that?"

"What can happen?" asked the man addressed. "I want him mangled, but I want more. I want him to think of the day when he crossed my purposes, and I want him to weep over it as he lies here and waits for death. I want him to hear



the distant hum of the train as it first comes near enough to be heard ; to see the head-light turn the curve and sweep down upon him ; for one supreme moment—the wheels cut muscle and bone into a shapeless mass.”

“ Suppose the men on the train should see him and rescue him? ” urged the man, who was either determined to spare me the lingering agony of waiting which Dandy Taylor had marked out for me, or who had a desire to kill me himself, I have never decided which.

“ They could never stop the train on this grade and curve,” said Taylor ; but he said it half doubtfully.

“ I have an idea,” said one of those who had not spoken before. “ Suppose we capture the train at the water-tank just above the station, and run it down the grade ourselves.”

“ The very thing,” said Taylor, exultingly. “ Boys, we will do it.”

I don’t suppose I can ever tell the story of my sufferings, as I lay there tied to the track, in such a way as to let the listener or the reader know a fraction of what I suffered.

The moon-made shadow of the giant tree moved along up my breast to my face. I had a wonder if death would come when the shadow reached my eyes, and whether moonlight and lifelight would go out for me at once.

I thought of my wife and child—of “ Big Belle ” and “ Little Belle ”—waiting for me in the pleasant home I had made for them—waiting with a loving longing which should never grow less, and which, for them, would have no end.

I wondered whether Taylor would rest content with his revenge, or whether he would follow my poor wife with his desperate wickedness.

I almost wept at the thought, and I fought long and fiercely with my bonds for the freedom I so needed for her sake.

It was no use. The ropes were strong and the knots secure.

I wondered if it would ever be certainly known what had happened to me, and my murderers be caught and punished. I wondered if it might not be that I should not be recognised, and that I should sleep in an unknown grave—the case, one of

the mysteries which time would never unravel—while my wife would wear out her heart in vain hopes, never knowing whether to blame for desertion or mourn me as dead.

I wondered whether she would ever marry again. I wondered if the man she might give herself to would be kind to her. I wondered what little Belle's future would be.

And all the time the shadow of the tree laid like a dreadful weight across my breast, and moved like Death's own shape toward throat and brain.

How cold it was ! How the iron seemed to freeze itself into my side and back ! And how foolish it seemed to me to think of my bodily pains, when I was so soon to be free from them all for ever !

I heard the train in the distance. I heard it stop at the water-tank.

There was a long and suspicious stillness, broken by a cry or two at the last ; then I heard the train in motion again. It did not stop at the station. It was evident that the murderers had it.

To thought and feeling it seemed like a long drawn out eternity as I listened to the increasing motion of the coming train. To time, as measured by mere human machinery, it was probably not two minutes before the shadow of the tree lay dark across my eyes, and, turning my head a little, I saw the head-light of the locomotive as it rounded the curve !

On—on it came !

On while I prayed !

On, while I thought, with a fierce tenderness, of wife and child and home !

On, until the rails were beating and thundering under me because of the tread of the great steam giant !

On, until I could see the face of Dandy Taylor in the cab almost above me, and I shut my eyes and braced my muscles to endure the pain and agony which must lie between strong life and dark and frightful death.

There was a frightful crash !

I opened my eyes to see the engine leave the rails and go

over a precipice not ten yards from where I lay. The cars went over too in a fearful wreck.

Broken fragments fell about me and over me like rain, and the rails beneath me were bent and torn from the ties. I stretched my arms and legs. Beyond a bruise or two I was not hurt. I tried to rise, and found that I was free!

Well, we found Dandy Taylor under the engine-boiler, alive yet, but with the shadow of death in his eyes. The men with him had met the mercy of instant death.

#### IV.—CONCLUSION (BY THE WRITER OF THE INTRODUCTION).

AN inquest was not considered necessary, and none was held. But the railroad company sent an official to report all the facts of the case.

He was in every sense a practical man. He has never read a poem nor a story except those he read in school when he was a boy. There was no nonsense about him. He hadn't any superstitions. If he were to fall in love, he would deliberately ask himself why. He loves nature for the money in it; the wild prairie, for its soil; trees at so many dollars and cents a cord. When he builds himself a home, it will have the maximum of utility united to the minimum of beauty.

Well, he reported.

His report has been filed.

He gave many details, but the central statement is that "the intense cold broke the rail, and the train on the curve left the track."

I suppose that the man believes that he told it all. But nearly all the employés of the road, from the president down, have smiled over the report. And they always say, with a shake of the head which shows that *they* will not be convinced by such a very unsatisfactory thing as mere reason, that it was Dick Ormsby's Luck.

## TRIED AND TRUE.

BY J. W. DAVIDSON.

“IT is strange how two or three men can intimidate and rob a whole train-full of passengers ; and yet the fear of death, when a pistol is looking you in the face, will make a coward of nearly any one.”

The young man who gave utterance to the foregoing seemed to express the opinion of all his companions save one, the slightest of the group, who was talking with a bright young woman near by.

“I don’t know about that,” said he, addressing himself to the first speaker. “Seems to me that I should not give up so quietly. What it really needs in such cases is a display of nerve, and perhaps a shot or two to show that a hundred were not to be cowed by one or two.”

The young man’s eyes sparkled, and the face of the girl beside him wore an expression hard to fathom ; while the young men exchanged glances, and Fred Haven, who had spoken first, the brother of the girl to whom young Lacey had been chattering, answered with a half smile upon his lips—

“I don’t doubt your courage and all that, but, as I said before, the immediate presence of death is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, and a man hardly knows what he would do till put to the test.

Walter Lacey flushed with annoyance. “You rather have me at a disadvantage, Fred, as I have no opportunity of proving my assertion, and no prospect of any ; but it makes me blush for my sex when I read of women having to crouch

on the floor of a car while a lot of ruffians rob them of their jewellery, and their protectors sit helplessly with their nervous hands in the air, silently begging that their own worthless lives may be spared."

"Don't get excited," returned Haven, "there isn't much prospect of either of us passing through this ordeal, though I suppose you go prepared for all such contingencies."

"No, I never carry weapons of any kind, though under certain circumstances I consider them necessary."

It was at a social gathering, in January, and the little group had been discussing the western train robberies and comparing them with the feats of highwaymen in the olden time, somewhat to the disparagement of our present day and generation.

"I must confess," broke in Mabel Haven, "that I agree with Mr. Lacey in this matter, and think that the chivalry of the northerners generally must be at a low ebb." She paused a moment, and then continued, "I don't think all men are so deficient in courage. If I were a man——"

"There, there," interposed her brother, with a laugh, "what a hero you would be, May, only for the unfortunate circumstance of your sex."

And really the flash of her eyes and the heightened colour in her dimpled cheeks showed a spirit which even her broad-shouldered brother of eight-and-twenty lacked in great measure.

"Thank you, Miss Haven," said Lacey; "if the average man possessed half your courage it would be a better and braver world."

"Well, really," returned Fred, "I am exceedingly gratified to discover that all the vim has not departed out of our race, even though my little sister possesses what there is left of it."

The other three young men had remained silent till now. "Perhaps Miss Mabel sighs for the days of knight-errantry," said Arthur Graves, trying to look sentimental. "Were it possible, how gladly I would take up arms in her defence."

"Nonsense!" retorted the young lady; "why need you make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Graves?" For it was an open secret



that Graves had been laying ineffectual siege to the heart of the fair Mabel, with the tacit approval of the parents and brother of the aforesaid damsel, though it mattered little to her whether they approved or disapproved of his attention; and that of late her smiles had been bestowed more frequently upon Walter Lacey, whose stock of worldly goods consisted principally of a good character and no mean business abilities; while Arthur had no need to turn the leaves of musty ledgers or rack his brains over long columns of figures.

At this moment Walter Lacey was called to explain a problem of a diversionary character in an adjoining room, and he rose reluctantly, much to the delight of Graves, who felt that money doesn't always count in a battle for the feminine heart.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mabel," he said, after Lacey had disappeared, "I meant nothing by my little remark about chivalry, and all that, you know, only it is so easy for a fellow to make an assumption of bravery when there is no danger. Now, I don't profess to be any more brave or cowardly than other men, but really, to throw away one's life for the sake of a few paltry dollars has too much of the mercenary spirit in it to suit me."

His brain was not over acute, but he saw that he had lost ground by his little speech, and he made a still more desperate effort. "I wish there was a chance to test the bravery of this Mr. Lacey. I believe he would show the white feather as quick as any one."

Mabel flushed crimson. "I wish there were," she said quickly, and then feeling that she had betrayed herself, added more moderately—

"Of course it is out of the question, and I do not want any one exposed to unnecessary danger for the mere gratification of trivial curiosity. Nevertheless, I have faith that Mr. Lacey made no idle boast when he said that he would not tamely submit to being robbed or to having ladies insulted."

Arthur had no answer for the moment. He knew that he was treading on dangerous ground, and might only enhance his rival's prospects by any inadvertent remark.

"Say, Fred," he said at last, "can't we contrive some way to test his courage? Can't we burglarise him or scare him in some way, just for a joke, you know? I'm not any good in such matters, but you are;" and his mind went back to the many pranks which Fred Haven had played upon him at school.

Mabel did not like the turn affairs were taking, and expressed herself to that effect. This aroused her brother's interest in the matter.

"Well, May," he said, "are you afraid this carpet-knight of yours would be forced to eat his words?" Then, turning to Graves, "We might come the highwayman on him."

"How's that? He hasn't anything to steal."

Mabel felt the implied sneer, and fired up immediately. "You value a man by the depth of his pocket-book;" and again the gallant Arthur strove to smooth her ruffled plumage.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Mabel. Your brother suggested the thought to me," and he stopped and looked helplessly at Fred.

"If you wish to try anything of that sort," said the latter, "it can be easily arranged. Day after to-morrow is pay-day at the Rockdale Mill, eight miles from here, you know, and I shall draw the money from the bank and take it there overnight, so as to pay in the forenoon. Now, if you want to try this little scheme, I will make some excuse and get Lacey to take the cash-box through in the evening. It's a lonesome road, and we'll station ourselves about halfway through, where the Smithville road crosses the county road, and we can test his bravery by robbing him."

"But he might shoot some of us," suggested Arthur, whose eyes wore an uncertain look, as though he half repented having anything to do with the matter.

"I'll seel to that," said Fred, whose old fondness for a practical joke seemed to be revived. "I'll provide him with a pistol charged with powderless cartridges, and he'll be forced to accept it as a joke." Then he turned to his sister, "You ride through with him, May, and when we make the attack you

grasp the reins and scream, and we'll do the rest. If he has any grit he'll show it."

"I would rather have nothing to do with it, and wish you would drop it."

Her manner was very deliberate and the colour had faded out of her face.

"Nonsense," said Fred ; "I am interested in this matter myself, and would like to know whether he is a coward or not. The sleighing is good, and Prince is as gentle as a lamb, so there is no danger of harm to any one, unless it should scare Mr. Lacey to death."

The last words settled the matter. "I will agree," she said quietly.

"You can make an excuse about going. Father is at Rockdale, and you can say you intend stopping a few days."

"The pay-roll amounts to a considerable sum, doesn't it?" inquired Arthur, who felt the need of saying something.

"Several thousands," returned Haven.

And so the matter was arranged. One of the young men—a Mr. Brown, a comparative stranger to all except Arthur, Graves—could not take part, and the three men, Fred, Arthur and John Hart, the other member of the party, were to settle the question as to Walter Lacey's bravery ; while to Mabel the affair had somehow assumed a very unpleasant aspect.

The following evening proved all that could be wished. There was no moon, and the stars were partly obscured by thin hazy clouds, while scarcely a breath of air was stirring. Fred Haven had called upon young Lacey at nightfall, with a request that the latter would accommodate him by taking his sister to Rockdale, an errand that Lacey was only too willing to perform—the thoughts of Mabel's company diverting his mind from all suspicion, even when Haven handed him the cash-box and a heavy revolver.

"I shall be compelled to return to-night," said Lacey, as Haven took his leave.

"Very well ; Mabel will be ready in a short time, and Prince will take you through easy in an hour."

It was nearly seven o'clock, as Lacey, with Mabel Haven beside him and the cash-box under the sleigh-seat, drove out of town on the way to Rockdale, where the Haven mills were one of the chief industries. He was feeling unusually light-hearted, but the girl was trembling with nervous excitement. She was sorry that she had listened to the plan at all—much more that she had taken an active part in it. She had half a mind now to tell her companion the truth of the whole affair, and turn the tables upon the cruel jokers. Then came her brother's and Arthur Graves' implied assertions as to Walter Lacey's cowardice, and so she held her peace while Prince trotted briskly along, and Lacey kept up a steady flow of small talk.

They were something over a mile on their journey, when Lacey brought the horse to a walk and turned to his companion in the semi-darkness.

"You have answered merely in monosyllables," he said. "Have I done anything to offend you?"

She laughed a strange, forced laugh.

He was quick to notice its peculiar tone, and continued: "I thought possibly the decided stand I took last night, in regard to yielding too readily to the demands of robbers, might have seemed bombastic to you, though really I cannot retract any of it."

Her heart throbbed quickly. A little more than two miles to traverse, and the matter would be settled beyond question. There was a little interval of silence which was broken by Lacey. "Miss Haven, you must know something in regard to my feelings."

She clutched him by the arm. "Drive a little faster, please," she said, "I am feeling chilly."

He bit his lips as he urged the horse into a sharp trot. Surely she had given him reasonable grounds for hope, and he felt that he had a right to declare himself. Just ahead, the road took a sharp turn round a jutting point of rock, crossed a narrow bridge, and from thence on to Smithville road, two miles away, was smooth and straight. He let the horse drop

into a walk again as they neared this ledge. Her heart was beating wildly, and a strange terror was upon her. If those two miles were only over and the ordeal once passed!

"Miss Haven—Mabel," he said desperately, "it is useless for me to attempt to disguise it—I love you—love you better"—they had passed around the ledge and the horse's feet had sounded upon the bridge, when they stopped suddenly, and a gruff voice close beside him said—

"I don't want to hurt ye; I only want yer money. Hand over the box, quick, and no foolin'."

Lacey turned quickly to find a pistol pointed full in his face, while a pair of fierce eyes gleamed in the darkness, and a shadowy form held the horse by the bits. Mabel was speechless with terror for a moment. The miserable farce had become a horrible tragedy—the sham highwaymen a grim reality. All thought as to her lover's courage had departed; the one purpose was to escape from the ruffians.

"Give him the money," she whispered hoarsely, as Lacey stooped forward as though to reach for the box. Then she heard him whisper, clear and distinct, "Drop down as low as possible," and then, quick as a flash, he snapped the useless pistol at their assailant, while he struck the other weapon aside. There was a sharp report; she saw Lacey hurl his heavy pistol in the face of the highwayman; saw him spring from the sleigh and grapple with the man at the horse's head; and as the freed animal bounded away, heard a half-choked voice cry out, "Drive for your life!" and she was dashing away toward Rockdale at Prince's best gait.

She gathered up the reins mechanically as the horse sped onward. Only two miles ahead and she would find help, though in her heart she fairly cursed the motive which brought them there. Would she find Walter Lacey murdered by the roadside when she returned? She clenched her teeth, and strove to urge the flying horse to still greater exertions, while the thought crushed down upon her that she had helped to kill the dearest being upon earth to her.

Fred Haven, John Hart, and Arthur Graves were waiting at



the Smithville road for the culmination of their little joke. They had driven out with a pair of horses belonging to Arthur, and were disguised to a considerable extent with slouched hats and mufflers.

"By Jove!" said Arthur, "I'm almost sorry we've undertaken this. It seems to strike me that something terrible is going to happen. There isn't any danger of that pistol going off, is there?" and he peered around in the darkness, as though he feared robbers himself.

"Go off!" repeated Haven, "there isn't a grain of powder in it."

"I'm afraid he's going to give us trouble. I never thought before what a lonesome thing it must be to be a highway robber. And then, again, those slim chaps are sometimes mighty tough customers," and he stepped nervously about.

"Oh, bother!" said Fred, "here's three of us stout fellows going to assail a 'slim chap,' as you call him, who has nothing to defend himself with but an empty pistol. It is evident that you are not over courageous."

"I never pretended to be a hero," muttered Arthur, and then he listened a moment. "Hark! I hear bells; there's a team coming at full speed. Do you s'pose it's them? I wish I was home."

"I wish you were!" said Fred impatiently. "Get your lantern ready, Johnnie, but keep the slide closed."

They stood in the shadowy darkness as the horse came dashing toward them.

"Those are my bells; but why do they drive so?" said Haven, "something must be wrong."

But the panting horse stopped close beside them, and the wild voice of a woman rang out on the night air—

"Come back with me, for Heaven's sake! They have murdered Walter Lacey!"

Hart flashed his dark lantern upon the livid face of Mabel Haven, while Arthur Graves moaned with terror, and Fred Haven seemed paralysed with astonishment.

"What do you mean?" gasped the latter.

"I mean that Walter Lacey is being killed because he wouldn't give up the money!" she fairly screamed. "Don't stand here; come back!" and she began to turn Prince about, when Arthur found his voice.

"Let's drive to Rockdale and get help," he whined. "I don't like this business. I wish I was home."

But John Hart hurriedly got the valiant Arthur's horses, and the owner reluctantly crept into the sleigh beside him, for he dared not stay alone, though his teeth chattered as they started toward the scene of the tragedy, Fred Haven riding with his sister. The girl told in broken, hysterical sentences of the sudden attack at the bridge, and how Lacey, in spite of her protest, had thrown his life away to save the box.

A few minutes' drive brought them to the spot. No one was in sight, and Mabel was the first to spring from the sleigh as John Hart and Arthur drove up. They looked hurriedly around, and then Mabel's quick ear caught a groan from the foot of the embankment by the bridge, while a voice called—

"Hello, up there! Help!"

The girl hurried down the declivity, to where someone was bending over a prostrate body, closely followed by the three men.

"My darling, my darling! they have killed him!" she cried, dropping beside the recumbent man, who was groaning with pain.

The person who had been stooping over the object of her solicitude stepped back and folded his arms, while Mabel continued her terms of endearment, broken by sobs and reproaches upon herself for taking part in the affair.

"Are you dead? Oh, my love, my love!" and she moaned and twisted her fingers together, not daring to touch him for fear of causing him more agony. "Hurry with the lights!" she cried passionately, and then she started to her feet in terror, as a husky, broken voice came up from the man before her—

"I'm not dead, but I wish I were."

It was not Walter Lacey's voice at all, and the lantern

revealed that person standing moodily at one side, while its light brought out the bruised, bleeding features of Mr. Brown, over whom she had been wasting her emotions. She shrank back, dazed at the revelation, and glanced at Lacey, a sense of overpowering shame mantling her face with blushes, which showed, even in the uncertain light of the lantern. The rest of the group stood helplessly by, and Lacey's voice roused them to action. There was a bitter ring in it, as he said—

"If you have sufficiently enjoyed the outcome of your little joke, I think you had best attend to this groaning wretch, whose shoulder, I imagine, is dislocated by his unfortunate fall from the road above."

"This beats all," muttered Fred Haven, as they turned their attention to the wounded man, who groaned through his clenched teeth as they carried him up to where Graves' horses were standing. Prince had vanished, and as they laid their moaning burden down upon the robes beside Graves' sleigh, the owner of the team gasped—

"Fred, Prince is gone, and your money was in the sleigh."

"The box was there, but there was nothing but blank paper in it. I took the money through in the early afternoon," and Haven adjusted the seats of the sleigh to accommodate Brown, who kept up his groaning, protesting at times that his part in the matter was purely jocular as that of the others.

"I'm sorry we undertook this miserable business," said Fred Haven, turning to Walter Lacey, and paying no attention to the appeals of the quondam highwayman; "I suppose you know the full particulars?"

"Yes; Brown has explained them," said Lacey, whose moodiness seemed melting away, "though his part had but little of the joke about it. I see now why the pistol hung fire. I snapped it and flung it in the face of the man beside us, scarcely knowing what I was doing, and then sprang out to free the horse. But I was only a child in the hands of the man I grappled with, and he dashed me down on the bridge and made himself scarce. I wasn't hurt much, and soon got my wits together, when I heard some one groaning on the

rocks, went down, and found our friend here in a rather sorry condition. He told me, between his groans, how the matter stood, and how Miss Haven"—there was a perceptible coolness in his tone as he spoke her name—"took part in it."

Mabel had listened silently, and she shivered as he ceased. Verily, the pride was well crushed out of this high-spirited girl, but Fred Haven's laugh came as readily as ever.

"Don't take it to heart, for you've come out of it nobly," he said, as they finished putting the injured man into the sleigh. "But, really, May was not to blame in the matter." And then he paused. "Some of us will have to walk to town. Mabel, you and Mr. Lacey and Arthur can crowd into the sleigh with our prisoner, and John and I will walk."

Brown redoubled his groans at the word "prisoner," while Lacey declared that he should walk, and Mabel said she never could ride with a groaning person. This she insisted upon, and so John Hart and Arthur took charge of the equipage, and the cavalcade took up its homeward journey.

Somehow, on the way home, Lacey and Mabel lagged behind the rest, and the former whispered to her as he took leave that the walk more than made up for his chagrin at being made a victim of.

At Lacey's solicitation, no prosecution was brought against Brown, and the other assailant, a loafer about town, was not heard of afterward. The matter leaked out in some manner, Mabel more than half suspected through Arthur Graves' loquacity, he having conceived an intense admiration for Lacey. Mabel makes no boast of her courage now, claiming that Walter's bravery will do for both.

## THE FAST FREIGHT.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

WALTER CARLISLE had climbed into a freight-car that was standing on a side track in the Wentworth station, and concealed himself as well as he could in the far corner. He was playing hide-and-seek, and his companions were searching for him outside the car-yard fence.

"They won't be likely to find me here," he said gleefully, to himself, while he listened to their cries.

Presently he heard them scaling the fence near to the car, but just at that moment a man came along and pushed to the heavy door.

"Thank you," said Walter, half aloud. "Now they'll never find me."

With the closing of the door, however, the noise of their cries was shut out, and Walter could no longer tell how near to the car they might be. In a moment something bumped against the far end of the car with a jolt that sent it back quite a distance on the track, and would have knocked Walter over if he had not already been sitting. Then the car began to move slowly forward. They were going to shift it to another track, Walter concluded; but as this would throw the boys still further off the scent, and give him besides a free ride, he did not mind it.

So he sat still while the car bounced over the switch, and felt somewhat disappointed when it came to a stop a little way beyond. That was only for a moment, however. Very soon it backed down, until with another jolt it bumped against a car behind. Walter supposed that the shifting process was now



done, and, getting up, went to the door with the intention of opening it and jumping out. He had hardly risen, however, before the car began to move forward again, and this time it seemed to be part of a heavy train. They must be making up the fast freight, he determined ; and then he began to wonder how near it was to five o'clock, when the fast freight would start on its eastward journey.

Meanwhile the car was moving faster and faster, and Walter found it difficult to walk as far as the door. He would roll it back, he thought, and be ready to get out when the car stopped. But try as hard as he might, he could not roll it back, and the speed of the car kept all the time increasing. With a growing sense of alarm, Walter pulled out his watch, and looked at the face by a ray of light which streamed in through the door.

It was as much as he could do now to keep on his feet, and he had to hold on to the framework of the car with one hand, while he steadied the watch with the other. Was his watch fast ? That could not be ; it had not gained nor lost a minute in a month. But the hands pointed to ten minutes after five ; and while the car jolted over switches and swung around curves, until he could no longer stand, the dismaying thought forced itself upon Walter that this was the fast freight, already on its way.

For a moment he hardly realised the situation ; but as he began to think over what he knew about the train the outlook became very unpleasant indeed. Except for water, it would not stop until it reached New York. Even if it did stop, the sides of the car were so solid that he might kick and pound and call out all night without being heard by the few brakemen who had the train in charge, and who it was quite likely would not come near his car at all. It was called fast, but a fast freight is very different from a fast express, and Walter could not hope that it would reach New York within thirty hours. By that time he might be starved to death. The very prospect of so long a fast made him hungry. How long could people live, he wondered, without eating ? The recollection of Dr. Tanner gave him some comfort ; but then Dr. Tanner had had all the water he wanted, while Walter did not have a drop.

By this time he had crept back to his corner, where he braced himself as well as he could, though as the train went still faster, and the empty car swayed from side to side like a ship at sea, the boy was shaken and jolted until every bone in his body began to ache. Before him stretched out the long and weary hours. How should he ever endure them? If he could stand the hunger and thirst, how could he bear the cold of the autumn night, already beginning to creep in through the cracks of the car? What report would the boys carry back when they did not find him? And what would his father and mother think? He had never stayed away from them a night in his life. How frightened they would be! and how completely at a loss for any clue to his whereabouts! If Walter had been a fugitive from justice, he could not more completely have covered up his tracks.

On and on went the train, around curves, over bridges—as Walter could tell from the sound—past other trains, through towns and villages, battering and bruising the boy's slender frame with every bounce and jolt, until at last, out of weariness, Walter fell asleep. Once or twice in the night he woke up, cramped, hungry, and chilled, though it was not so cold as he had feared it would be, and the flight of time gave him a little more courage.

By-and-by, through the crevices of the door, he discovered the welcome daylight. So much, at any rate, of his journey was accomplished; but what would he not give for a good breakfast? As the day went on, and his watch told him it was nine o'clock, he fancied the boys going to school, and wondering why he did not appear; his father and mother, filled with increasing alarm, going here and there in search of him; the papers getting hold of it, and announcing in startling headlines, "Boy lost!" But all Walter could do, though he was tired and faint and anxious about the anxiety of those at home, was to wait—and this is always the hardest duty in the world.

It wanted a few minutes of noon when Walter was suddenly startled by feeling the onward motion of the train checked,

and the car in which he was imprisoned violently shaken from side to side. For a moment, as he himself was rolled about on the floor, he thought that the car was going to upset ; but presently it righted and stood still. Evidently an accident had happened, though as to what it was Walter could not form any idea.

Now, when the train had stopped, however, was his chance to make himself heard. With all his might he kicked against the door, and cried out at the top of his voice ; but no one came. He thought of stories he had read about people who were shut up in dungeons, and imagined himself to be one of them. If he had been uneasy before, he was almost wild now. What could be the matter ? How could he make any one hear ? He was putting these questions to himself, when all at once, from the rear of the train, came a terrible roar and crash, with the sound of splintering wood. Before he could think what had happened his own car rose up on end, and he found himself swiftly hurled down its inclined floor.

As the boy's senses cleared he realised that a second accident had occurred. Looking up to the rear end of the car, now above his head, he saw that it was broken away, and through a wide gap he could see the blue sky. If he could only climb up to it, here was a way of escape. Fortunately, though a good deal bruised, he was not hurt, and the excitement of the occasion gave him strength. The car had been raised up at an angle of more than forty-five degrees ; its floor was smooth and slippery, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Walter could scramble to the end.

When, after several reverses, he finally reached it, and put his head out of the opening, he witnessed a scene of the wildest confusion. Whatever might have happened before, this time the train had been run into from behind. Cars were piled one upon the other, and across both tracks, and their contents were scattered everywhere around. The car in which he had been imprisoned had been the last one, it seemed, to feel the force of the shock, and was thrown up by a platform-car passing underneath. Not a man was anywhere in sight.

Walter did not waste much time in getting down from his elevated position and walking back to the scene of the collision. Here he discovered that it was a "wild-cat" engine which had done the mischief, and had wrecked itself in the operation. There was no one around, but as Walter drew near he began to hear dismal groans coming out of the *débris*, and to realise that of all the people on the train—conductor, brakemen, and engineer—he alone had escaped injury. For a moment he felt sick, but as he heard a voice calling to him from the ruins of the caboose he hurried up, and presently discovered the form of a man, whom he took to be the conductor, underneath a mass of wreckage. The voice was very feeble, and Walter had to bend over to hear it.

"Say," the conductor exclaimed, "what time is that Chicago express due here?"

Walter stared. He did not know anything about the Chicago express, except that it was due at Wentworth at midnight. Why should the conductor ask him? And why should not the conductor be more concerned about his own escape?

"I'm sure I don't know," he said. "It isn't due now, is it? Hadn't you better let me help you out of that?"

The man shook his head. "No, no," he cried; "the express is due presently, and if it isn't flagged it will come around the curve ahead and run into this wreck. Is there a man around to run up the track and flag it?"

Walter looked up and down the track. It was a lonely place, miles it seemed from any settlement, and not a person could be seen. His own heart began to beat more quickly.

"No," he said, "there isn't any one."

"Then you'll have to go," said the conductor. "We're all smashed up here. First the engine went off the track, and that broke up the engineer and fireman; and while the brakemen and I were getting our wrecking tools out of the caboose, something ran into us from behind, and broke us up too. I suppose it was a 'wild-cat,' or else there would have been somebody around."

Walter nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "it was a wild-

cat, and I reckon the engineer of that came to grief too. But is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

The conductor uttered an exclamation of pain.

"Oh, do go ahead!" he said. "Don't mind me; there are only half a dozen of us here, and there'll be five hundred people in the express. We'll hold out, I guess, till you get back, and if we don't—— Say, young fellow, just take down my wife's name, will you? It's Mrs. James." He stopped a moment. "What was that?" he asked.

Walter listened, while his face grew pale. Far away up the track sounded the faint note of a locomotive whistle.

"Run!" cried the conductor. "Never mind me. There's a red flag lying on the track. Go as far as you can, for it's a down grade, and the train will be coming like the wind."

Before the conductor had finished, Walter had snatched up the flag and hurried off. He had not realised before how shaky his limbs were, nor how faint he was from lack of food; but as he ran past the overturned engine of his own train, and around the curve that lay ahead, it was as much as he could do to keep from falling down. He had not failed to take in the conductor's last warning. The express was the fastest train on the road; it would be running over forty miles an hour, and he must meet it far enough away from the wreck to give it time to check its tremendous momentum and come to a full stop. Once more he heard its whistle in the distance. Presently it would be thundering down upon him. On he ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, until, turning a curve, he could see the thread of smoke far down the narrow-ing track. Walter unfurled the flag and waved it over his head. His heart thumped up and down in his breast, his legs shook so that he could scarcely stand, and it was all that he could do to hold the flag in his nerveless fingers. He felt as if he were going to faint. What if he gave out before the train came and the engineer did not see him! With one arm he grasped a telegraph pole, while with the other he continued more and more feebly to wave the signal. Nearer and nearer came the train, but before it reached him Walter's strength



had given way. He dropped at the foot of the pole, and the engineer, as the train dashed by, looked down from the cab window on a boy's still form pillowed on a red flag.

Among the passengers on the express that day was the President of the railroad—Mr. Watson—who, with his wife, son, and party of friends, occupied an hotel-car at the rear of the train. They were running at the highest speed, when Mr. Watson suddenly felt the pressure of the air-brakes upon the wheels; and Hiram, who was looking out of the window, perceived at the same moment a motionless figure lying by the side of the track.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, "I believe we've run over somebody!"

Mr. Watson started hurriedly for the rear platform, followed by Hiram, who could with difficulty be kept from jumping off when the train stopped, and before it began to back down. In a moment, however, it was moving slowly back to the spot where the engineer had seen the boy, while Hiram waited in a fever of impatience on the platform steps. At the first glimpse of the red flag, before the cars had stopped, he jumped off and made haste to the telegraph pole, where the figure lay. He could see at once that the boy had not been run over, and as he knelt by the motionless form the dark eyes opened and looked up questioningly into his.

"Is the train safe?" the boy asked faintly.

Hiram nodded.

"Oh yes; it's all right," he said; "and we'll take you right into our car."

The other breathed a little sigh of relief.

"There's a smash up just ahead," he murmured. "Tell the conductor to go slow."

Then he closed his eyes, while Mr. Watson and one or two other gentlemen, who had meanwhile come up, lifted him in their arms and carried him on board the car. Here, however, while the train moved slowly ahead, Mrs. Watson's ministrations restored him to consciousness, if not to strength.

"It was awfully silly of me to go and faint," he exclaimed, apologetically, as soon as he could speak. "But, you see, I ran pretty hard, and then I had not eaten anything since yesterday noon."

"But I don't understand," said Mrs. Watson. "Don't you live round here?"

He laughed a little nervously. "Oh no," he said; "I'm a sort of stowaway. I got locked up in the freight-car at Wentworth last night. We live in Wentworth, and my father is Judge Carlisle. If the collision hadn't stove a hole in the car, I should be in there now."

"And where should we be?" asked Hiram soberly.

Walter turned pale again. "The wreck lies across both the tracks," he said. "If you had kept on, you would have run into it. There are half-a-dozen men buried in it now, sir," turning to Mr. Watson. "Everybody in the train was smashed up but me. And the conductor wouldn't let me stop to pull him out. He began to give me a message to his wife, but he wouldn't even finish that, because he heard the train coming. Here we are now, sir," as the train slowed up, and finally came to a stop. "Please let me get out. I'm all right now, and I want to tell that conductor I wasn't too late."

It was not long before the train hands were hard at work extricating the injured men, none of whom, happily, were seriously hurt. How they escaped death no one could tell, but no one suffered more than a few bruises or a fractured limb, which time would easily repair. To Walter's great delight, the conductor recognised him at once.

"Ah," he said, as cordially as the pain of his wounds would allow, "you're the boy that saved the express. Well, I guess Mr. Watson won't forget it."

Walter turned red.

"I only did what you told me," he said.

"Well, you did it right," said the conductor, as he limped away to the express. "Not everybody would have had sense enough to do that. Only I don't see where you dropped from just at that moment."

The boy laughed.

"Oh, I live in Wentworth," he said. "I was a passenger on your train. You locked me up in that Blue-line car yonder."

A look of amazement spread over the man's face.

"Locked up in the car, were you? And then brought to this place on purpose to flag that train! Well, I call that providential. Because if it hadn't been for you, you know, that express would have been a total wreck." He paused for a moment, as if the providence were more than he could take in. "Well," he added heartily, "I'll never forget it, and I guess the company won't either."

And the company did not. A few days after Walter got home, and when the excitement of his departure and return had passed away, he received by express a little parcel, and by mail an official letter from the railway company. The parcel, when he opened it, disclosed a beautiful gold watch, while the letter, which was signed "H. S. Watson, President," begged him to accept the watch from the directors of the company in recognition of his services in saving from destruction the Chicago express.

## A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

**I**T was in a palace car, on the Hudson river road, that I heard a gentleman, who sat near me, tell this story to a companion, and from the way he told it, I believe it to be true.

“When I was a young man of one-and-twenty I was in the employment of my uncle, Mr. Peter Harwell, who had a large factory at ——. I managed his accounts, bought stock, and was his paymaster ; and this being paymaster included another duty. The factory was in a lonely place, miles distant from any other town or village, and there was no bank there. Once a week I rode to T——, to draw the money for the wages of the hands. Though their earnings were not individually great, the whole amount was never less than two thousand dollars. This, partly in small bank-notes and partly in silver, I carried in a pair of saddle-bags before me on my horse. I always rode armed, and I never felt any fear whatever.

“Highwaymen were not known in our part of the country, and I generally had a companion on my way home, in the person of my uncle’s brother-in-law, who often came to spend Sunday with us.

“I started from home at nine o’clock in the morning, and was always in the factory at five, ready to pay off the hands.

“It was on the tenth of December that I left home one morning, with every expectation of returning as usual. The sky was white with coming snow, but I never gave that a second thought ; besides, if a storm came, I could hire a sleigh in T——, and return that way.

“Snow did fall even before I reached the bank, and by the

time I had had my dinner the roads were covered with it. I had called on our relative as usual, and found him so occupied with business as to be unable to leave the town ; moreover, my horse had suddenly fallen lame. There was nothing for it but to leave him in good care and hire both horse and sleigh. I had some difficulty in obtaining what I wanted, and having done so, waited while everything was being made ready in the little office of the livery stable, with a newspaper to while away the moments of preparation. The men were very slow and the room very warm. I leaned back against the wall and fell into a dreamy sort of condition ; yet not a pleasant one. For the first time in my life I was nervous about my journey. A bad-looking fellow had seemed to watch me at the bank door, and now I saw him again peeping in at the window of the stable office. A mere coincidence perhaps, but I was going on a lonely journey, with money enough to tempt any highwayman. To be sure I was armed ; and an armed man with a horse and sleigh need not fear any footpad ; yet I felt nervous.

“ ‘ Your sleigh is ready,’ ” said a man, opening the door.

“ I arose, took my saddle bags, and buttoned my coat. How cold it was, and how deep the snow was already ; and it was still snowing furiously. I looked at my watch ; it was an hour later than my usual time for starting ; the hands would be kept waiting. However, that could not be helped. I jumped into the sleigh and away I drove. The town soon lay behind me, and I came to the last building which was to greet my sight before I saw the roofs of —. It was an old stone church, which stood in the midst of its moss-grown gravestones on the very outskirts of the scattering suburbs of T——, and beside it I saw, looking over a fence, a feeble-looking old woman in the big cloak and stiff hood which ancient Hibernian dames affect, who was not only shaking her head, but moaning piteously, and who was not too wretched an object to be passed without notice by any humane person.

“ ‘ What is the matter, old lady ? ’ I called, reining in my horse. ‘ Have you hurt yourself ? ’

“ ‘ Is it hurt myself, did you say ? ’ ” cried the old woman, in a



queer, hoarse falsetto. 'Och, but indade I have thin. My ankle is sprained, and not a step am I able to take, and me son's house at —, and not a penny have I to pay a waggon, barrin' by God's grace a good gentleman like you would take me.'

"I did not particularly fancy the old woman, nor esteem it a privilege to have her company, and I shrewdly suspected that she had not hurt her foot; but even without that I was not hard-hearted enough to leave an old creature like that to make her way through the snow when I was going to the very place she mentioned. I am afraid I said, 'Climb in, then,' rather ungraciously; but I said it, and in a moment more she was by my side. Her big cloak over-filled the seat, her breath was redolent of whisky, and her face was nearly enveloped in a big plaid handkerchief; but I made all the room for her I could, and started on again, more anxious than before to get to the end of my journey, and be rid of her company.

"Truth to tell, strange doubts were beginning to creep into my mind. The figure beside me was large for that of an old woman. It no longer stooped as much as it did. Its nose was a very vigorous and strongly marked feature. The kerchief about the face seemed to be worn for purposes of concealment. The longer I looked the more suspicious I grew, and at last, in an incautious moment, a hand protruded from under the cape of the cloak. It was instantly withdrawn, but not until I had seen it. It was strong, large, dark, and hairy; no old woman ever had such a hand.

"The person beside me was a man in disguise, and one who knew my errand and what I carried. Doubtless he was armed, and it only remained to be decided whether he would prefer to kill me or to leave me on the road. I was small and slight. I had no hope of mastering him save by stratagem, and I could take no falser step than to betray my knowledge of the truth. Meanwhile I was on my guard. I felt for my pistols and found them safe, and resolved to sell my life dearly.

"The moment had come. We had entered a path which ran through a thick wood. The waste of snow behind us was

marked only by the track of the sleigh, and even this the falling flakes were fast obliterating. There was no need of further disguise. I confess it was with horror that I saw my companion move, and cast from his head the hood and kerchief which had hidden it. A man's face was close to mine—the face I had seen on the steps of the bank—the face that had peered in at the livery stable window. In a moment more the cloak was cast off, and a hand of iron grasped my throat. I struggled in vain. I was powerless in the fellow's grasp. I could not use my weapons. I——

“‘Wake up!’ cried a voice in my ear. ‘Wake up! Here! I say! What is the matter?’

“I stared about me. Two hands were on my shoulders, but they were the hands of the man at the livery stable. I sat in his armchair before the fire. I had fallen asleep, and had a dream or a nightmare, consequent upon a paragraph I had been reading in the paper just before I dozed off; and I cannot say I was ever more pleased to be awakened.

“I shook myself, took my saddle-bags, jumped into the sleigh that awaited me, and reached home without adventure in time to pay the factory hands; but the dream has always remained in my memory as though it were a true incident.”

## THE TRAIN-BOY'S FORTUNE.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

### I.

“PAPERS! *Harper's Weekly!* *Bazaar!* All the monthly magazines!”

Jim Richards wished that he might have a dollar for every time he had repeated that cry. He was sure he had said it, during the three years he had been train-boy on the road between Philadelphia and New York, as many as fifty thousand times. Even ten cents each time would give him five thousand dollars. What could he not do with as much money as that? His mother should have a new dress, for one thing. He would give little Pete for his birthday the box of tin soldiers in the toy-shop window; and Lizzie, for hers, the doll on which her heart was set. Then they would all move into a new house somewhere in the country, instead of their wretched tenement in New York. Jim himself would give up his place as train-boy and go into the company's machine-shop, which he could not do now, because his earnings from the sale of the papers were pretty good, while the machine-shop wages would be for some time small. But these were dreams; the train was approaching Trenton, where Jim would find the New York evening papers, and he had still to go through the last car. It was Saturday evening, and he must make enough to buy his mother's Sunday dinner.

“Papers!” he cried, slamming the door after him, and beginning to lay them one by one in the laps of the passen-

gers. The first passenger was an old gentleman, and in his lap Jim laid a copy of a weekly paper.

"Take it away!" exclaimed the old man. "I don't want it."

Jim, in his hurry, had passed on without hearing.

"What! You won't, eh?" the old man went on, provoked by Jim's seeming inattention. "Then I'll get rid of it myself."

Crumpling it up into a ball, he turned around and threw it violently down the aisle, narrowly missing Jim's head, and landing it in the lap of an old lady on the opposite side.

"You won't lay any more papers in my lap, I reckon," he added, shaking his head threateningly as Jim came back.

Jim was angry. He picked up the paper and smoothed it out as well as he could, but it was hopelessly damaged, and no one would think of buying it.

"You'll have to pay me ten cents for that," he exclaimed.

The train was now slacking, and the old gentleman, who was evidently bound for Trenton, had risen from his seat.

"Not a cent," he declared; "not a single cent! You hadn't any business to put it in my lap. I told you not to, but you persisted in leaving it there. You train-boys are a nuisance. It'll be a lesson to you."

"But I'll have to pay for it myself," cried Jim.

"Serve you right. You'll have ten cents less to spend for cigarettes."

By this time the train had stopped, and the passengers were crowding out. The old man was already on the platform, and Jim was standing by the seat, angrily uncertain whether to follow him out or stay and pick up the few papers he had distributed before returning to the baggage-car. In his moment of uncertainty he happened to look down upon the floor. There in the shadow of the seat lay a long leather pocket-book. No one but the old gentleman could have dropped it. Jim stooped and picked it up. Here was a chance to pay off his venerable friend.

In another instant, though, a better impulse came to him.

"What would mother say?" he thought. He threw down

his papers, rushed to the door, jumped from the steps, and ran along the platform through the crowd in pursuit of the old man. In the confusion and darkness it was not easy to find anybody. Jim thought he saw him a little way ahead, but at the same moment the bell rang for the train to start. Should he follow the man or not? There must be time, he thought. In a moment more he had caught up with the person, but it was not his man at all. It was too bad, but he had done his best. He did not know that where he had failed two other persons—dark-looking men, whom he had noticed getting off the car—had succeeded, and were now following the old gentleman along the passage-way that leads up to the street.

Still uncertain what to do, Jim turned around, only to see the train moving off. It was but a few steps back to the track, and Jim ran with all his speed. But when he got there, the rear platform of the last car was a hundred yards away, and all that he could see was the red lantern winking at him, as it seemed, through the darkness.

The train had gone off with all his papers, including those which he had expected to sell between Trenton and New York. There would be no Sunday dinner to-morrow; indeed, Jim would be lucky if he were not discharged from his place.

For a moment Jim was bewildered. Then he bethought himself of the pocket-book. He would, at any rate, find out what was in that, only no one must see him do it.

So he walked down the track until he was quite out of sight, and by the light of a match carefully opened the leather flap. On the inside, in gilt letters, was the owner's name—John G. Vanderpoel, 14, Sycamore Street, Trenton. Jim had no excuse now for not returning it at once.

The sight of the name, though, brought back his anger.

"Old screw!" he said, half aloud. "I guess if he'd only known what was going to happen, he'd have paid me my ten cents. Let's see what's in it, anyhow."

The match had gone out, but Jim had another. Striking it, he looked into the pockets, one of which seemed to contain



something green. Jim pulled it out with a beating heart. Yes, it was money—a package of greenbacks—and the label on the outside, though Jim's hands shook so that he could hardly make it out, read, "\$5,000."

## II.

Not only was Jim ignorant that the old gentleman was being followed, but Mr. Vanderpoel did not know it himself. He walked out of the station with a firm, brisk step, his overcoat tightly buttoned over the place where he supposed his money to be, and congratulating himself that he had at length collected the debt which it represented.

It was not far to his house, which was in a side street, and occupied several lots of ground. A long path led up from the front gate, lined with shrubbery, and lighted only by the pale rays that gleamed from the front door. Alongside of the path stretched a little duck pond. It was a quiet, retired street, and when Mr. Vanderpoel turned into it, he left the crowd behind. He did not leave, however, the two men who had kept him in sight all the way from the station, and who now quickened their steps so that when he stopped at his gate they were not more than a few feet in the rear. Mr. Vanderpoel opened the gate and went in. The gate swung back on its hinges, and was held open by one of the men, while the other entered. Not hearing the latch click, Mr. Vanderpoel turned around, and was met face to face by the intruder.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded angrily.

For an answer the old gentleman's arms were promptly seized and pinioned behind his back, and he himself was laid at full length along the garden path.

"Keep still now," hissed a rough voice. "We ain't no idea o' hurtin' ye, but what we want is them five thousand dollars."

It was not the slightest use to struggle. One man held him fast while the other went through his pockets. Presently the first inquired of his partner,

"Where do you s'pose he's hid it?"

If it was the money they were speaking of, Mr. Vanderpoel knew perfectly well where he had hid it. It was, or ought to be, in the very pocket which this man was now searching—the breast-pocket of his overcoat—and he waited breathlessly for the man's answer.

"Don't know," growled the thief, after a moment. "'Tain't here."

Mr. Vanderpoel almost jumped. If it were not there, where could it be? He had certainly put it in that pocket. He was glad, of course, that the thieves could not find it, but that did not relieve his mind as to its safety. However, if it had already been stolen, or if he had lost it, he could afford to lie still and enjoy what promised to be a humorous situation. Indeed, he felt almost inclined to laugh; and the robbers themselves, it seemed, began to realise that they were the victims of a sell.

"'Tain't on him nowhere," gruffly remarked the one who had been making the search.

"Feel in his breeches pocket," suggested the other.

The man transferred his hand from the coat to the trousers without success. "'Tain't there, neither," he growled. "I don't believe he fetched it to-night."

"There's his shoes," observed the first man, who was evidently the more persevering of the two. "See if it ain't in them."

The other tore open the gaiters and dragged them off. The cold air struck Mr. Vanderpoel's stocking feet very unpleasantly, and filled him with dismal visions of rheumatism and gout; but he bore it bravely, and by a tremendous effort stopped a threatening sneeze.

"I tell yer he ain't got it," declared the first man. "We're left; that's what it is. What'll we do with the old chap?"

His partner scowled. "Chuck him into the pond."

He pitched into a pond at his time of life, and with his rheumatism! It would be the death of him. The prospect of a ducking loosened his tongue.

"Help! murder! thieves!"

At this moment the gate clicked. Both men heard the sound, and started for the shrubbery at the side of the path. Almost before the old gentleman was aware that they had gone, their retreating footsteps were echoing down the street.

Mr. Vanderpoel felt that he was saved. He would have risen to his feet but for the fact that his shoes were off. The person who had come in at the gate, and who was now standing before him, was a lad dressed, as it seemed to Mr. Vanderpoel's confused sight, in the District Telegraph uniform.

"Well, young man," he exclaimed, "I guess you've saved my life. Just help me on with my shoes? will you, and we'll go into the house."

It was some time before Jim could take in the situation, and he stood gazing at the old man without saying a word.

"What are you staring at?" cried Mr. Vanderpoel hotly. "Do you suppose I'm sitting here in my stockings for amusement? I've been knocked down and robbed—or I would have been robbed if some one else hadn't done it already. If anything could reconcile one to the thought of being robbed by one set of thieves, it would be that they left nothing for the next set. But I certainly believe they would have killed me if you hadn't come up. Easy, now"—as the boy drew the gaiter over the old man's knobby foot—"look out for that corn. Now the other one. There! never mind the buttons. Lend me your arm, will you? I'm lame and bruised where I fell. It was lucky I didn't hit my head. Well, I'm sorry I lost the money, but I'm mighty glad those fellows didn't get it."

"Was it much?" asked the boy briefly. They had now gone up the steps, and while Mr. Vanderpoel drew out his latch-key, were standing in the light that gleamed through the door. As Mr. Vanderpoel turned around, he recognised, as he had not done before, the boy's features.

"Hallo!" he cried, "you're that train-boy. Yes, it was a good deal. Do you know anything about it?"

Jim's face took on a non-committal look.

"Well," he said, "I found something in the cars. Perhaps you'd better identify it. Prove property, you know."

"Come in," said Mr. Vanderpoel, drawing Jim aside and closing the door. "Was it a pocket-book you found?"

Jim nodded.

"With money in it?" eagerly.

Jim nodded again.

"Five thousand dollars?" Mr. Vanderpoel whispered.

"I didn't count it," said Jim briefly. "There it is."

He handed over the book, which Mr. Vanderpoel seized and breathlessly opened. The money was in fifty-dollar bills, and did not take long to count. When counted it proved to be all right.

"Yes," said Mr. Vanderpoel, delightedly. "It's all there. It must have dropped out of my pocket when I threw that paper at you in the car. Served me right for making such a lunatic of myself! But what a sell!" rubbing his hands gleefully. "What a tremendous sell on those villains that they didn't get a penny of it! Now come into dinner"—leading the way through the hall—"and tell me all about yourself. You saved my life, and I'm going to do the correct thing."

And so the train-boy came into his fortune. In the end it amounted to a good deal more than \$5,000, for Mr. Vanderpoel's ideas of correctness turned out to be on a liberal scale. The family was brought to Trenton and put in a neat little cottage; Pete had all the tin soldiers that he could use, and Lizzie more dolls than she could possibly take care of; the mother got her dress, and Jim had his heart's desire, by being put, not in the company's machine-shop, but in a great deal better one, in which Mr. Vanderpoel was interested, and where Jim himself will no doubt one day be an owner. But better than all is the sense which Jim has of having fought against and overcome a great temptation. And this sense, I think, is the train-boy's fortune.

## TRAVELLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

### *MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.*

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

I NEVER saw such boys for stories in all my life ! If Tom comes to meet me at the station, he wants a story on the road home. If Dick opens the door to me, he almost expects one on the mat ; and if little Harry brings my breakfast to my bedroom in the morning, he really seems to think that the least that I can do is to tell him one even before I am half awake.

But what makes matters worse is, you're so particular about the stories. I never can tell you one that is long enough, not though we sit up long after we ought to be in bed ; and sometimes, after trying my hardest, all the reward I get is to be told that the story, which has cost me so much effort, is not half so good as some other one that I told some time before.

Well, I suppose it's not much use making excuses. I shall have to tell you one before you'll let me go, and the sooner I begin the sooner I shall finish ; but, mind you, it's only a short story to-night, boys, and only *one* from me, short though it may be.

It's all very well for you elder lads to run down from London by the ten o'clock express on Christmas Eve, and get home in time for supper. You couldn't do that when I was a boy. It was a two or three days' journey in the old time, and of all the days in the year, there were none into which so much bustle, excitement, unpleasantness, and danger



were crowded, as in those two or three days of Christmas journeying.

As you may imagine, boys, journeys like that cost money, and you can easily understand that it was not every Christmas that I could manage it; but I well remember one particular Christmas when I made up my mind to face the dangers and difficulties of the long journey, for the sake of seeing the old folks whom I had not visited for three years previously.

We started from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill (since made famous by the visit of Nicholas Nickleby and the patronage of Mr. Wackford Squeers), at six o'clock on the morning of December the 22nd, 18—. The weather was sharp and frosty, though as yet London had not been visited by the snow, and the coach was full to overflowing with as jolly a set of passengers as one could wish to travel with.

I must not stay to describe the company, however, though it included some very interesting specimens of humanity, nor must I linger over the earlier stages of the journey, though they too were full of interest. The coachman bore a striking resemblance to the elder Mr. Weller, and if the old gentleman on the box seat was not Mr. Pickwick's father, then he must have been some other relative farther removed. Of course as the day wore on, we became more accustomed to each other's society, and therefore more communicative; and when we stopped for the night at a well-known hostelry at the roadside, we were all on the best of terms with each other.

Among the passengers were two who particularly attracted my attention. The one was a fair girl, of some eighteen years of age, and the other a young man, who appeared to be her brother, and who was a few years her senior. They were inside passengers, and, as I was not able to afford more than an outside seat, I did not notice them until we stopped for the night.

Some of our company had often travelled the road before, and ere we retired to rest that night, we had many stories of travel and adventure, which were, of course, all true. Full of ideas of highwaymen, of whom these stories were told, we

started early the next morning, and as our road lay through one of the loneliest parts of the country, our ideas developed as we proceeded.

Well, boys, you all know that December days are not of the longest, but this particular day seemed to get dark quicker than any day I have ever known before or since. Whether it was imagination or not I cannot say, but every tree we came to looked like a giant stretching out his arms to clutch at us ; every moan of the wind sounded like the cry of a despairing damsel in the dungeon of some ogre's castle. Of course, we didn't believe in ghosts, but we were afraid of them, none the less ; and after awhile the feeling of awe became so general that one by one we left off talking, and thought the more.

After travelling in silence some distance, watching the arms of the great trees grow longer, and come nearer to us, and hearing the damsel's cries from the ogre's dungeon grow more pitiful and clear, we were all frightened out of our five senses by hearing a most unmistakable shout in the rear of the coach, and catching the sound of horses' hoofs in hot pursuit. Here were the highwaymen, sure enough ! The ladies began to faint, the gentlemen to prime their pistols and to look very brave. The driver lashed the horses, and they galloped wildly forward, as though they knew there was danger in the rear.

As I sat on the back seat, I confess I did not relish the situation ; and more than once I felt inclined to ask the driver if I should drive a bit, and give him a rest. But do what we might, there could be no doubt but that we were being pursued, and that our pursuers were gaining on us. With an eagerness which may be easily imagined, we listened to every sound ; but before we had travelled much farther, to our intense satisfaction the sound suddenly ceased, as though our pursuers had given up the chase.

What gave us such intense satisfaction, however, really gave our guard and coachman additional cause for alarm. They said nothing to the lady-passengers ; but they gave us to understand that the road at the spot we were now traversing made a wide sweep round, and the highwaymen, who

knew the country well, had probably turned across the country to meet us further on. It was now a case of who could reach the meeting-point first, for if we could clear that we were certainly safe for the remainder of the stage.

Well, we drove our hardest, and peered into the darkness with eyes quickened by excitement. All doubt, however, was soon at an end. As we approached the point, for which our pursuers had taken the direct course, we found a farmer's waggon placed across the road, and we were forced to stop to avoid collision. A number of horsemen, however, speedily surrounded the coach, and we learned, to our sorrow and relief, that they were not highwaymen at all. Indeed, instead of being law-breakers, they were really armed with the authority of the law, which they immediately proceeded to act upon, by searching the coach.

The fact is, we had got a Jonah on board, and that was why we had been troubled. The young couple I have referred to before, were running off to Gretna Green, and it was the lady's friends who had pursued and caught us.

## CARBO : HIS STORY.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

ONE raw, disagreeable night last spring I was set down by a local train at a little junction on a Western railroad to wait for the eastward-bound express. The station house was a little place lighted by an oil lamp which gave out a choking smell, and heated by a big stove that devoured every breath of fresh air that found its way into the close room.

Turning away from it, I began pacing the platform in order to keep warm, and had passed an engine that was taking a rest on a side track, but panting heavily all the time, when, as I came back, I thought I saw a queer little face at the window of the cab. I stopped, and the queer little face again showed itself. It was, without doubt, a monkey. As I stopped and made signs to him he began to chatter and to rap on the glass with his fingers, and the next moment the engineer's face appeared above his.

"You have a strange passenger there," said I.

"Well, yes, p'r'aps so," replied the engineer, and he picked up a lighted lantern and threw the light upon my face. "Yes, it may seem queer to strangers," he went on ; "but it's natural to me now. We've travelled many a hundred miles together Eh, Carbo?" addressing his companion.

"I think there must be a story connected with that monkey," I said. "Would you mind telling it to me if there is?"

"Are you waiting for the express?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, come up into the cab. It's warm in here. Carbo, you selfish rascal, give up that seat to the stranger. There, there, I know you're fond of me," he added, "but you needn't keep on kissing me.

"Well, sir, it's wonderful the intelligence of these monkeys. When I first knew Carbo he was in the coal business, and that's why I call him Carbo. Yes, you may laugh, but it's a fact. He had a coal-yard right at the station at K——, a little junction where every train but two expresses a day has to stop. He wasn't the proprietor of that yard. He was a salaried *employé*, like what merchants call a 'buyer.' He bought the coal, and the chap that owned the yard sold it again at a big profit—at least, I reckon he must have sold some of it."

"And pray what sort of money did Carbo pay for it?" I asked.

"Antics, sir," replied the engineer, disengaging Carbo's fingers from his beard, which the attentive little fellow was carefully combing, "antics, sir, and pranks. This was the how of it: Carbo lived, as I say, with a man that owned a little house and yard right where the engines mostly stopped at K—— Junction. Coal was dear that winter, and so this man lighted on a dodge to make Carbo keep him in coal free of all expense.

"He set up a pole, in the middle of his yard, twenty feet high, and on the top of it he set a little platform with a little roof over it, and on that platform he tied this here monkey. Well, sir, that man knew human nature well, for he reckoned that not an engine would stop there but the engineer and his mate would have a shot with a chunk of coal at that chattering monkey on the pole, and every chunk would fall into his yard. And I guess the old man—he wasn't so old either, but he was a dry kind of a chap as always had a sly grin on his face, as if he was chuckling at the way we boys slung good coal into his yard—he reckoned about right. Many's the time when I've chucked half-a-dozen lumps of coal at this little chap, never thinking how I was a-feeding the old man's stove with the company's coal. I reckon Carbo must have made as much



as two hundredweight of coal a week. It seems a heap to give away, but, bless you! I never guessed that any other engineer but me ever threw coal at that monkey. But I thought a good deal of it afterward, and I made up my mind that every one of 'em did, and their mates too—such is human nature. Not that we wanted to hurt the little beast, but he *was* such a good mark; though I never heard that any one ever hit him, he was so quick."

"Well, sir," I said, as the engineer paused to light his pipe, "that is the best true monkey story I've heard yet, and I reckon it *is* true. But how did you come to get him? I should think he would have been too valuable to be parted with."

"There's a story to that, too, Colonel," he replied. "It was a year ago, just about this time, that the family that Carbo lived with got burned out one windy night. P'r'aps they'd been using coal too free, seeing as they came by it so easy. Anyway, I came up one morning on my engine, and there the little house and the cow-shed and the little corn-crib was all a heap of smoking ashes. It had caught fire in the night, and burned down in twenty minutes, so the neighbours said. The poor old man was so badly burned trying to get his cow out of the shed that he died inside of two days; and his wife and daughters escaped in their night clothes, but that was all they had. The neighbours took them in, but everything they owned, except a few acres of run-down land, was burned up.

"Of course it got talked of along the line, and by-and-by it came out that every engineer and fireman as come along had chucked chunks of coal at that monkey on his pole. Well, the agent at K—— was a kind-hearted chap, and no fool either, and he thought he'd get up a benefit to help the poor old woman. So he had a handbill printed, telling how the family had been burned out, and the old man killed, and how that all they had left was a pet monkey. Then it went on to say that the monkey would be raffled for at two dollars a share, and called on every engineer and fireman who had thrown the company's coal at the monkey to take a share for the benefit of the widow and orphans.

"Well, sir, that handbill was circulated all along the line, and the boys came to think how they'd been throwing away the company's coal (for the neighbours told the whole story when the old man was dead), and they felt mean. Then the company refused to take any shares when it was brought to their notice, so the boys thought they'd make it right with their consciences by buying a share with what they owed the company for coal they'd thrown at the monkey.

"And so, as every train came up after pay-day, the boys handed in two dollars apiece without a growl, and some of us took two shares apiece. Then the handbill had got into the cars, and some of the passengers who read the story bought shares; and so, when it came to be totalled up, the value of this little chap here was found to be five hundred dollars, all paid up.

"Well, sir, we appointed a committee to conduct the raffle, and one night I got a despatch from Perkins, the station agent at K——, saying: 'Monkey is yours. Will you take twenty dollars for him?' I wired back: 'No, nor two hundred. Keep him till I come up with No. 12.' So next day I got him. You see, I'd been thinking a deal about this monkey, and now I'd won him I thought he'd keep me in luck. Well, I've had him nigh on to a year now, and I wouldn't part with him for as much money as he brought the widow."

"I don't wonder at that," I said; "and he seems very fond of you, too. But what became of the widow and orphans?"

"Oh, she's done finely. She bought out a small grocery, and she's got so well known, owing to her misfortune, that all the folks come to trade with her. I drop in on her sometimes when I have to lay over for an hour or two, and she always asks after Jocko, as she calls him; but it's such a common monkey name that I called him Carbo, which means something; and then she mostly cries a little, thinking of the old man. I don't know as she thinks Carbo brought her much luck altogether, but he kept the family in coal for a whole winter—no one would ever have thought of throwing at a dog,

even on the top of a pole—and he brought five hundred dollars that saved 'em from the poor-house.

“But here's the express signalled, so I reckon you'd better get down. I've told that story a hundred times, I reckon, and I'm 'most tired of telling it; but I saw you was a stranger in these parts, so I didn't mind telling it to you. Good-night to you, sir, and a pleasant journey!”

OUT WEST.



OUT WEST.



# OUT WEST.

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## TRADING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

*A TALE OF THE NORTH-WEST.*

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

JORGENSEN, can you bring me down, on your next trip, a piece of pipe-stone big enough for the top to a centre-table?"

This request, which looks and sounds plain and innocent enough, was addressed, some twenty years ago, by a St. Louis merchant to a Danish fur-buyer, with whom he dealt, buying of him, every few months, a boat-load of peltries, brought down from the Upper Missouri country.

The Dane, Odolph Jorgensen, a short, thick-set, blue-eyed fellow, wearing a fierce, stiff moustache, stood in front of the merchant's counter, stowing in his wallet the drafts just received for the last boat-load of furs.

He looked up at the questioner with a shrewd twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Yaas, for two tousand dollars," he answered laconically.

The merchant stared.

"Why, man, it ain't such a fearful undertaking!" he put in, with a good deal of astonishment.

"Yaas," said the Dane. "It's vort that, efray saint."

"All right!" returned the merchant—he was wealthy; "I'll

give you two thousand dollars for a piece of pipe-stone, regular in shape, three feet by five, and two inches thick or more."

"I pring ut down een Nofaimber," answered Jorgensen, and that ended the conversation.

Odolph knew that he would risk much, his life even, in executing such a commission, but he had grown hardy in five years of fur-buying in the Indian country. Yet if he could have known all the danger involved in entering upon the "Neutral Ground," and carrying off a block of the sacred pipe-stone, he probably would not have taken the risk.

As it was, he was determined to go about it at once, and in the only way he approved of doing business—an honourable one. He had no right to take even a pebble from the sacred ground of the Indians without their consent, and that could only be obtained at a heavy cost, and at no small danger of treachery.

Nevertheless, he put his barge in tow of a steamer—he shipped his peltries down in a flat-boat on his own account—and with his assistant, Hans Obermann, boarded his boat and went up the river to Yankton, his headquarters; and from there, leaving Hans in charge of his affairs, he took a horse and rode straight for Yankton Agency, some sixty miles farther up the river.

On arriving, he went to the tepé of a Yanktonais chief, whom he knew, and who could speak English brokenly, and, after much preliminary talk, told the Indian what he wanted, and offered the chief one hundred dollars to go with him to the pipe-stone country, and help him get a block of stone.

The chief listened in sullen surprise at first—they are all extremely jealous of allowing white men access to the pipe-stone quarries, even as visitors—but at length the promise of so great a sum of money began to have its effect, and he finally agreed that if "Odolph"—as Jorgensen was known to him—would give him one hundred dollars, the pony he had ridden up there, two new blankets and five pounds of tobacco, and would keep the matter perfectly secret, he, the chief, would go and help him get the pipe-stone.

After much higgling, Jorgensen agreed, and the chief, Niché Kotonka (Bad Buffalo), mounting one of his ponies, after a consultation with some of his "bucks," set out with the Dane on the return trip to Yankton. From this point Jorgensen, accompanied by Obermann and Bad Buffalo, who joined them two miles out on his pony, drove north in his waggon to the Pipe-Stone Region. They reached Pipe-Stone Creek, at the foot of the quarries, one beautiful evening just before sunset.

After breakfast the next morning they hitched their horses to the waggon, and the Yankton led the way to a quarry where the stone, in thin strata, cropped out on the side of a shallow ravine.

The stone was found easy of access at the quarry to which Bad Buffalo led them, and with the help of a sledge hammer and crow-bar, Odolph and Hans soon succeeded in breaking into proper shape and dimensions a fine block of mottled stone, varying in colour from light pink to the deepest ruby red. The most common colour is a dark red, or nearly "liver colour."

The Indian then demanded and received the one hundred dollars, which Jorgensen had agreed to pay him before starting upon the return. The other property was to be turned over at Yankton. After this had been done, they set out upon the way back. The chief, by agreement, was to accompany them all the way, as a safeguard, should any party of Sioux accidentally discover their trail and the object of their trip, or come upon them with any hostile intent—something which any white traveller might expect in those regions at that time.

That night they camped on the east bank of the Big Sioux, at the crossing, or ford, of an old military trail, one they had followed for some distance in coming out of Yankton. The next morning, when Odolph and Hans awoke, the chief was gone. Odolph had left him on guard at two o'clock—they had kept guard by relief—and the rascal had stolen out to his pony, mounted, and ridden away. He had taken nothing, however, not belonging to him, having refrained, probably, with the

hope of leaving behind an impression of honesty and fair dealing.

Jorgensen suspected treachery immediately. He remembered with alarm the consultation with the braves at the Agency, of which he—and the chief knew it—understood not a word, also the strict injunction of secrecy which Bad Buffalo had laid upon him, and the now doubly alarming and significant fact that the chief had not entered the town of Yankton at all, but had contrived to join Hans and himself the next morning upon the prairie, where there would be no witnesses.

"We must put that stone in the river," said Odolph, "and get out of this country by some other way than we came, and we must do it soon."

Hans was badly frightened, but he obeyed commands with his usual sturdy faithfulness, and in a short time the two had crossed the river in their waggon, having dumped out the precious stone into four feet of water, and were driving hurriedly down the valley on the west side. They pushed on in this way for several hours along the valley and across the points of numerous bluffs that pushed out into it, and then halted in the mouth of a deep ravine, where they determined to lie in wait until dark, and then drive straight—or as straight as possible—across the prairie for Yankton.

Odolph reasoned that if they could reach that point without being seen by Indians—for he firmly believed that a party of Bad Buffalo's bucks were lying in wait for them along the military road—the chief would conclude that he had dodged them and got safe through with the pipe-stone, and they could very safely go back in time and get it. On the other hand, if, as was more than likely, they were caught, the rascals could have no cause for picking a quarrel.

After halting in the ravine, the Danes picketed their horses upon the side hill, ate a cold lunch of raw bacon and crackers, and then threw themselves upon the grass, with their carbines beside them, to await the coming of night or whatever of adventure the afternoon might bring them.

They had lain an hour or two, and Odolph was stretched

upon his back with half-closed eyes, when Hans suddenly sprang up and exclaimed in frightened tones: "*Odolph! De komme at dræbe os!*" (They are coming to kill us.)

Odolph sprang to his feet in time to see appear upon the ridge the last one of a squad of Indian horsemen who had come over the northern bluff and were ambling down toward them.

"Those fellows mean mischief, Hans, sure enough," said Jorgensen, speaking in their native tongue. "Stand back here away from the waggon, a little behind me, and do as you see me do;" and throwing his carbine carelessly across his left arm, the fur-buyer awaited the Indians' approach with all the careless assurance he could assume.

As the squad drew near, Odolph and his frightened companion saw that the faces of all of them were hideously bedaubed with glaring paints, green, black, yellow, and vermilion.

They were scattered out in single file before reaching the bottom of the ravine, and the leader—a chief if Odolph could judge from his toggery—rode directly to the waggon, without so much as deigning to notice the white men, leaned forward upon his pony's neck, and peered scowlingly into the box.

He looked earnestly for a moment, and then, uttering an angry grunt, glowered savagely at Odolph, who looked him shrewdly and keenly in the eyes, and said "How!" as pleasantly as he could.

But the Indian was in a bad humour, and without replying to this civil salute, he turned to several of his repulsive-looking bucks, who had now ridden up, and gave a few guttural words of command.

A half dozen or more of them instantly sprang from their ponies, and giving the lariats in charge of others, speedily pulled the blankets, "grub-box," and other contents out of the waggon, gave the blankets to the chief—there were only two rolled together in a bundle—then, with their hatchets, they fell upon the waggon-box, and began hacking it in pieces. While they were doing this two of the mounted Indians rode



out, pulled the picket-pins, and led Odolph's horses away up the ravine.

Jorgensen and his man stood looking helplessly on, well knowing, in fact, that they must do nothing else if they would save their lives.

The angry Indians soon demolished the waggon, chopping the "reach" in the centre and piling the wheels and fragments of the box in a heap together. They then scratched matches, of which they seemed to have a good supply, and lighted splinters in several places at the bottom, and in a few moments the whole heap was enveloped in flames. They stood back and laughed as the blaze crackled about the wreck, and maliciously eyed the two Danes as though they wished they might dare to fling them also into the burning mass.

However, they made no hostile demonstration then, owing no doubt to the fact that the two white men stood with the muzzles of their carbines pointed toward them; but after making sure the fire had made too great headway to be put out, the dismounted ones got on their ponies and the whole party rode off up the ravine.

"Now," said Odolph, as the last Sioux disappeared over the summit, "we must run for it, Hans. We must make the river and get across at once, or we'll never get out of this hollow alive."

The river was not more than two hundred yards distant, but even as they reached the bank they heard the clatter of horse-hoofs upon the bluff above. Looking back, Odolph saw that the whole troop were riding along the ridge at a headlong gallop, and evidently making ready to fire upon them.

"Into the river, Hans!" he shouted, and they plunged in. The bank was sloping, and there was no shelter unless they could reach the timber which grew upon the other side.

The water came up to their armpits, and, holding their carbines above their heads, they pushed through the current at a rate that made it boil behind them.

They had not more than reached the middle when the Indians drew up on the crest of the bluff above, and began

firing down upon them. The bullets pattered "chook! chook!" close about their shoulders.

"Down, Hans! down to your nose!" shouted the ready-witted fur-buyer, and sinking down until only the tops of their heads and the muzzles of their carbines protruded above the surface, the imperilled Danes scuttled through the water like hunted deer.

The moving heads presented small marks at that distance, and some of the Indians dismounted and came bounding down the steep side of the bluff to get a close shot as the white men came up on the opposite bank.

But Odolph understood this game also, and heading down stream—he was in the lead, for Hans faithfully followed in every move—he made for a big fallen tree that leaned out from the bank and had formed a sort of boom for the lodgment of a mass of drift-stuff. Behind that they would be safe.

The Indians saw this move, and with yells of disappointment halted, fired a few ineffective shots, and then hustled back to get out of range of the carbines, which they well knew were loaded with waterproof cartridges, and would be turned upon them in a moment from behind the drift. The whole party then hurriedly withdrew out of sight.

Odolph and Hans, who had both reached the shelter of the drift, now crawled up the bank and walked out among the trees to where they could safely pull off their dripping clothes and wring the water from them. Here they stayed, on the watch, until dark, when, having seen no signs of the Indians prowling about, they set out in the direction of a Norse settlement, which they knew to have been made some twenty-four miles to the south-east, near the head of the Floyd River.

They reached the sod-shanty of a Norwegian just after daylight the next morning, and were hospitably received. They related their adventure, and a few days afterwards, securing the services of an ox-team and two of the settlers to go with them, they made a second and successful journey after the pipe-stone.

It was brought back to the settlement and subsequently

taken to Sioux City, and shipped to St. Louis on the first downward-bound steamer.

It is needless to say that Niché Kotonka never put in an appearance at Yankton, and in fact, though Odolph had occasion several times afterward to pass through the Agency, he never could succeed in getting a sight of the treacherous chief.

The pipe-stone was received by the St. Louis merchant and paid for. It made a beautiful table-top, and yet remains in possession of the family. It is greatly admired by guests, not only for the exquisite polish of its mottled surface, but also as a witness of the Danish fur-buyer's determined fulfilment of a perilous contract.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY EDWARD B. HEATON.

THE day that the stockade which surrounded Fort Reno was commenced was intensely warm. The plateau on which the fort was being built reflected the heat with increased fervour. The general upon whose staff I was serving was personally supervising the work. After seeing the men commence the trench for the palisades we mounted our horses to return to our camp among the umbrageous cotton-woods upon the further bank of the river. I myself felt very anxious to return to their refreshing coolness. Besides, it was well on towards dinner-time, and I had made but a scanty breakfast. Youth always anticipates without the landlord. It was so in the present instance. Fate had cooked but two meals for me that day. Just as I was counting my troops "by fours" the general said to me—

"I am anxious to discover good building-stone sufficiently close to the fort to be of use in its construction. You will, therefore, ride out to the hills yonder and examine their composition. They appear through the glasses as if covered with boulders."

The general was not a man to be moved by any consideration of my appetite, so, saluting, I turned the troops over to a sergeant and, turning my face toward the hills, started on a tour of investigation.

Our camp had been located in the vicinity for more than a week. No fresh sign of hostile savages had been reported by any of our scouting parties, which were constantly on the go.

I had, therefore, no apprehension of danger on that score. I accordingly set out for the hills alone. Three miles was the apparent distance to the particular hill indicated by the general. Distance certainly enchanted here, for I found it to be fully four miles. Shortly after leaving the site of the fort the country became cut up by ravines running at right angles to the river. This made the trip somewhat tedious, coupled with the fact that my horse, a large and noble animal, was very unwilling to leave his companions. Free as he generally was, he now required a liberal application of the spur. About three-quarters of a mile from the fort I found a very good quarry of hard stone. I broke off a small piece and put it in one of the saddle-pockets to show the general.

Remounting, I continued my way. I was well armed. In my holsters I had a pair of heavy Smith and Wesson revolvers. Slung at my side was a Spencer carbine. I had nineteen shots without loading. So far as shooting was concerned I was fairly well off. I may say, too, without conceit, that I bore the reputation of being a very fair marksman. My vest, hip, and inside jacket-pockets held a small arsenal of cartridges.

I reached the foot of the hill, and found it strewed with large fragments of soft sandstone of poor quality, utterly unfit for building purposes. I determined, however, upon going to the top. As the ascent was steep I dismounted and led my horse. When near the summit I broke off a small fragment or two for samples, and stowed them with the piece from the first ledge. While thus occupied my attention was attracted by a noise on the opposite side of the ridge. I sprang forward a few steps, for in those tremendous solitudes whenever a commotion occurs there is a living cause. Judge of my astonishment, on looking down the other slope, at beholding a party of seven Indians approaching, leading their ponies, with the evident intention of surprising me and of appropriating the hair upon the top of my head to savage uses. As this did not come within the letter of my instructions I mounted "in hot haste" and galloped down the hill at a break-neck rate. To say that I was scared is a faint way of expressing my feelings. I had scarcely reached



the foot of the declivity ere the "poor Indians" crowned the summit, and, yelling a blood-curdling war-whoop, dashed after me.

"How Coly! How Coly! Stop you!" one insulting red-skin cried.

As my name was not Coly, and as such ungentlemanly language would only have led to a personal and much-mixed altercation, I continued my well-begun way. The noises made by the others sounded a great deal like "Hoe-o-o-o-ooo-aah," mixed in with forty little demi-semi-quavers. There was not much music, however, to it, if my judgment was worth anything. I had listened to scores that I thought more musical.

As I galloped up the opposite acclivity I turned in my saddle and scanned my pursuers. As I said, there were seven of them, and when I found that they were not disposed to close on me, to press matters, as it were, I gathered myself together and unslung my carbine.

One thing I observed in that first backward glance, and that was the bright heads of a dozen lances beyond the summit. A reserve, thinks I to myself. I was not disposed to reconnoitre, however. It remained with themselves to come forward and report. They were not on my roll.

My horse was very anxious to reach camp. He needed, therefore, but little urging, though I fear he felt the spur more frequently than he would have done had it not been for my ungracious company. Up hill and down hill, over bank and over sand, we tore like bison tormented by gnats. My Indians drew alarmingly close, and I levelled my carbine. Six of my dusky feathered and cinctured red men were armed with only lances, bows, and arrows. This was a happy thing for me. The seventh was in possession of a Galligher carbine, with which he occasionally let drive at me. To this fellow I now gave my undivided attention. He was mounted on a superb spotted pony, which appeared to be under perfect control. I fired. The "ping" of the bullet made the scoundrel duck his head.

"How Coly!" said he, and blazed at me in return.

Fortunately I did not hear the bullet. Again I let drive, this time with effect. The pony fell headlong with a smashed shoulder-blade, and the rascal who called me Coly flew over his head, kicking up a cloud of dust in his mad career. It subsequently appeared that the same bullet had not only killed the pony but slightly wounded the warrior in his knee. I had the mournful satisfaction that night of seeing that portion of the top of his head where the hair did grow. I say mournful satisfaction, for, I thought then, and think now, that upright dealing would have prevented the war with them.

Scarcely had the above satisfactory incident occurred when my horse gave a tremendous leap forward, nearly unseating me. At the same moment I heard a derisive yell, indicating the quarter from whence the stimulus came! Turning in the saddle I discovered an arrow sticking into my steed in the upper part of his thigh. Had the savage been a little closer he would have crippled my faithful horse, and it is doubtful whether I should have been spared to write this narrative. Reaching back I extracted the arrow, and then raised my Spencer at the Sioux archer. As quick as a flash he dodged on the opposite side of his pony. I could just see one foot on his back, one arm over his shoulder, and the painted countenance glaring under his neck.

"That trick might do in a circus," thought I. "But you want something more solid than a pony between Spencer slugs and your painted chin."

I fired, aiming a little in advance of the pony. Accidentally the shot had remarkable success. The warrior dropped to the ground like a stone. However, it turned out that his cheeks were the only part harmed, but they were severely lacerated. The pony, however, to my infinite satisfaction, continued after my horse, and, checking my speed, I soon had hold of his lariat. I bought the pony afterwards of the quarter-master for two dollars and fifty cents.

The remaining five savages were not within bow range, and, seeing their two friends out of the fight, relinquished the pursuit.

Half an hour had sufficed for the whole affair. However, I kept on at the same round pace until I arrived at the camp. The first detachment reached was a company of friendly Pawnees under the command of Major North, a famous Scout. The first man I met was a friend of mine, Tuck-oo-wa-ter-oo.

"Sioux!" said I.

"Sioux!" yelled he.

"Sioux! Sioux! Sioux-oo-oo,oo!" resounded simultaneously from every *hut d'arbre* of the band.

In less time than it takes to relate it, half-naked, armed, and mounted Pawnees were streaming back on my trail, yelling like certain creatures spoken of by one Sir Walter Scott in a poem called the "Lady of the Lake."

"Where did you get that pony?" said Major North, who was not so easily excited as his tawny braves.

"Captured him from the Sioux between this and yon hill."

"What?" said the Major, untying his horse from a cotton-wood.

Just then the general walked up.

"What is all this uproar about?" asked he. "You've been riding hard to wet your horse so."

"Had to ride hard, general, to save my scalp," said I.

"Do you mean Indians, eh?" said the general, becoming excited in his turn. "Where's your men?" continued he to Major North.

"On the lieutenant's trail," replied the major, as he galloped after his naked soldiers.

"Don't come back without their scalps!" shouted the general.

"Ay, ay," replied North, without turning his face.

The next moment he was enveloped in the dust made by the hoofs of the pursuing squadron.

I related the adventure to the general. He listened attentively, asking but an occasional question. When I concluded he said—

"There are not more than fifty of them. North and his Pawnees can manage that number. I shall not send any more troops."

The event proved the general correct in his conclusion. The Sioux numbered thirty warriors and one squaw. North at first followed cautiously and fell so far behind on the trail that the Sioux concluded that he had relinquished the pursuit.

About midnight the Sioux encamped. Before sunrise North and his hundred tawny savages silently surrounded their place of repose. As the first rays of the sun illuminated the ragged summits of Powder-river Buttes the Pawnees awakened their hereditary foes by playing a *réveille* on the triggers of a hundred carbines. The surprise was complete. Not a soul was spared. Warriors and squaw, all shared the same fate.

At the middle of the next forenoon we observed a column of smoke shoot up at some distance down the river.

"That's North," said old Bridger, our guide.

The two medicine men whom the Pawnees had left in charge of their camp declared it was a sign of success.

After a while we heard a scalp-song of the returning braves, at first but faintly, then swelling in startling tones of indescribable wildness. There was no civilisation in its echoes. It was weird and uncanny.

Presently the head of the dusky column rounded the bluff which shut in the lower end of the camp. At intervals in the line were the warriors who possessed the scalps. These were suspended on long sticks and held aloft. My friend, 'Tuck-oo-wa-ter-oo, had three on his stick. As he rode by me he grinned a terribly conceited and wicked expression. He evidently considered himself a very "big Indian."

As they entered the camp the song swelled to a terrible yell of triumph and then suddenly ceased. Major North hastened to the tent of the adjutant, where I was soon busy writing his official report.

All that night the Pawnees held high carnival in the shape of a scalp dance. The head-quarters looked on for awhile. For my part, however, I soon tired of the savage spectacle, and returned to my tent and to sleep. But at intervals all through the night I was awakened by the drum, drum, drumming, and yell, yell, yelling of the victorious and exulting Pawnees.

## PAWNEE JOE.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

### I.

DICK COOPER'S father would not let him go to spend a week in Boston; in consequence of which Dick was sullen and discontented.

"There's nothing to do in this dead-and-alive place," he muttered, as he leaned over the front gate and slung a stone at a passing dog. "When I get to be twenty-one I'll clear out pretty quick. There's the Pawnee, now," as a dark-complexioned boy came up the road toward the house; "I'm tired of him and his Indian airs. Well, what do you want?" he asked rudely, as the other stopped at the gate.

The boy, who was a tall, handsome fellow, in spite of his high cheek-bones and copper skin, flushed.

"Want to get in," he said simply.

"Well, get in," said Dick, still blocking up the way.

The Indian's face darkened. He hesitated for a moment; then, placing one hand on the paling, lightly vaulted over it, brushing Dick's shoulder as he went by. Dick was ready on his part to pick a quarrel at the slightest offence.

"Look here!" he cried, turning quickly around, "did you mean to hit me?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't make fool, Dick," he said.

Dick's face grew red with passion.

"Don't call me Dick, you Indian beggar!" he cried, bringing



his open hand against the Pawnee's cheek. "If my father won't teach you your place, I will."

The Pawnee's eyes flashed; he drew back his arm, and in another moment the blow would have been returned, had not Mr. Cooper suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"Fighting again!" he exclaimed, in a tone of annoyance. "Education don't seem to do much for you, Joe. I guess I'll have to let you go back to Carlisle. But if Joe don't know any better," turning to his son, "you should; you weren't brought up in a wigwam."

Dick scowled. "Might as well have been," he muttered, "as in Stonefield."

"Well," said Mr. Cooper sternly, "you've got to stay here, that's all. Go up to the house now, and don't let me hear anything more from you. Joe, you come to the barn, and I'll see if I can't find work enough to keep you from quarrelling."

The Pawnee frowned darkly, but followed Mr. Cooper without speaking; while Dick walked slowly and sullenly up to the house, kicking the snow before him as he went. As he entered the kitchen he met his little brother Harry coming out.

"Where's Joe?" the child asked eagerly.

Dick brushed him aside. "How do I know where Joe is?" he exclaimed crossly. "I don't take care of him."

"I thought you might have seen him," said the little boy timidly.

"What if I did?" demanded Dick. "All you think of is Joe; he'll be scalping you some of these days."

Harry's lip quivered. "Joe wouldn't do such a thing," he cried indignantly. "He's a good deal nicer than you are, Dick."

"Well, go to him, then," cried Dick angrily. "If you are so fond of him, go back with him to his tribe and be an Indian yourself."

Harry looked reproachfully at his brother, while the tears filled his great black eyes. "I don't want to be an Indian,"

half sobbed. "Only Joe's kind to me, and you ain't."

"Better go to him, then," was Dick's only response, as he went out of the room and slammed the door. Left to himself, Harry concluded to take Dick's advice, even though it was unkindly meant, and find consolation in the society of his Indian friend. Most likely Joe was at the barn; so, putting on his woollen muffler, Harry turned his little feet in that direction.

It was now a year since Joe had come from the Pawnee reservation in the Far West to be a student at the Carlisle training-school. At the beginning of the summer vacation he had been sent to Mr. Cooper's farm in Stonefield, and, though the vacation was long since over and the winter holidays had come, he was still remaining at the farm. He was steady and industrious, and proved as useful a help as Mr. Cooper ever had had; but he did not get along with Dick. The boys were too much alike in their quick, passionate natures to pull together; though the Indian knew how to control himself better than the white boy, and Dick did not hesitate to take an unfair advantage of his own superior position, of which Mr. Cooper did not always know. It was clear, however, that, if Dick stayed home from boarding-school, Joe must go back to Carlisle. The farm, though it covered a hundred acres, was not large enough for both.

Little Harry, however, was the Pawnee's firm friend. No one knew so much about the birds as Joe; or could make such alluring snares and traps for the rabbits, woodchucks, and squirrels; or shoot at a mark with such steadiness of hand or directness of aim; or tell in such fascinating broken English such wonderful stories of Indian life. Joe, too, in his quiet reserved way, seemed to return the affection; and Mr. Cooper, though he could never rid himself of a lingering distrust as to Joe's disposition, made no objection to Harry's spending hours in his company. On this particular afternoon the little boy found his friend at the barn with Mr. Cooper, harnessing one of the horses into the cutter.

"Is Joe going to be busy this afternoon, papa?" he asked.

Mr. Cooper had got in the sleigh and taken the lines.

"Yes," he said, "Joe is going to take Dobbin with the sleigh up the mountain and bring down a load of wood."

"Oh, papa!" the child cried, "can't I go too? I can help load up, you know."

The father hesitated. Harry had been off with Joe fifty times before—there was no reason why he should not go this afternoon.

"Yes," he said at length, "you can go. Get back before dark, Joe. We'll have some more snow, I guess, by sundown. It's half-past two now," he added, looking at his watch. "I'll be home myself by six."

He drew the robe tight around him, gave the word to the horse, and started off. The sky was dark and threatening, and the air was keen. Dick's quarrel with the Indian had vexed him, and the recollection of Joe's dark and sullen face made him wish more and more, as he drove on, that he had directed Harry to stay at home. Joe should go away next Monday; that, at any rate, he had determined upon.

During the entire drive his mind was filled with these disturbing thoughts, and when at length, a little before six o'clock, he turned in at his own gate, it was with a mingled sense of relief and dread. Driving directly to the barn, he called through the dark for Joe. There was no answer; and when he opened the barn door the wood-sled was absent, and Dobbin was missing from his stall. Mr. Cooper tied up his horse, shut the doors, and went quickly up to the house. His wife met him at the door.

"Where's Harry?" she asked. "Didn't he go with you?"

Mr. Cooper frowned.

"Why, no!" he said. "He went to the wood-lot with Joe. Haven't they got back yet?"

A surprised look came into the mother's face.

"I haven't see anything of them," she said. "I thought he went with you. But if he's with Joe, it's all right. Now come to supper, and they'll be here before you're half through."

But the supper progressed, and they did not come. Finally,

when it drew near seven o'clock, Mr. Cooper, who had been moving restlessly about, took up his hat and coat.

"Come, Dick," he said, "I ain't going to wait any longer. Fetch a lantern, and we'll drive up the mountain and find out what's the matter."

The horse had not yet been unharnessed, and, fetching him out of the barn, they were quickly on their way. Half a mile beyond the house they turned into the road that led over the mountain, nearly at the top of which was Mr. Cooper's wood-lot. It had been but little travelled since the snow had fallen, and by the light of the lantern Dick had no difficulty in discovering the fresh tracks made by the heavy runners of the sleigh and Dobbin's large feet. They led, however, up the mountain—none appeared coming down.

"They're up there yet," he cried, getting back into the sleigh; "at least they haven't come back this road."

"Well," said Mr. Cooper, "there's no other road unless they go twenty miles around."

By this time snow had begun to fall lightly, and it was not long before the tracks were covered. So far, however, they knew they were all right. If they did not meet Joe coming down, or find him at the lot, they could only conclude that for some purpose he had gone on. Mr. Cooper urged the horse ahead, and the musical sleigh-bells echoed up the mountain side. No answering echo, however, came from the road above, though they strained their ears to catch its jangling sound.

By-and-by they reached the wood-lot. The bars were down, and Mr. Cooper drove in toward the spot where he knew Joe would have gone. Stopping the horse and giving the reins to Dick, he jumped out himself with the lantern and raised it above his head. There at a little distance stood the sled, half loaded with wood. A little way off lay Dobbin's harness—all except the headstall and reins. Mr. Cooper strained his eyes through the darkness, but nothing more could be seen. Of Dobbin and the boys there was not a trace.

"Joe!" he called, as loud as he could. "Harry!" But only the mountain echoed back their names. What had

become of them? Why was Dobbin gone, and the harness and sleigh left?

"I'll tell you what it is," said Dick, his voice shaking with excitement; "the Pawnee has carried off Harry on horseback. Get in, father, and we'll follow him up."

Mr. Cooper, now greatly alarmed, re-entered the sleigh, and drove out of the lot. The road, as they went up the mountain, grew steeper than ever, and was so unbroken that it was with difficulty that the horse could get through. The snow, too, was now falling thickly; no tracks were left to guide them, and they could only guess that the boys had gone this way. Presently, however, from the road ahead of them came the whinny of a horse.

"That's Dobbin!" cried Dick. "I'd know his voice anywhere. We've got them now, father, sure!"

Mr. Cooper whipped up his horse. In a moment more he recognised through the darkness the familiar form of Dobbin. Jumping down from the sleigh, he found the animal tied by the reins to the fence.

"Joe!" he cried once more. "Harry!"

There was no reply. Mr. Cooper turned with a face as white as the falling snow to his son.

"Here is the horse!" he cried. "But where are Harry and the Pawnee?"

## II.

It had not taken Joe long, after Mr. Cooper's departure, to harness Dobbin in the wood-sleigh, and with his little companion get under way. He was glad to escape for an afternoon from the farm, and the chance of encountering Dick. Why did Dick want to quarrel with him? he wondered; and why did Mr. Cooper always take Dick's part? The thought of that afternoon's trouble made him feel sad.

But now that he was off for the afternoon, with Harry to keep him company, he would not be distressed any longer. His spirits rose, and he was soon talking about himself, and his life at the West, and his hopes for the future, as only Harry



knew he could talk. In a little while they were toiling up the mountain road, and after some time and effort on Dobbin's part reached the lot. The wood was already cut, and all the boys had to do was to pile it in the cart. At first Harry did his part eagerly ; but he soon grew tired, and, putting his cold hands in his pockets, watched Joe place the sticks in an orderly pile. Presently he recollected that when they were there a few days before Joe had set one or two snares.

"Oh, Joe," he cried, "I'm going to see if those snares have caught anything."

The Indian straightened up. "Don't get lose," he said gravely. "I make finish here pretty soon. Must get home before dark, father said."

"Oh, I won't get lost," the boy said, "and I'll be back in a minute."

Joe watched the sturdy little figure tramp out of the lot, and then, with a warm glow at his heart, bent again to his work. Somebody cared for him after all. When Dick struck him that afternoon his heart had been full of hate. But now everything seemed different. He could even forgive Dick, for Dick was Harry's brother. Even his work was lighter, and he lifted a great armful of wood without feeling its weight. As he transferred it to the sled, the ring of sleigh-bells attracted his attention. Looking out toward the road, he saw a cutter with two men pass rapidly by. A moment later the ring stopped, and at the same instant a boy's scream pierced the air. Then the bells began again ; and, rushing out of the lot, Joe could see the sleigh disappearing around a turn in the road. As he listened, another scream, half-suppressed, came back on the air. In the snow ahead lay a black object, which he recognised as Harry's cap. It did not need that, however, to tell him that the men in the sleigh were kidnappers, and Harry had been carried off.

Running back to the sleigh with all possible speed, Joe hurriedly unharnessed Dobbin, leaving only the headstall by which he might be driven, and, jumping on his back, urged the old horse up the road. It was a steep pull yet to the top, and

the snow was heavy. Dobbin floundered along as though he had weights to his feet, and before he had gone half a mile began to show signs of distress. Finally he came down to a walk, and not all Joe's spurring could persuade him to go faster. It was quite clear that in this way Joe could not hope to overtake the sleigh. Among the boys of his tribe, however, he had always been one of the fleetest runners, and even without a horse he did not despair of keeping up with the fugitives. Guiding Dobbin to the side of the road, and tying him to the bars, he set off himself on an easy run toward the top of the mountain, which now lay only a few rods ahead. The road wound so that he could not see any distance, but he knew there was no cross-road before reaching the foot of the mountain. He pushed forward over the level on top of the mountain, and down the other side, until, through an opening in the wood, he could see the little railroad station in the valley below.

Joe's heart stood still as a sudden thought occurred to him. What if the men should escape by the railroad? There was a train due before long—that Joe knew because he had come in it himself—and if they got off by that, how could he hope to overtake them? He might be able to run as fast as a horse, but he could not keep up with a locomotive. But if he could only get to the station before the train, he might capture them there. This thought lent new energy to his purpose and swiftness to his feet. Nearer and nearer he drew to the foot of the mountain and the railroad. In five minutes more he would be at the station. All at once his quick ear caught the sound of a whistle, and presently he heard the rumble of an approaching train. He rushed forward with added speed, but the distance was too great. The train slackened, stopped, and then went on again. When Joe dashed down to the track, it was only a speck in the distance.

Perhaps, however, the men had not taken the train. The station-master, who was standing on the platform, would know this, and, hurrying up to him, Joe asked, in his broken English, "Did you seen a sleigh with two men into it and a little boy?"

The man looked at him curiously and with great deliberation.

"Sleigh!" he questioned. "Yes, I did see a sleigh about ten minutes ago. It's gone on," he added. "Any of your friends in it?"

"Yes," cried Joe excitedly, "the little boy, he is my friend. Which way did it went?"

"Oh! the little boy," said the man. "Well, he didn't go in the sleigh."

"No?" exclaimed the Indian. "But where did he went?"

"Well, the boy and one of the men went in the train," observed the man, now seeming to grow interested. "Was anything wrong?" he asked. "I didn't like the looks of the fellow myself, and the child seemed scared; but it weren't my place to interfere."

"They was thieves!" the Indian cried, stamping his foot. "Kid—what do you call it?"

"Kidnappers," suggested the man.

"Yes," cried Joe, "kidnappers. They have stealed Mr. Cooper's little boy; and now they have went off by the cars. Where do they went? Did they buy ticket?"

"Why, yes," said the man, "I sold them a ticket for Middlefield; that's as far as they can go by that train."

"Ah!" cried the Indian, "and can I went after them? Is there more trains?"

The man nodded.

"There's an express that goes by here in an hour," he said. "You can take that, and get there almost as soon as they. But I 'low they'll get off at Baker's Corners, and take the train to Boston there. I'll tell you what I'll do—you're Mr. Cooper's Indian boy, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Joe gravely, "Pawnee."

"Well," said the other, "then I guess it's all right. I'll telegraph along the road to stop the man wherever he gets out, and hold him until you come. If it's a station where your train don't stop, I'll tell them to flag you. But I 'low it'll be Baker's Corners. Feller didn't think you'd follow him so close, I reckon."

An hour later Joe was again in swift pursuit. The con-

ductor had been told the circumstance by the station-master, and would be on the lookout for a flag, or ready to assist Joe if they should overtake the man at Baker's. As the train flew on the Indian's thoughts went back to the house at Stonefield. What would they think, he wondered, when Harry did not come back? How frightened they would be! His heart beat the faster as he began to share their alarm, and to fear, on his own part, that after all the man might escape him. How could he go back without Harry? and if he did not go back, might they not believe that he had stolen Harry himself? Station after station went by without showing any flag, and at length the train drew near to the Corners. Would Harry be there? Presently the brakes were put on, and the wheels slackened their speed. From the window Joe could see a crowd on the platform. Rushing out from the car, and jumping off the steps, he pushed through the crowd. There in the grasp of a station official stood a hard-featured man, and near by a small hatless boy, who, when he saw the Indian, rushed with a loud cry of delight into his friendly arms.

"Oh, Joe," he exclaimed rapturously, "I knew you wouldn't let me be carried off!"

As long as he lives Dick Cooper will never forget the terror of that search after his little brother. The gloom and silence of the woods, the noiseless fall of the snow, the echo of their own cries, the disappointment which met them at every step, made it an experience always to be remembered with dread. They hunted in the neighbourhood of Dobbin, but could find no trace there, and then went back and explored the wood-lot with equal lack of success. Finally Mr. Cooper gave it up, and the unhappy father and his remaining son got into the sleigh and drove drearily toward home."

"We can't find them," said Mr. Cooper gloomily, as he entered the kitchen.

His wife did not display any particular surprise. "No, of course you couldn't," she said calmly. "I told you there wasn't any use in going."

"What do you mean?" her husband asked.

"Why, I mean the child was safe enough with Joe. That's what I said before you went out. Read that telegram," she added, handing him a bit of brown paper.

Mr. Cooper took it mechanically and read it, while a look of relief spread over his countenance.

"Thank God!" he said reverently; and, sitting down, he covered his face with his hands.

Dick picked up the paper, and read these words:—

"BAKER'S CORNERS, *January* —.

"MR. JOHN COOPER, STONEFIELD,—Your son, stolen by two men, and rescued by Indian boy who followed them here. Meet him and Indian at Stonefield Station nine o'clock.

"— —,

"Station-master."

The boy walked over to the window and leaned his head against the pane. Not only was his brother safe, but it was the Indian who had saved him. Like a great black wall all the bad and angry thoughts he had been entertaining rose up before him. How wicked he had been! how unkind to Harry! how mean and uncharitable to Joe! His conscience convicted him, and he could not say a word in his own defence. Indeed, he did not want to defend himself. It relieved him to confess his fault. Turning abruptly round, he came over to where his father was sitting. His face was flushed, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Oh, father," he cried, "I've been awfully wicked! I've hated Joe. I struck him first this afternoon. I've made him mad lots of times. I made you think he had taken Harry away."

Mr. Cooper looked gravely up at the distressed boy.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad to hear you acknowledge it. But you'd better tell Joe. I'm going to the station for them now."

As the father left the room Dick went back to the window



How could he tell Joe? He knew that he could never feel easy until he did ; but how should he ask the Indian to forgive him? He stood there debating the question a long time, until at length he heard the bells of the returning sleigh. His mother opened the door, and in a moment her little boy was folded in her arms.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, "the men told me they'd kill me if I hollered or told anybody, and they were going to take me so far off that I couldn't ever have got back again. I was awfully scared, but the minute I saw Joe I knew it was all right. Nobody could hurt me then," he added, looking up confidently into the Indian's dark eyes.

Meanwhile, Dick had come slowly forward.

"Look here, Joe," he said awkwardly, "I've treated you mean a good many times. I behaved like a brute this afternoon. I daresay you hate me, but I'm sorry for it all the same."

A flush of colour came into the Pawnee's face.

"I did mean too," he said simply, "and I sorry for it. But we good friends now."

The boys shook hands warmly, while Harry looked on with approving satisfaction.

"It was worth while being stolen," he whispered delightedly, to his mother, "for the sake of bringing Dick around."

## UNCLE AMOS AND THE BEAR.

BY ROBERT ARNOLD.

MANY years ago there lived in Western Massachusetts an old man named Amos Hadlock. All his friends called him Uncle Amos, and, therefore, I will call him by that name too. He had been a soldier of the Revolution, and after his country had gained her independence he bought a tract of land in this almost unbroken wilderness, cleared a few acres, built a rough house, and settled down for the rest of his days with his old wife and his son Josiah. His house was surrounded by a dense forest, the home of wild cats, bears, and other wild animals. Sometimes at night, while lying in his bed thinking of the work for the morrow, he could hear the wolves howling in the distance or walking lightly around his pig-pen, coveting the squealing prize that they could not possibly reach. Uncle Amos had been a famous hunter in his day, but at the time of my story he was old and stiff, although his love for hunting was as strong as ever. One warm bright day in September, when Josiah had gone several miles to the mill, Uncle Amos was working in the cornfield. As he was returning to his work after dinner, he saw a large black bear come out of the dark forest and walk slowly toward the field to which he was going. He went back to the house as quickly as possible, seized the ancient musket which he had carried in battle years before, and started at the top of his speed toward the bear. When he had got within about fifty yards, the animal saw him and began running rapidly towards the woods. Uncle Amos saw that he could

get no nearer, and taking hurried aim, fired. The bear stopped, growled, reared up on his hind legs, and then ran on faster than before.

The old man's heart was fired by this adventure, and he did not feel like giving the afternoon to so dull a task as cutting corn. So he went home, got his powder-horn and half-a-dozen bullets, and began his bear-chase again. His wife, knowing his age and infirmities, coaxed him to stay at home, but he would not. His blood was up, and he would not listen to reason. She stood in the doorway shading her eyes from the rays of the sun, and looked earnestly after him as he disappeared among the trees.

The woods were still and dark, and fragrant with the odour of the fir and the spruce. Uncle Amos began to feel young again, and happier than he had been for years. As he went along, he peered carefully in every direction. Occasionally a ruffled grouse would fly up with a loud whirr, and once a timid white-and-brown rabbit went bounding by; but he paid no attention to them. He was after the bear, and the bear he would have, or nothing. By-and-by he came to a tall tree which had fallen across the cow-path which he was following. He stopped a moment, debating which way to turn to get around this obstruction, when, suddenly, a huge black object rose from the other side of the tree and gave him such a look of rage and hatred that for a moment he was completely unnerved. He managed to discharge his musket, but his agitation was so great that his aim was bad, and the bear came crashing through the boughs with such energy, that Uncle Amos could only throw away the gun and climb with all his might a fir-tree that luckily stood close by. He mounted the tree with surprising velocity for a man of his years, and seated himself on a limb above the bear's reach. The bear rushed round the tree several times, and began scratching on its trunk. Then he sat down and gazed at Uncle Amos knowingly and maliciously.

At first the sportsman was so pleased at his escape from the animal's clutches, that he could not repress his joy. He

laughed aloud, but the bear did not even smile. He seemed to be too much in earnest for that. An hour passed. Uncle Amos' laughter had ceased. Two hours went by. He felt more like crying. Three hours fled. Uncle Amos was sore and tired, but the bear sat without moving a muscle, the very impersonation of patience, waiting for the tired hunter to come down, and seeming to know that he must come down some time.

The sun had sunk behind the trees. The birds began their evening song. The stars came out, and looked down upon an old man perched in a fir-tree, tired, and lame, and rheumatic.

And now the air grew chill, and the prisoner began to shiver. Darkness slowly came on, and the whip-poor-will found voice to welcome it. Then the full moon rose and steadily climbed the eastern sky. Everything was so still that Uncle Amos thought that perhaps the bear was gone. He peered through the thick boughs; the brute was there! The old man's courage was slowly leaving him, and so was his strength.

He could not bear much longer the pain of sitting in his cramped position, although he felt that it was not safe to try to change it. At last he ventured to turn around slightly, so that he might lean his back against the trunk of the tree. His foot slipped, his hands loosened their hold, and down he went crashing through the branches to the earth.

Although the bear had waited long and patiently for him, yet, when he fell almost into his mouth, the brute's desire to have him seemed suddenly to vanish. Indeed, Uncle Amos' fright was equalled only by the bear's. Bruin was evidently taken by surprise, and he scampered off through the underbush as though he had not a moment to lose.

The old man lay upon the ground, trembling and moaning, in fear that the bear would speedily return. His fright had taken away the little strength that the fall had left in him.

After perhaps half an hour he managed to crawl slowly to his gun. The powder-horn was still around his breast, and the bullets were still in his pocket. The light was dim, but,

after much fumbling, he succeeded in loading the musket. Then he felt better. His courage and his strength came slowly back together, and he started to hobble homeward. He had not gone far before he heard a voice that sounded like Josiah's. Leaning upon his son's arm, after a painful journey he reached home. He never cared to go bear-hunting again.



## "ROUSER."

BY L. A. B. CURTIS.

WE never knew where he came from; but one frosty morning when we went out to the diggings there he sat, dejected and forlorn, beside Doc Furber's rocker.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Doc, striking a tragic attitude.

There was a shout of laughter, for certainly no one had ever seen an uglier dog. Snub-nosed, crop-eared, one eye white and the other yellow, his fleshless skeleton covered with a coarse yellow coat—there he sat, statue-like, without taking the least notice of us, neither raising his eyes nor wagging his tail. Indeed, the poor brute had no tail to wag. And in addition to his long list of misfortunes, he seemed to have been badly wounded in some recent conflict, for his wounds were still bleeding.

"Lend me your revolver," said Charley Hines to Fritz Muller.

"No," said Dutch Fritz, "don't waste powder. I lays him out mit dis rock."

Davy Blake caught up a shovel, and would soon have ended the dog's career, if Hank Howley had not interfered to the surprise of all.

In all the three months we had picked and shovelled and rocked and panned together in the Sky High claim, no one had ever discovered any softness in Hank Howley.

We had come together, a party of five, from different parts of the world, and had formed a partnership to work out a rich mountain claim in the Sierras.

We had been strangers to each other when we consolidated our claims into a partnership, for purposes of economy in labour and living. But we soon became acquainted, and we were speedily in possession of all the early "history" desirable with regard to each other, except that of Hank Howley; he never talked about himself, and seemed to resent any curiosity concerning his personal affairs. He was rough, reserved, and somewhat surly; but he was always ready to take upon himself the hardest and most unpleasant tasks. His giant frame and iron muscles seemed made for hard work and endurance.

The laugh went round as Hank went up to the ugly brute, patted his head, and examined his wounds in what seemed to be a professional manner.

The dog preserved the utmost indifference while his case was discussed, never appearing conscious of a human presence. But when Hank's examination was ended he licked his hand in a gentle, melancholy way, and then followed him to the cabin. The cruel wounds were dressed, and the poor waif was sumptuously regaled with some bacon rind and three generous flapjacks left from the morning meal.

Old Butte, the camp dog, greeted the newcomer with a vindictive growl; but Hank bade him "Get out!" so fiercely that Butte retreated from the cabin, and the stranger took his place by the camp fire.

The more the miners and Butte abused the new dog, the more Hank petted him. He let him sleep at his feet in his bunk, and fed him from his own tin plate.

On Saturday night the air was more piercing than usual, and Hank Howley indulged in considerable grumbling at himself for leaving his coat at the head dam, a mile distant, where we had all been working. He was sitting on a bench wrapped in his blanket, and smoking a home-made manzanita pipe when Fritz exclaimed,—

"Hank, vere's de dog?"

"He hasn't been in for supper," suggested Doc.

"Base, ungrateful pup!" said Charley.

"You've seen the last of your coyote, Hank. I told you so," added Davy.

"He was a cur of low degree," resumed Charley. "A high-toned dog like Butte would never go back on his friends in that manner. Eh, Butte?"

"Don't you worry yourself about that dog," growled Hank. "He ain't your dog. I'll bet four bits he's all right."

No one took the bet.

Presently Andy Ance offered to sell Hank a fine foxhound.

"I've no use for him," Hank replied. "I've got the best dog in the Sierras, and maybe you'll find it out if you live long enough.

We did.

All day Sunday no pug-nosed dog appeared, and all day a running fire of jest and comment was kept up about the vagrant. The neighbouring miners, as they dropped in to smoke and chat by our fire, never failed to say, "Why, Hank, where's your dog?" until at last Hank's temper, never of the best, fairly gave out.

On Monday morning, when we went back to work at the dam, there was the dog faithfully watching Hank's coat.

All through those bitter nights he had watched by it, without food or shelter, not even lying down upon it for warmth. He was shaking as with an ague fit; but the look he gave Hank seemed to say, "I cannot do much for you, but I have kept your coat safe, my friend."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Hank proudly.

Public sentiment instantly turned in the dog's favour, as we gathered around him, and showered upon him such terms as "Good dog!" "Nice pup!" "Poor fellow!"

"Why, he's a rouser of a dog, after all?" said Doc, giving him the biscuit he had brought for his own luncheon.

He was christened "Rouser" on the spot, and from that time he was prime favourite of the camp. Even Butte's selfish heart warmed toward him, and many a merry tussle they had together.

That same day it began to snow. It snowed and it snowed.

We gathered up rockers, shovels, and pans. The snow covered the boulders; then it buried the chapparral and manzanita bushes; then all the miners' cabins; and still it came down. It nearly filled up the valley.

There were eight or ten miners' cabins in the vicinity, their locality being indicated by one or two holes in the snow, and marked by stakes bearing inscriptions like these:—

"Twenty feet to Billy Brooke's Cabin." "Cabin of the Merry Miners, three yards below." "Doc Furber, Hank Howley & Co., twenty-five feet." "Grand Hotel: Beans and Bacon at all hours; two rods."

We kept the fire roaring, read the old papers over and over, went out and shot game now and then, had games of rough-and-tumble and snowballing, told stories, and smoked our pipes under the snow as cheerfully as the greasy Esquimaux.

A hole in the snow let in the light to a hole in our cabin, and at this window Butte or Rouser invariably took his station at meal-time; it was not large enough for both at once. Our table was under this window, and refuse bits of bread and bacon were tossed to the lucky dog in the window. Butte, being of a lazy turn, could wait more patiently, so he usually took his station at the window as soon as the savoury fumes of frying bacon ascended to the upper air. Rouser would come to the hole and bark savagely, but he could not frighten Butte away. At last Rouser resorted to artifice. One dinner-time he rushed into a little clump of pines barking furiously, as if he had found some choice game. Butte could not withstand this, so he came out of his window to join in the fun, and artful Rouser quietly slipped into his place. Day after day Rouser continued to play this trick on poor Butte, and always with the same success.

But this same little window was a source of sorrow to Camp Square Comfort, as we called our quarters. One day we all went out hunting, and forgot to shut the window. When we returned, we found that the coyotes had carried off all our bacon. This was a serious loss. We could borrow a little, of course, but it was necessary for some one to go to the nearest

trading post for a fresh supply. Hank Howley volunteered to perform the mission, and as he was the strongest of the party, and more used to travelling on snow-shoes, he seemed best fitted for the service. It was about forty miles to the trading post, but Hank was sure he could make the trip in three days, or four at farthest.

"You had better tie up Rouser until I am well on the way," he said. Then he started.

Rouser was greatly dejected. He whined and howled and cried all day, the tears running down his face and dropping on the floor. At night we untied him, but his spirits did not appear to improve. On the third night Hank had not returned, but Rouser was gone. We did not feel anxious on Hank's account, for he had suggested that he might prolong his stay in case he found himself too fatigued to start back immediately.

About daylight on the fourth day Rouser, or what was left of him, came back to camp. His condition was even worse than when he first came to us. One leg seemed broken, and several ugly wounds gave evidence of some fierce encounter. To his neck was fastened a scrap of paper, on which was traced with blood, in scarcely legible characters: "Broke my leg. Cal. lion. Be quick."

We lost no time in going to the rescue. A party of twenty men, on long snow-shoes and with good rifles, started out. A light fall of snow rendered it easy to follow poor Rouser's track. An hour's run brought us to the object of our search. Hank was lying under a thick pine-tree, on the snow. At first we thought we were too late. His form was cold and almost rigid. One bone of the left leg was broken. Fortunately brandy had not been forgotten, and Doc Furber, who was a real physician, succeeded in restoring him, with the help of many rough but willing hands.

We did not worry him with questions; he could not talk. But all around the spot were marks of a ferocious battle, and tracks of a large California lion. A broken snow-shoe, the pieces bristling with hair, indicated the nature of the battle. There was a deep wound on Hank's hand, and his coat was



badly torn. Wat Morgan picked up his pocket-knife in the snow. I found his revolver, with all the chambers empty.

Following the track of the ferocious animal, his dead body was found about half a mile from the spot. It was the largest puma that I ever saw, measuring fully nine feet from tip to tip. We secured his skin, and slowly returned to camp.

It was two days before Hank could briefly recount his adventures. It appeared that he had started out early on the morning of the third day to return. He had bought a hundred pounds of bacon, and was lucky enough to have it brought out fifteen miles by a pack train. Then he packed it on his back ten miles farther, until he reached the snow where he left his hand sleigh. He had come on faster than he had expected until sunset, when he heard the familiar cry of a California lion. Upon that he started forward as fast as he could go, and, looking back for the lion, he made a false step; his snow-hoe hit a stump, and broke, throwing him down with great violence, and breaking his leg. Fortunately the night was warm, so he had no fear of freezing. He had a few crackers in his pocket, and, with the bacon, he was well provided against hunger, and he did not feel entirely hopeless.

Then the cry of the California lion sounded nearer. No doubt he scented the bacon. Hank drew his revolver, and crawled to a large tree. He partly succeeded in burying the bacon in the snow. The fearful cry sounded still nearer. The sun had set, and it was nearly dark. Intently watching, he at length discerned the animal, his eyes gleaming through the branches of a tree. He decided not to fire until his only chance required it, lest the wounded beast should attack him. He shouted, waved his broken snow-shoe, threw snowballs; but the creature still skirmished around him, evidently taking in the situation. He drew nearer and nearer, crouching as if for a spring. When he was within a couple of rods Hank fired his first shot, hoping to hit him in the eye. But the bullet seemed to glance from the skull. The maddened brute was about to leap upon him when a champion appeared. Rouser sprang upon him from behind.

Then began a fearful conflict. Rouser, who was small and more active, could avoid the onset of his heavier foe for some time, until he grew weary. Hank fired several shots, but failed to hit a vital spot. Once the battle surged so near him that he beat the lion off with his broken snow-shoe, and succeeded in inflicting a sharp wound in his throat. This was probably a mortal wound, for the animal retreated, closely pursued by Rouser, and Hank could hear the conflict raging for an hour longer. Then Rouser returned in a pitiable plight, but joyful and triumphant.

Hank thought the time could not have been far from midnight. But he probably fainted from pain and exhaustion, for the next he knew it was morning, and he was nearly dead with cold. He managed to stir a little, and from the bleeding wound on his hand, where the fierce brute had scratched him, he obtained the blood to trace the warning we had received. He had written it with a match, and fastened it to Rouser's neck. With the same match he had been able to light a little fire, which he fed for some time with bark and cones from the pine-tree. Thanks to skilful surgery and good nursing, he came out all right, and was able to do his part when we resumed work in the spring.

And Rouser, who shared his convalescent couch, with one of his legs splintered and bandaged, like his master—oh, he was the hero of the camp! If a dog's head could be turned with compliments and flattery, Rouser would have been a spoiled dog. But his nature was too noble and unselfish to be moved by any sentiment of vanity.

Hank's hardness and reserve seemed to melt away in a generous gratitude for the attention and care we bestowed upon him. And it was a good thing for us that we had some ennobling occupation to expand and elevate our hearts.

As for Rouser, he got bravely over his injuries; and I am sure there was not a man in Round Valley that did not think him as worthy of being carved in marble as any of the world's great heroes.

## WHY TED BURNED THE KITCHEN

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

### I.

THE baby always had been Ted's pet. Ted was about eight years older than the baby, and so he made it his business from the first to do all he could to make this little sister happy. He would sit for hours amusing the baby or rocking her cradle without a sign of worry, and he would carry her about, too, even after she grew heavy, to show her the pigs and chickens, until his sturdy short legs could stand the burden no longer. In short, he was the best brother that a little baby girl ever had, and by the time that she could walk and talk a little Miss Baby had learned to think he was her own private property. She wanted Ted to lead her, Ted to talk to her, Ted to show her whatever there was to see, Ted to sit by her cradle until she went to sleep, Ted to do everything for her. And Ted liked it all, because he loved the baby better than anybody else in the world.

But this is not telling my story. The way of it was this: Ted's father, who lived in central Indiana, used to go to Cincinnati every year, driving a big drove of hogs to sell there, and he took with him all the men and big boys he could hire to help him drive the hogs, for the trip was a long one, and there were no railroads in that part of the country in those days.

It was at a time like this that Ted's mother was sent for to see her sister, who was very sick. This sister lived a good many miles away, and the weather was cold and stormy. Ted's mother did not know what to do. She could not take

the baby with her in such weather, and there was nobody to leave with her and little nine-year-old Ted.

"I'll tell you, mother," said Ted ; "you just go along, and I'll take care of the baby till you come back."

"But it is a long way, Ted," said the mother, "and I may not be back till very late."

"Well, what of that?" asked the stout-hearted little fellow. "You don't s'pose I'm afraid, do you? If you're gone till midnight I don't care. Just leave the baby with me and go along. If you don't get back by bedtime, I'll go to bed, and you can bang on the door to wake me."

The good mother hardly knew what to do. She did not like to put such a load of care upon the little fellow, but the case was pressing, and there seemed to be no other way. So after looking to see that there was food enough cooked for Ted's dinner and supper, she mounted her horse and rode away.

Ted held the baby up to the window, and made her kiss her hand to their mother as she looked back from the top of the hill. Then he set to work to "make a day of it" with baby. He played horse and let the baby ride on his back ; he showed her all the pictures in the big Bible ; he made a house out of the chairs and tables, and did a hundred other things to make the day pleasant for his little sister, and she laughed at his funny pranks until she could laugh no longer. Then he gave her some bread and milk, and, taking her in his arms, sat down in the rocking-chair and sang her to sleep. Ted couldn't sing, as a matter of fact ; he could only shout the words without getting within a mile of any tune, but baby thought his singing the very best she had ever heard, and so it answered every purpose.

Before the baby waked it had begun to snow, and so Ted had a new thing to show her. The snow was beautiful to look at, as it fell very fast, and the little girl was full of the fun of watching it through the window. So the day passed and night came on. It was still snowing hard, and a fierce wind had begun to blow. After Ted had put the baby to bed, and piled

a lot of wood on the fire, he sat down in the big rocking-chair to wait for his mother, who had not yet come. The wind was blowing like a hurricane, and it made him restless and uneasy. He was not afraid, for he was a very plucky little fellow; but as he listened to the wind howling through the tree-tops and moaning around the house, and heard the windows rattle, he thought of his mother, who must be somewhere out in that terrible storm, and he was uneasy about her. Still, he had no fear for her safety, as he knew that she was used to getting over troubles, and so at last he went to bed and to sleep.

## II.

WHEN Ted waked he was puzzled. It was dark still, but somehow it did not seem to be night. He could hear the wind blowing, but it sounded a long way off, or as it might have sounded to him if his head had been wrapped up in a blanket. There was no more of its moaning around the house.

He jumped out of bed with a queer feeling, as if something strange had happened. He stirred up the fire, and threw on some wood, which made a blaze. Then he looked at the clock.

"Half-past eight!" he said to himself. "Why, how is that? I went to bed at ten, so it can't be half-past eight at night. But it isn't half-past eight in the morning, for it's dark. I wonder if I've slept all night and all day?"

With this he opened the back door to get some wood from the pile. But instead of going out, he started back in surprise. The doorway was blocked up with a wall of snow. He ran quickly to the front door and opened it. The wall of snow was there too, and all the windows were blocked up in the same way. Ted understood now. It was half-past eight in the morning, but the house was completely buried in a snowdrift. He and the baby were snowed in alone.

I have said that Ted was a plucky little fellow, and so he was; but this was a terrible state of affairs, and for a few minutes he was scared. Snowed in, with the baby to take



care of, and without any chance of help coming to him, he might well feel alarmed. His mother had not got home, and he could not guess what had become of her. The very nearest neighbour lived five miles away, and there was no knowing how long it would be before anybody would find out what had happened.

But Ted soon saw that getting scared would only make matters worse.

"I can't help mother," he said to himself, "wherever she may be; and what I've got to do is to take care of baby till the snow melts. Wonder how long that will be? Two or three weeks, I should think. And what are we to eat, I wonder? Let's see."

With that he lighted a candle and went to the cellar. There was only a little milk left—about enough for baby's breakfast, and Ted brought that up and set it to heat by the fire. The baby was awake now, and so he dressed her and gave her her bread and milk. Then he cut some bacon and fried it for himself, but he would not eat any bread; there was only part of a loaf left, and he must save that for baby.

After breakfast he began to lay his plans. At first he thought of digging out, but he gave that up, because, even if he should get out, he could not carry the baby five miles in such a snow. He knew enough to be sure that the snow was not so deep everywhere as it was around the house. He remembered how the wind had blown, and knew that the house was buried in a drift; but he knew that there must have been a very deep snowfall to make such a drift, and it would never do for him to try to carry the baby through a deep snow to a house five miles away. He must just stay where he was, and take care of the baby.

The first thing to do was to see how much wood there was at the house. So he dug a hole in the snow at the side of the door, and brought in all there was there, except one big back log which was too heavy for him. As he looked at the pile he saw that it would last till night, and by that time he meant to get the back log in by some means. He was more troubled

about milk for the baby. There was none left now, and he wondered if he could get to the cow-shed in any way. It was a long way off, but he must have milk if he could get it, and he must try to feed the cows too, for if nobody fed them they would have to live on the hay which stood in a stack at the end of their shed.

Bravely the little fellow set to work to make a tunnel to the cow-house, but it was very slow work. He began at the door of the summer kitchen, and threw the snow, as he dug it out, into that shed. The farther he went the more slowly he got on, for he had to bring all the snow back to the shed kitchen and pack it in there. He kept at work, however, until he was tired out and very hungry, and yet he had hardly made a fair beginning. He saw that he must give up the idea of digging his way to the cow-shed, and get on in some way without milk. He was very sorry on baby's account, but there was no help for it, so he set about getting dinner.

There was no difficulty about his own dinner, for there was plenty of bacon to fry, and he could roast as many potatoes as he liked. But the baby's dinner was the puzzle. She would eat a little roasted potato with him, but a baby only a year and a half old could not live on potatoes. She always ate more bread and milk than anything else, but milk was out of the question, and bread and water would hardly do.

"Wonder if I could make her a pudding!" said Ted, after thinking the matter over. "Mother puts eggs in puddings, I know, and there are two eggs in the cupboard. I wonder what else she puts in? Milk? Yes, and I haven't any milk. Maybe it'll do without milk. Let's see."

And with that he carefully planned a pudding. He tried to remember what his mother did when she made a dish of the kind, but he could not remember much. He believed she beat the eggs, so he would do that at any rate. Taking one of the eggs, he broke it and beat it with a spoon; but as he did not keep the yolk and the white separate, the beating did not make it look quite right.

"It'll have to do, anyhow," he said, after wondering what

was the matter, and so he set down the bowl of egg and prepared the rest of his pudding. Breaking up what bread there was left, he wetted it with snow water, put in a good deal of sugar, and set the mixture by the fire to heat. When it was hot through he stirred in the egg, and then tasted the result. It was not much of a pudding, but he had talked to baby about it till she was sure it was the greatest pudding anybody ever made, and, as it was sweet, she ate it without finding out that it was not a real triumph of cooking skill.

When dinner was over, Ted set to work to get the big back log into the house, and this was a new frolic for baby to watch. The log was very heavy, but his mind was made up. He dug the snow away from the log, and then tried to swing the end around; but the wood was frozen to the ground, and would not move. He brought out the big tongs for a lever, and after bending them nearly double in trying to start the log he succeeded. The log gave way suddenly, Ted fell over it, and a great mass of snow fell upon him, completely burying him. He scrambled out in a moment, and shook the snow off, making baby laugh at what she thought was one of Ted's jokes. The log was now loose, but it took Ted a long time, with very hard work, to get it over the door-sill and into the house. By the time that he got it into its place in the back of the great chimney he was quite tired out; but he knew he must have some wood to go with it, else the log would never burn at all, and he had made up his mind what he would do for wood. The tunnel that he had begun to dig toward the cow-house would lead past the big wood-pile, where there was plenty of wood, and Ted meant to go on with his digging the next day, so as to get to that wood-pile at least. But for to-night he was going to burn the summer kitchen; that is to say, he was going to burn all the planks and timbers of the summer kitchen that he could knock loose with the axe.

"It's only an old shed," he said to himself, "and if it was the finest parlour in the world, I'd burn it up before baby should be cold. And if mother don't come, and I don't get to the wood-pile, I'll burn the chairs and tables and bedsteads,

and all the floors in the house. I won't do that if I can help it ; but one thing's sure, baby's got to be kept warm."

So he took the axe and knocked the summer kitchen to pieces, and piled the wood in the house ready for use. For the baby's supper he boiled the egg that was left, and after putting her to bed he was glad to go to bed himself.

Morning came again, but still no word or sign from the absent mother. Ted was very uneasy about her, but it was of no use to worry, and he had the baby to care for. The eggs were gone now, and so for baby's breakfast he made a sort of gruel of corn-meal, and, to help out, he gave her what was left of the bread, first wetting and sweetening it and making it hot.

But now he was growing very uneasy. The bread was all eaten up, though Ted had not touched a crumb of it himself, and he did not know what to give baby to eat for dinner and supper except gruel. He tried to make soup out of bacon, but it was only greasy salt water, and he could not give her that. Then he remembered that the hen-house was near the wood-pile, so he made up his mind to keep on working at his tunnel until he should get to the hen-house, no matter how tired he should be. But first he mixed up some corn-bread and set it to bake. By the time that was baked he had got as far as the wood-pile with the tunnel, and this was lucky, for the wood from the old shed was nearly all burned up.

After carrying in wood and building up a big fire he went back to his digging, leaving the baby tied in a little chair, so that she might not get to the fire. In order to keep her from crying, he made it a rule to run in every few minutes and make a funny face or do some queer prank to make her laugh. His legs and arms ached with the hard work, but he was getting on, and he must have a chicken before he quit digging. At last he reached the hen-house, and a few minutes later Master Ted sat in the house showing baby "how to pick a chicken." Baby was very hungry, and a little cross on that account ; but Ted kept up his jokes, and managed to amuse her. She stood by while he cut up a part of the chicken, and watched him put it on to boil.

Ted didn't know much about cooking, but he made a pretty good broth that night. He thickened it with flour as he had seen his mother do, and was about to put pepper into it, when he remembered that pepper would spoil it for the baby. At last it was ready, and the two sat down to their supper. The corn-bread was not very good, because Ted had forgotten to put any salt in it, but it did very well to crumble into baby's soup, and she ate very heartily, and then fell asleep in Ted's lap.

That night Ted lay awake for a long time, thinking about his mother. He was sure something must have happened to her, or she would not have left him and baby so long. At last he fell asleep, and long after the fire had died down to a dull red he was startled by the sound of a noisy banging on the door, and loud voices calling him.

### III.

Now let's see what happened to Ted's mother. When she rode away to visit her sick sister she hoped to get home again before dark, though the distance she had to travel was very long. By the time she had done what was needed at her sister's the snow had begun to fall, and so she hurried away on her homeward ride. But the wind blew in her face, and the snowdrifts were so deep that she had to travel very slowly. Night came on, and the storm grew worse. In a little while she could not tell where the road was, but still she kept on. She was frightened about her children, and in her anxiety she grew nervous and confused. She had lost the road, and was plunging about helplessly in snowdrifts, not knowing where she was or in what direction she was going. At last her horse became worn out, and fell as he was trying to struggle over some fallen trees covered with snow. The poor animal was unable to rise again, and the half-frozen, half-dead woman went on on foot, toiling through the great snowbanks, and staggering with giddiness from cold and fright and weariness. Hour after hour she kept on, going all the time further away from home; for she had entirely lost her bearings. It was



morning before the poor woman gave up. Then she sank down in the snow, and knew no more.

A farmer passing by that way in the early morning to look after his cattle saw her dress, from which the wind had blown away the snow, and he quickly dug her out and carried her to his house. She had wandered twenty miles away from her own home, and so neither the farmer nor any member of his family knew who she was. But they did what they could for her, and got her to bed as soon as they had rubbed her to a life-like warmth again.

All that day and night she was off her head, and lay in bed talking of her children and moaning. On the next day she came to herself, and as soon as she found out where she was, and how long she had been away from home, she told the good people about Ted and baby being all alone in the house. It was a bad time to travel, but the farmer with two other men set out at once to save the little ones, and in spite of her weak state Ted's mother went too in the farmer's waggon. As they neared the house, after dark that night, they found it buried in the snowdrift; but the farmer had brought shovels with him for use if the road should be blocked anywhere, and with these he and his men began to dig. It was midnight before they cleared a passage to the front door, and then they shouted and banged upon the door until Ted awoke.

#### IV.

THERE was no more sleep for Ted or his mother that night. A great roaring fire was built up, hot coffee was made and drunk, and Ted had to tell his story over and over again in answer to his mother's questions.

"I burned up the summer kitchen, mother," he said, "and I ruined the big tongs, and I s'pose I've made an awful mess in the house; but I said I'd take care of baby, and I've done it."

"Never mind about the kitchen, or the tongs, or the mess, my brave boy," answered the mother, as she drew him to her side and kissed him. "You are both safe, and that's enough."

## BENNY CARTER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

**B**ENNY CARTER was a California boy, born and bred, and the only snow he had ever seen was that which glistened in winter on the far-away peaks of the San Jacinto Mountains, sixty miles east of his humble home.

Benny's father had been a sheep herder, a *ranchero* as the Mexicans called him, and had never been successful, so that upon his death the boy, then fourteen years of age, had found that his food and clothing, as well as his mother's, depended upon his daily labour, and life's struggle began in earnest with him.

The little abode, or sun-dried brick cabin which they called home, lay in the valley of the San Juan, and within a mile of where that stream mingled its waters with those of the mighty Pacific.

The nearest village was the old Spanish town of Capistrano, where a cluster of cabins was gathered about the ruins of one of the ancient missions built by the Jesuits one hundred and fifty years ago.

The nearest railroad was more than thirty miles away, and the mail was brought to Capistrano twice a week by a ragged boy on horseback. There was but one store in the village, and no school; but even had there been, Benny could not have attended it, for it took all he could earn by steady labour as a shepherd from month's end to month's end to buy the actual necessities of life for himself and his mother.

Many nights the poor widow wept to think that her only

child was growing to be a man with no chance of an education ; and Benny himself spent many hours as he roamed the hills with his sheep trying to solve the problem of how he might get ' schooling ' and dollars both.

His father had been an unlettered man, but he knew the power of knowledge, and had always hoped to be able some time to send Benny where he might have proper instruction, but ' some time ' never came ; and so, with the exception of the simple lessons learned at his mother's knee, the boy had never yet had an opportunity to improve his mind with books and teachers.

Outside their little home sat Benny and his mother. The day's work was over. Benny had been to Capistrano on an errand, and was now relating the news he had gathered.

" There's a new academy started at Santa Ana, mother. Just think ! Only thirty miles away, and if we could sell this place perhaps we could buy or rent a small house up there, and I could work part of the time and go to school part of the time ! "

The boy's face beamed with the pleasurable anticipation.

Mrs. Carter sighed.

" Yes, dear, if we only could. But you remember how often your father tried to sell, and he never was able to. It seems as if no one wanted to live in this lonely corner of the world, so far from anywhere."

As she spoke, the querulous cry of a night-hawk sounded from the clear sky overhead, and the first of the evening stars twinkled bright and cheery above the far-away mountain tops.

" Well, I'm going to try and sell if I can, if you are willing," continued Benny, nothing daunted, " and I've got another chance to get some money, too. You remember, I told you last week about seeing the lion's track over in Miguel Cañon where it runs down to the sea ? Well, I'm going to trap that fellow if his den is over there, and sell him to the San Francisco Society, who have advertised for one. See here ;" and, drawing from his pocket the newspaper which he had borrowed in the village, he read the following :—

"Five hundred dollars will be paid for a living puma, commonly known as the California lion, delivered anywhere in the State. A young one preferred. Address S. F., Society of Naturalists, Box 1,423, San Francisco, Cal."

"There, mother, what do you think of that?" he concluded.

"Oh, my dear boy!" cried Mrs. Carter, catching her breath, "you are wild. How could you procure a lion? The animal is most dangerous and ferocious. You would be killed if you attempted it!"

Benny laughed at his mother's evident terror.

"Why, dear," said he, "I am more than fifteen years old, and as strong as a man, and I have father's rifle, which I can use as well as he did. Besides, I am not going to fight the lion; I am going to find where his den is, and set a trap for him. Then, if I catch him, I will write to the parties, and let the Society send after him. You see they say, 'delivered anywhere in the State,' so all I have to do is to capture him."

It was some time before Mrs. Carter could be made to believe that Benny's plan did not mean great danger to him, but at last, after long explanations and many promises, the anxious mother withdrew her objections, and when the boy went to bed it was with visions of mountain lions, traps, five-hundred-dollar bills, and schoolhouses dancing through his eager brain.

Early the next morning Benny was abroad, and, with his father's rifle thrown over his sturdy shoulder, he drove his sheep across the hills to the south-east toward Miguel Cañon.

This Cañon was an enormous crevice which ran from the sea-coast inland for more than two miles, looking almost as if the ground had been split open by some tremendous earthquake in years gone by.

Its walls were steep and rocky, covered with sage brush, cactus, and that sharp-leaved weed known as Spanish dagger; it was very deep and dark, the sunlight hardly reaching its bottom, and near the sea there were said to be caves in its sides which the ocean filled when the tide rose.

It was the hiding-place for hundreds of rabbits, foxes, and

coyote wolves, and from what Benny had seen he also believed it to be the home of the animal he was in search of.

Occasionally rattlesnakes made their dens in its rocky nooks and corners, but to a California boy snakes had no terrors.

The morning was clear and beautiful, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the coming of the sun. Far away to the south from the tops of the rolling hills could be seen the distant ocean gleaming blue as a sapphire, and Point Loma at the mouth of San Diego Bay ; to the east appeared range after range of foothills, shut in at last by the great wall of mountains ; to the north and north-west lay the fertile valley of the Chino and Anaheim ranches, dotted here and there with herds of cattle and sheep, or the white walls of ranch houses.

It was a glorious sight, over-arched by the blue dome of heaven that seemed so far away ; but to Benny a single lion track would have given more pleasure than anything else, and with unwearied eye he studied all the signs about as he advanced.

Just before he reached the Cañon he made a circuit, passing his sheep, which were now peacefully browsing on the bunches of grass to be found here and there, and, leaving them behind, entered the gorge.

With great care he moved down its deepening, widening length, rifle in hand.

From the thickets on either side he scared the rabbits, and now and again caught a glimpse of some fleeing fox or wolf, his bushy tail whisking around the rocks as he sought another hiding-place ; but not until he had walked fully a mile and a half and was in the darkest and wildest part did he find signs of the game he was after.

There at length he was rewarded, first by the appearance of a single great track in the gravel, then further on by many more, that ran along a narrow pathway on to a ledge above.

With heart beating high, and eye and ear strained to catch the first sight or sound of the lion, Benny crept carefully over the rocks, around the bushes, and along the narrow ledge where tracks lay.



On, still on, until almost at the mouth of the cañon, and where he could see glimpses of the ocean sparkling in the morning sunlight, he found at last what he sought—the lion's den.

It was one of the caves in the wall of the cañon, and, thinking it unlikely that the animal would be at home at this hour, the boy slowly and cautiously entered, for the purpose of finding, if possible, the best spot in which to set his trap.

Had he only thought of it, the usual habit of the puma is to hunt at night and sleep during the day, and his chance of meeting him was really greater than if he had visited the lair in the darkness.

The passage which Benny had entered was a crooked one, and of uneven size, so that after following it for five or six rods he found himself in a sort of twilight, which rendered all objects about him indistinct. He was just beginning to doubt the safety of advancing further, when he was suddenly startled by a harsh snarl, and, turning, he saw the eyes of the lion blazing upon him from the middle of the path behind him, not twenty feet away!

For an instant the boy was frightened, then he raised his rifle to fire; but even as he did so, remembering that it was a live lion, not a dead one, he wanted, with his gun at his shoulder and moving backward, he slowly withdrew further into the cave.

It might be that he could escape without having to shoot, and he wished to do so if he could.

As he moved, the animal followed him, and so the two went deeper and deeper into the recesses of the den, until Benny's ear caught the sound of waves behind him, he felt the cool breath of the ocean upon him, and was on the point of turning to see if he was near an opening, when his feet slipped, and, with a startled cry, he went sliding and tumbling down a steep incline, and at last fell over a sheer precipice of perhaps a dozen feet, with a great splash, into water deep enough to cover him.

And as he fell, with an ugly growl the puma leaped, striking, much to its amazement, in the water also, at Benny's side!

The boy rose instantly, having dropped his gun, and, looking quickly about him, he knew this to be the seaward opening of the cavern, now at high tide filled by the ocean, and beneath the green, transparent water he could see where the reflected sunlight showed the mouth of the cave to be ; and, as the disappointed lion dragged himself on to a ledge at one side, Benny, without further delay, dived down and through the opening, came up outside the cavern on the bosom of the great Pacific, and so quickly gained the shore.

He had been pretty well frightened, and now was very much disgusted, too, for his gun was gone, he was wet from head to foot, and it was more than two miles home.

As he half ran across the country a new train of thought filled his brain.

"Well, I've found the den, even if I've lost my gun, and now it only remains to catch the lion. He's an ugly one, though!" and he shivered as he remembered the gleaming eyes in the gloom of the cavern. "But wasn't he cooled off when he struck the water!" continued the boy, laughing heartily. "He didn't know where I was going, but he meant to catch me, and he will be caught himself!"

He stopped suddenly.

"Caught himself! Caught! He *is* caught, hard and fast! Hurrah! hurrah! The lion's mine! I'll get the money and can go to school!" and with a shout of joy Benny turned a half-dozen cart-wheels on the hillside, to the great amazement of his sober sheep which were feeding near.

He was right. The puma was caught, for he could not, like the boy, dive and swim out of the trap into which he had sprung, nor could he clamber up again into his den above. The only chance of escape he had was to swim out at low tide.

This Benny appreciated, and no sooner had he changed his clothes, told his adventures to his mother, and written a letter to San Francisco, than, with a blanket and a basket of lunch, he returned to the beach, gathered driftwood with which to keep a fire at night, and sat guard over his captive.

Once only during the two days that passed before the agents

of the Society at San Francisco arrived did the puma seek to escape, and then the boy drove him back with firebrands, and when the men came they easily floated their great wooden cage to the cavern's mouth at low tide, enticed the animal into it with food, dropped the sliding door, and had him fast !

And so Benny's money was earned ! Five hundred dollars ! And three months later he was living at Santa Ana with his mother, a daily student at the coveted academy.

Mrs. Carter is an old lady now, and her son a man with little boys of his own, to whom grandmamma sometimes tells the story of how papa earned his education.

## A FIGHT WITH A BIG SNAKE ON THE AMAZON.

BY DAVID KER.

“**N**OW, Professor, tell us a story,” said one of our party, as we clustered after dinner upon the verandah of one of the prettiest little country houses in Venezuela, and watched the moon rising above the feathery palms that crowned the opposite ridge.

“Well, I think you must have heard most of mine by this time,” said the person addressed, who, with his light linen jacket, brawny chest, and bluff sunburned face half buried in a huge red beard, looked as little like a professor as he could well do. “However, I don’t think I have ever told you my adventure at Terra Calente, and if it serves as a warning to my friend Smith yonder not to fall asleep at the wrong time, I shall not have suffered in vain.

“Three or four years ago I was upon one of the forks of the Upper Amazon, having gone there to try if I couldn’t manage to add to my collection a specimen or two of a rare bird that was said to haunt those parts. The house at which I was staying belonged to an old Brazilian friend of mine, who had a plantation there, which he called Terra Calente.

“Now ‘Terra Calente’ means ‘hot earth,’ and if he’d tried for a week he couldn’t have found a better name for it. I’d seen India, and I’d seen the west coast of Africa, but compared with this place they were a mere joke. Every time I went out I came back like a lump of molasses candy wrapped in paper ; and the night was every bit as bad as the day. Even

the negroes seemed to feel it; and as for my host, Señor Valdez, he never stirred out from morning till night.

"I could see that he thought me no end of a fool for taking so much trouble about a few birds, especially as I didn't mean to eat them. However, he was very indulgent to my 'folly,' good fellow, and let me have the use of his guns, mules, negroes, and what not, whenever I liked to ask for them.

"But I soon saw that my only chance of getting what I wanted was to go alone, for the negroes kept up such a jabbering all the time that they frightened away every bird for a hundred yards round. It was no use telling 'em to be quiet, for they couldn't do it if they tried; so I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed, and early one morning I took a canoe and started up the river by myself.

"You've been in the tropical forests yourselves, boys, so you can guess what a pretty concert I had to listen to just at first, from the roar of the jaguar down to the screeching of the parrots and the chattering of the monkeys. But as the sun mounted, and the day grew hotter, all this uproar died away, and a silence came down upon the whole forest that seemed to weigh on one like a nightmare. Everything seemed to be asleep at once. The great banner-like leaves of the fan-palms and bananas drooped lazily on the hot, moist air; the thick brown water of the river looked as if it were standing quite still between its low, muddy banks; the great mass of forest in the background was silent as death; and far overhead a few white clouds were floating dreamily upon the warm rich blue of the tropical sky, as if they were sleeping too.

"If I hadn't had to paddle against the stream, I almost think I should have gone to sleep myself; but all at once I caught sight of something that fetched me up broad awake in a moment.

"Right in front of me, not fifty yards off, one of the very birds that I'd been hunting for so long in vain was sitting on a projecting bough, motionless as a statue. I pushed up the stream toward it, holding my breath, and moving my paddles as gingerly as if there was a box of nitro-glycerine at the end of



each, till I was quite sure of my shot, and then I let fly, and brought it down, and had it snug in the boat almost before the echo of the shot had done ringing.

"Having got what I wanted, I drew in my paddles, and let my canoe float down stream again. But I soon found myself getting so sleepy, with the heat and with the long pull I'd had, that I was afraid of napping off altogether, and floating right past the house without knowing it. So I ran my boat in under the shade of a huge 'locust wood,' jammed the bow firmly among the enormous reeds, which were higher than a man on horseback, and, without ever thinking what a fearful risk I was running, fell fast asleep.

"Then I had a very queer dream. I dreamed that I was an Eastern king, sitting on a great high throne, and a lion standing before me with a boot-jack between his paws, trying to pull my boots off. But Mr. Lion naturally handled his instrument rather clumsily, and jogged my foot to and fro so awkwardly that at last I awoke with a start.

"I've had one or two pretty bad frights in my time, but nothing like that moment. The first thing I saw was the head of a monstrous boa-constrictor (the rest of it was hidden by the reeds) licking my foot, preparatory, as it instantly flashed upon me, to swallowing me whole.

"For an instant I was so scared that I couldn't even think, but just lay still and looked at the creature. But there was no time to be lost. I knew that if I startled the snake it would attack me at once ; so, keeping my foot as still as I could, for my flesh was fairly *creeping* with disgust at the brute's slimy touch, I felt for my gun. By good luck I was so placed—with my back against the side of the boat—that I could fire without getting up. I let fly, and hit it full in the head.

"Instantly it reared up in the air with a horrible sharp hiss, showing enough of its length to let me see what an enormous size it must be. Quick as lightning, I seized the paddles, and shot down the stream like a rocket, looking back just in time to see that the boa must be hard hit, for the blood was dropping fast from its head.

"When I got home with the news, old Valdez jumped up like a boy, for he hated all big snakes mortally ever since one had killed his favourite horse some years before. He ordered out his negroes, got down his big Spanish *trabuco* (blunderbuss), which would throw half-a-dozen balls at once, and away we went.

"It was easy to find the spot again, the tree under which I'd slept being the tallest anywhere near, and the serpent had left us traces enough in the crushed reeds and the red stains upon them. Suddenly one of the negroes jumped back with a halloo. Instantly there came a crash among the reeds, and a thud like a sail flapping in the wind, and down went poor Sambo, squealing and roaring, with his shoulder-blade broken by a whack of the snake's tail.

"This, however, was the old fellow's last exploit; for while another negro smashed his tail with a club, I dosed him with two charges of buckshot, and Valdez gave him all the bullets in the blunderbuss, and he couldn't well do less than die after all that. When we came to measure him, he was a little over thirty-seven feet in length without the head. Valdez had him stuffed and hung up in the house, and, for all I know, he may be there yet."

## TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

SOME time ago, Mr. Nathan Rogers, who owned and lived upon a ranche in the mountains, about a mile above West Point, near the North Fork of the Moke-lumne, had a most terrific encounter with a grizzly bear.

Grey squirrels are quite numerous in that vicinity, and after dinner one day, Mr. Rogers went out for an afternoon's sport shooting them. He was armed with a light rifle, and fortunately had upon his person a large knife, which he occasionally carries. Grizzlies are no strangers in the vicinity, and Rogers had frequently seen their tracks while hunting his stock; but as it was yet too early for ravenous beasts to be driven out of the higher mountain ranges by the snow, he felt no apprehension from that source.

Mr. Rogers proceeded leisurely along, meeting with such good success in gunning, that by four o'clock his game sack was well filled, and, as he was a couple of miles from home, he determined to retrace his steps. In leaving the timbered ridge upon which he had been shooting, Rogers had to pass a patch of comparatively open country, the only growth it supported being a species of furze and an occasional bunch of chapparel. He had gone but a short distance, when in descending into a little blind ravine, he came upon a grizzly bear feeding upon the carcase of a sheep. It is needless to add he did not proceed any farther in that direction. The bear was not over twenty feet distant—a space Rogers had not the remotest desire to diminish.

Man and beast discovered each other's presence at the same moment. Rogers was a resolute man, a splendid marksman, and well inured to the dangers and experiences of backwoods life ; but as, with a full knowledge of the characteristics of the ferocious animal facing him, he realised his situation, hope died away in his breast. For a moment he stood irresolute. His first impulse was to run ; but his better judgment told him if he did so, and should be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible, and he would be taken at a disadvantage in the struggle which must inevitably follow. Dreadful as was the alternative of facing his terrible enemy, it was his only hope, and Rogers firmly resolved to stand his ground, and, if the worst came to the worst, to at least sell his life as dearly as possible.

There was a chance that the bear might not attack him if he maintained a bold attitude ; but whatever hopes Rogers built upon that foundation were speedily dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton, and advancing towards him. The hunter's heart leaped to his throat as the threatened struggle became an unavoidable certainty, and the agonising thought that its result might leave his wife a widow, and his children fatherless, nearly unmanned him. The weakness was but momentary ; and then, with every muscle and nerve in his body drawn to its utmost tension, the man awaited the onset of the beast with as much coolness as though his life was not at stake in the unequal contest. As the grizzly slowly came toward him and had got within a distance of about fifteen steps, Rogers threw his rifle to his shoulder, and with a steady aim, planted a bullet in the bear's breast, just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard, but no six-to-the-pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly.

With a growl so ferocious that it resembled a roar, the infuriated animal rushed forward to the attack. Throwing aside the now useless rifle, and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the shaggy monster reared upon its haunches, its great, black convex head towering

two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in his mouth, and throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter, hugged him in an embrace so cruel that his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the blood gushed from his nostrils. Rogers' right arm was free, and he drove the long blade of his knife to the hilt in the side of the grizzly, close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, inflicting a fatal wound, but its immediate effect was only to increase the grizzly's ferocity. It hugged Rogers the closer, its long, sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the unfortunate man's back, while with a sickening sound, the bones of his left arm were crushed and ground to powder in the vice-like jaws of his terrible antagonist. Wild with the agony of his wounds, Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation, driving it again and again into the vitals of the bear, literally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth, lacerated its human foe in the most frightful manner. It was a struggle to the death. Rogers, weak from the loss of blood and half delirious from pain, now fought more from intuition than anything else, having only a vague consciousness that his life depended upon putting an end to that of the bear. The terrible wounds of the grizzly were also commencing to tell upon its vitality. Rogers' senses were not so dulled but that he could distinguish that the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded him, stimulated him to renewed exertions with his knife. The bear endeavoured to support itself despite its cruel wounds, wavered for an instant, and then, with a low moan that sounded almost human in its expression of pain and despair, the huge monster toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partially underneath. The bear relinquished its hold; and Rogers, torn, lacerated, and bleeding, crawled far enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the grizzly. Although victorious, Rogers' condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half away from home, so weak and faint he



could scarcely stand, and in danger of bleeding to death before he could reach help. His left arm hung crushed and lifeless at his side, his left scapula and clavicle were fractured, the three lower ribs on the right side were broken, the blood trickled from the terrible wounds in his back, and his legs were literally furrowed by the crooked claws of the bear's hind feet. Conscious that he must soon have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction of home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his footsteps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of a house, when his endurance at last gave way, and he fell in a dead faint by the water's edge. Fortunately he was soon discovered by his son, a lad of some twelve years, who immediately gave the alarm. Rogers was taken home, and his wounds temporarily dressed, a messenger in the meantime being sent for a physician.

The grizzly was the largest ever known to have been killed in the country. It measured nine feet in length "over all," and weighed 1,400 pounds. The left side of the bear was literally torn to pieces, there being no less than twenty-two knife wounds, nearly every one of which reached to a vital point. Some idea of its size can be obtained when we state that one of its fore-paws just covered an ordinary dinner plate. Mr. Rogers was left in an extremely critical condition. In addition to his horrible wounds, the shock to his system was a terrible one.

## THE DUCK HAT.

BY IRVING L. BEMAN.

DICK SMITH'S home was in the West, and as the incident I am about to relate happened a good many years ago, he must have been then only thirteen or fourteen years old. He was a brave, hearty lad, full of enthusiasm and love of adventure, but especially abounding with ingenuity, and always doing something new and curious. Thus he has been known all his life as an "inventor," and still displays the same ingenuity.

He lived on the bank of a river, and being fond of the water, became an expert swimmer and oarsman. Although he had no gun, yet with cunning traps and many original devices he caught considerable game, some for its fur and some for its meat. It is about one of his boyish inventions that I am going to tell you.

At certain seasons of the year great flocks of ducks came into the river, and stayed many days eating the Indian rice (*Zizania aquatica*) that grew in the shallow water. But as Dick's father had no shot-gun, or any convenient way of capturing them, the ducks came and went unmolested.

At length ingenious Dick set to work to contrive some method of catching them. He obtained a section of thin bark from some tree, and arranged so that it would just slip over his head and rest on his shoulders, like the crown of a large old-fashioned hat, the top of it reaching several inches above his scalp.

In this he cut holes for his eyes and mouth, so that he

could see and breathe. He also fastened leaves and vines on the top and around it to partly conceal it.

When this was done, he put it on and started for the ducks. Reaching a thicket on the river's brink near the game, he laid aside his clothes and took to the water. He had often been in the river where the rice grew, and knew just what difficulties he would have to overcome in swimming and wading. Out he went, and as he came near the ducks he moved very slowly and cautiously so as not to alarm them.

Very soon he was in the midst of an immense flock, and although they were extremely wary and quite suspicious of the vine-covered bark, yet within a short time he succeeded in grasping quite a number by the legs, and jerking them under the water. When he had secured all he could fairly manage, he quietly made his way home. His catch proved most delicious eating, and was very acceptable to the family, as it came at a time in the year when no other meat was generally available. Frequently while the wild rice lasted did he repeat the operation, bringing home the fattest specimens that came to the river.

But one day, as he sat beneath the bushes on the edge of the water, about a quarter of a mile from home, examining some ducks just caught, his little dog by his side, suddenly a huge panther pounced down from the high bank above, and rushed for the dog. Away went the dog for dear life, and the panther after him. But Dick knew well enough that the dog, which was very fleet, would escape, and that the great cat would soon give up the race and come back for himself. But the lad had no notion of affording the panther a boy for dinner ; and so, perfectly cool and brave, set to thinking how to escape. If he should run away, the animal would follow his track and soon overtake him, for he could not equal the dog in speed ; if he should climb a tree, the creature could excel him in climbing ; if he should wade or swim into the river and the panther should see him, she might follow and get him there. But Dick was not to be caught so easily ; what worked so well in deceiving ducks might do even better with the panther.

And so, instantly slipping on his "duck hat," as he called it, he waded rapidly into the water a few rods, and settled down so that he could just breathe and see, and turning around, watched the shore. Hardly had he reached this position when the panther pounced down as before from the high bank and began smelling and looking for the boy. Failing to detect his whereabouts, she pawed over the ducks Dick had left; and since she could not have dog or boy for dinner, she decided to take duck.

Dick felt quite certain that when his dog reached home in fright and excitement the attention of the family would be attracted, and his father would shoulder his rifle and start out to investigate the matter. And Dick was not mistaken. In a very few minutes he saw his father in the canoe swiftly paddling along the shore, peering sharply for his boy. But the spot occupied by the panther was around a little curve in the bank, where she would not see the man until he was close upon her.

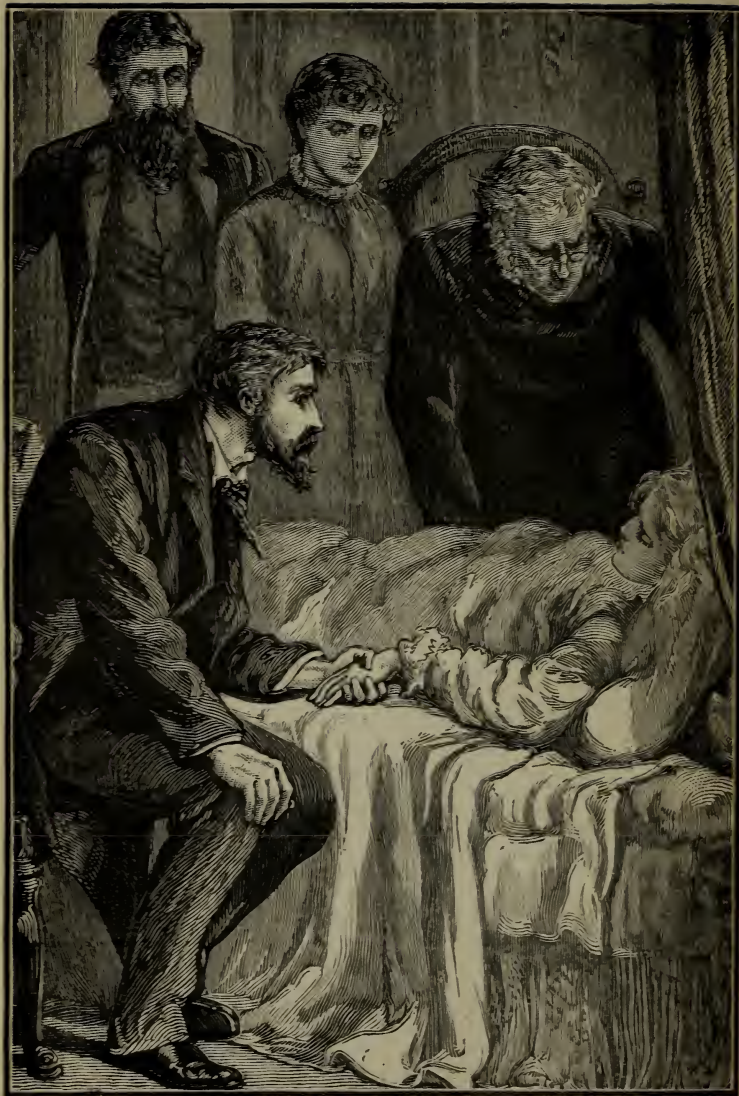
Before Mr. Smith reached this place he saw the lad's "duck hat," and Dick contrived to lift one hand carefully above the water and point where the creature was dining.

The father understood the signal, and giving the canoe a strong pull, seized the gun, and prepared to fire the instant he saw anything to fire at. A moment more the rifle's sharp crack rang out, the panther sprang into the air, and fell back among the ducks, dead as they were.

Even yet, Dick, now elderly "Mr. Richard Smith," delights in telling how he escaped in a "duck hat" from a panther.

# STRANGE TALES.





THE MYSTERIOUS PATIENT.

# STRANGE TALES.

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## OUT OF THE BLACK WILDERNESS.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

“YES, there was something unusual about our first meeting, and I have no objection to tell the circumstances to so old a friend as you.”

Jack Winstanley spoke. We were talking in the moonlight, walking up and down the hilly, flowery paths of his garden, overhanging the fragrant sea, in a wild, sweet nook of Cornwall. Here my friend Jack, the restless traveller and explorer, had lately settled down, and here he was about to bring a charming young bride. His home-lights were now shining redly from behind a not distant screen of trees.

“You know,” he continued, “that I went abroad early with an expedition to Australia. Sometimes we were quite safe among tolerably civilised people ; at other times we narrowly escaped with our lives from reckless marauders who lay in wait for the traveller, eager for plunder. I was always rather given to separating myself from my party, and wandering a little on my own account. One morning I thus set out with a couple of sturdy guides, and leaving my friends in a fertile and hospitable valley, I ascended a rugged mountain, and found myself by nightfall in the midst of a wilderness, which, for rugged grandeur and an awful air of savage loneliness, I declare to be altogether indescribable. It was named fitly the Black

Wilderness. Portentous-looking rocks hung overhead, hideous chasms opened round our feet ; away in the upward distance a forest, black as the gates of death, surged against the sky, and here and there a few funereal-looking trees stood together in clumps and tossed their wild plumes in the wind. Never had I seen a spot so suggestive of evil in the air ; yet I felt only pleased at having discovered scenery more than usually striking, and looked around cheerfully for some spot where we could get shelter for the night. The guides soon descried a deserted hut, and we all three proceeded to dispose ourselves for sleep. My fellows snored loudly, and I myself was sliding into the world of dreams, when I was startled by the sudden consciousness that some creature had entered the hut. I started up and placed my hand on my revolver, having been warned that this spot was the entrance to a region infested by dangerous characters, and now feeling sure that some of them had scented our approach, and come to make our acquaintance. I cannot say I felt any fear ; I was full of rash daring at the time, and loved nothing so much as a perilous adventure. My only thought as I raised my head and grasped my revolver, was, that I was glad I had not fallen asleep. The next moment my arm fell to my side, and I remained in a half-reclining posture, staring before me, unable either to move or to speak from amazement.

“Some one had entered the hut, but it was no wild man come to prey upon his fellows. In the starlight gleam from the aperture of the hut stood the figure of a woman, her face turned towards the corner where I lay, with a look of deep anxiety on her features. She was a girl apparently about twenty, fair face, fair hair, white robe, all shining as if with their own light, which made every detail of her figure and countenance visible in the semi-darkness. I never for a moment took her for a heavenly visitant, but felt that she was a real woman looking like an angel, such an one as makes heaven of many an English home. Leaning towards me, she trembled as if in great trepidation. At first she did not seem to see me, but, as if getting accustomed to the darkness of the hut, her eyes at last found

mine, and, with a look of intense relief, she held up her hand, and said in an eager whisper—‘Come!’

“I sprang up now, scarcely having time to wonder where such a girl had sprung from in an Australian wilderness. Her presence was enough to absorb my interest, and her summons, and the manner of it, assured me that I could render a service to some one she knew of, who was at that moment in danger. Forgetting even the existence of the guides who slept in the shadows near, I followed her, revolver in hand; for she had flitted out before me and stood waiting for me a few paces from the hut. She then moved on, always keeping a little way before me till she came to the spot where my horse was tied, when she signed to me to mount. I did so, thinking I could take her behind me, as we had probably some way to travel to reach the place towards which she wished me to accompany her; but no sooner was I in the saddle than I saw her already in advance of me, moving on with such swiftness that it was with difficulty I could overtake her. In this way we travelled some distance; and then the strangeness of her proceeding began to annoy me a little. I thought she might have stopped one minute to allow me to speak to her, and reassure her; to tell me whither she was leading me; to give me some idea of the nature of the adventure into which I had so readily flung myself. I felt also uneasy for her, as her rapidity of movement was unnatural, and I feared to see her fall from over-fatigue before my eyes. At last I reined in, and shouted ‘Stop!’ and she paused instantly, and stood looking back at me in great anxiety.

“I then approached her, and she waited till, for the first time, I came close to her side where she stood.

“‘You must mount behind me,’ I said, ‘I cannot see you kill yourself; and, as we go, you can tell me what you wish me to do.’

“While I spoke, a ray from the late-risen moon fell on her upraised face. It was a noble, tender, confiding countenance, with the simplicity of a child, the courage of a soldier, the beauty and dignity of a woman.



“ ‘ I must lead,’ she said in a low tone, and placed her hand on the bridle of my horse. Even as she spoke she started apprehensively and looked around the wilderness through which we were passing. Night had added further horror to the rocks and the precipices with their funereal plumes ; a sensitive imagination might, in truth, be driven mad by the prolonged contemplation of such a scene. I also gazed around, and placed my hand once more on my revolver. When I looked for my companion again I saw her far ahead of me, beckoning me earnestly to follow her.

“ As I obeyed her, it suddenly seemed to me that I had already known her for years, that she was part of my life, and that I could follow her through all eternity. Plodding on, uphill and downhill, through brake and through swamp, skirting along frightful chasms and urging my uneasy horse to thread darksome bits of forest, I found that the way was all new to me, and had not the least idea of whither I was going ; but I was satisfied to know that I was escorting my conductress out of some danger that had beset her, or going to render assistance to those in whom she was interested. Sometimes she disappeared altogether ; but just as I feared that I had lost her I was sure to see her some way ahead of me, signing to me to take a particular path which she had discovered and travelled before me. After many hours I began to emerge from the weird world through which we had been moving silently like figures in a bad dream ; and by the faintest streaks of early dawn I saw, lying only a mile below me, the valley which I had left behind me a day or two before, and could discern the tent where my companions slept. Had any evil happened to them ? I asked myself ; and was it for this that my conductress had brought me down out of the wilderness ?

“ Always far in advance of me, she suffered no questions, but flitted faster and faster into the valley. I urged my horse, and gained on her ; but she no longer turned her head as she had done before. When I galloped she seemed to fly ; when I walked my horse she lingered, and waited for me. At last, when we approached the tent of my companions, she paused



a moment at the door, beckoned to me to follow, and then vanished from my sight into the tent.

"I sprang from my horse and entered the tent. My friends were already astir; for daylight is precious in those regions, and not a moment of it is to be lost.

"'Hallo!' cried my friends; 'back already!'

"'Where is she?' I asked anxiously. 'What has become of her?'

"'She? Her? What are you talking of?'

"I flung down my hat impatiently, and laid my revolver on the table.

"'I am in no mood for jesting,' I said. 'I have ridden all night to do her some service. For heaven's sake tell me what you know of her!'

"'Jack! you are stark, staring mad!'

"I stood silent, gazing in a stunned way round the place, and in every man's face.

"'Do you mean that no woman—no lady—entered the tent a few moments before I did?'

"They all laughed, and then looked uneasy. It was plain they thought I was threatened with a brain fever from too much exertion. Some hours passed before I could get them to listen seriously to my story. I told it to them over and over again, omitting no detail, insisting on every particular. My friends had but one opinion on the subject. I was the victim of a mental delusion.

"'Where could such a girl come from?' they asked. 'There is not a lady within thousands of miles of us.'

"It was true; and I could not bring forward any evidence in support of the truth of my tale. My friends watched me anxiously all that day and night, expecting to see me seized with fever; but, though stunned and shaken more than I would confess, I knew that I was not going to fall ill. After a long, sound sleep, I felt more than ever convinced of the reality of the apparition that had so urgently summoned me and conducted me down out of the wilderness, so cleverly led me, with swift, and, as I now perceived, supernatural steps, by

a short cut unknown to me, into the valley which I had quitted the morning before.

"The strangest part of all is to come. Twenty-four hours afterwards, news reached us that the two guides whom I had left asleep in the hut had been attacked that night and murdered as they lay. How this news affected me I cannot tell you. The moment before my strange visitant came to me, I had been sinking into a slumber, which would certainly have ended in death had she not come to lead me out of danger. The revolver on which I depended would have been seized by stealthy hands. *The guides who had accompanied me were traitors*; and they had suffered from the vengeance of their fellow-ruffians when it was found that the English stranger, with his weapons, his money, and clothing, his horse and his saddle, all of which the robbers had coveted, had provokingly escaped out of their hands."

Jack had paused in his narrative, and smoked in silence as we walked up and down the garden and heard the sea breaking on the shore beneath the cliffs.

"Strange!" I said; "but the sequel?"

"I cannot say that you will find it less odd than what I have already told you. I attempt no explanation, I am only giving you facts.

"I spent five years in the remotest parts of Australia, and during that time I had never forgotten the face of the girl who had saved me from death in the hut in the Black Wilderness. Often when alone at night I fancied I saw the flutter of her white dress or the gleam of her fair face and hair in the glimmer of the moon. But after an interval of five years I had ceased to hope that I might see her again, and she had become only a thrilling memory. Suddenly I grew tired of wandering, and came home.

"It was by the merest chance that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Meadows, vicar of Oldbridge in Devonshire; and by his invitation I accompanied him from London to his home, where we arrived unexpectedly one evening in August. Mrs. Meadows was out driving at the moment, and not finding her

in the drawing-room, my friend opened a door, saying, 'We shall see some one here, I fancy.' Then he added, as we entered the room, 'My daughter Gay, Mr. Winstanley.'

"The apartment was a schoolroom, long and low, pale yellow walls, now golden with sunlight, and the one open window at the end set in a bower of overhanging green. Children sat round a tea-table presided over by a girl of about twenty, with fair face, shining hair, wearing a white dress, her countenance beaming with happiness and health. What was the matter with me that the sight of her fresh beauty should startle me as if a ghost had crossed my path? The scene present disappeared, and I saw instead the sinister forests and awful rocks and chasms of the Black Wilderness by night. This was the face, so spiritual, fair, so appealing, that had drawn me from the hut, the shining hair that had gleamed in the moon, the hand that had beckoned me out of danger, the form that had flitted before me through swamp and brake, and led me wonderfully in safety back to my companions and to life. Dazed and silent I saw her moving first towards her father without looking at me; and then she turned to me and held out her hand.

"Her hand slid from mine, and fell. A scared look crossed her face. She murmured, 'My dream!' and fell swooning on the floor.

"Her father raised her; her mother came in; there was a little scene of tender family solicitude, and I withdrew, shocked, amazed, overwhelmed by my own thoughts. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Meadows and I dined together, and a feeling of constraint hung over us, in spite of all our efforts to shake it off. At last, to my great relief, Gay appeared in the drawing-room, and, sitting by her mother, said to me:—

"My father is amazed at me, and I owe him and you some explanation. My mother knows already what I am going to tell you.

"Five years ago [I started] I had an extraordinary dream. I had overtired myself one hot day, fell asleep under a tree in the garden, and dreamed that I was travelling alone at night

in a strange and hideous country. I knew that robbers were going to murder an Englishman sleeping in a hut in a spot called the Black Wilderness. I toiled with all my might to reach the hut and warn him in time. I arrived there, and roused him just as he was falling asleep. As he rose and followed me, revolver in hand, I saw his face. *It was you! —*

"She stopped and trembled.

"‘I knew that you recognised me this evening,’ I said quietly, ‘as I also recognised you.’

"‘Has every one gone mad?’ asked Mr. Meadows.

"‘Edward, this thing is true,’ said his wife; ‘I remember the day well. One of the boys ran to me and said: “Gay is sleeping in the garden, and I cannot wake her, and she is groaning dreadfully.”

"‘I went, and I heard her groan, and I could not wake her. I sat by her and held her hands, and after another hour she awakened. She told me her story then as she tells it now, but begged I would not speak of it; she wanted to forget it. She was not herself for a week afterwards. I know she has never forgotten that dream.’

"Gay leaned her head on her mother’s shoulder and wept.

"It was some days before my darling could look me in the face without trembling; but all that occurred six months ago, and this day week she will be my wife. I am lost in wonder when I ask myself what was the mysterious sympathy which drew the spirit of a bright young girl out of her father’s garden among Devonshire woods, away to the rescue of an unknown man in dangerous wilds of Australia. Who informed her of the danger, pointed out the paths she ought to take in order to save him? She shudders when she recalls the sore toil and travail she endured in those hours when she flitted like an angel a few paces ahead of my horse, an agony which, young and healthy as she was, made her ache in body and mind for days afterwards. And what was the invisible power that five years later led me to her, as if by the merest chance, so soon after my return to England? All these are questions to which we cannot dare suggest an answer."

"Stay!" I said to Jack, as he once more took up his pipe, "had five years made no difference in her appearance that you so easily recognised her?"

"That is one of the oddest parts of it all," he answered. "They showed me her photograph at fifteen, a childish figure in a black frock, and with flowing hair. But it had little likeness to the woman who saved me. It was Gay as I saw her first in the flesh, as I see her to-day, who led me out of the Black Wilderness."



## THE MYSTERIOUS PATIENT.

*A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.*

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

I HAD passed my final examination, and was pronounced by it capable of taking human health, and even life, into my hands. I spent many hours in pondering the question how I, an unknown man, was to secure the position and practice I had resolved to win. My father, a most honourable gentleman, had built up a large and lucrative business through generous advertising; but that was forbidden the young aspirant to medical success; some other way must be devised. Fortunately, I was not as destitute of means as of patients, so I resolved at once to take a fine office on Madison Avenue, to have my *coupé* at the door after office hours, and to go in and out as though overcrowded with calls. This was nothing more nor less than advertising, but it was not of the tabooed kind.

I found my plan worked very well on the whole, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others situated as I was.

One evening in midsummer—for I allowed myself no vacation that year—I was sitting in my inner office, not smoking, for that would have betrayed idleness, when the sound of a carriage stopping at my door, and immediately afterwards steps hurrying up the passage arrested my attention. My office boy ushered a man into the waiting-room. I detained him long enough to indulge my sense of importance, then rang for the boy to bring him to me.

“Confound it!” exclaimed my visitor, “if I had known

you'd keep me waiting, I'd have gone somewhere else ! Come now with me ! ”

“ Where ? ” I asked.

“ No matter now. I'll tell you as we go. It's a case requiring desperate haste.”

I took my hat and followed my imperious visitor into the carriage. He gave a hurried order to the coachman, and we dashed off.

“ What is the case ? ” I asked.

“ That's for you to tell me, if you know anything about your business,” was the testy and unexpected reply.

My companion was a man of about forty years. His face would have been noble except for an expression of self-will, which almost ruined it. His bearing was that of a man of the world ; his manners almost—though they failed to be quite—those of a gentleman. As he had relapsed into silence after his last reply, I followed his example, and sat quietly awaiting the next turn of affairs.

The carriage stopped at a plain brick house in a quiet neighbourhood. Before the wheels had ceased to turn, my companion opened the door, and with the one word “ Come ! ” led me up the steps.

The door was immediately opened from within, and we ascended to the second storey. What was my amazement to find myself in an apartment furnished not only luxuriously, but with rare magnificence.

I probably hesitated a moment on the threshold, for my companion again said “ Come ! ” in the imperious tone with which I had grown familiar, and I turned to the bed.

There lay my patient—a young girl about eighteen. Her large blue eyes, dulled with disease, were staring unconsciously before her. Her long golden hair was tossed over the pillow, looking like a halo around the beautiful head. I noticed as I touched the wrist to find the pulse that no ring was on the wedding-finger. Was she wife or maid ? Who was this man who, with a middle-aged woman, was the only apparent guardian of such youth and loveliness ?

But the case was so serious I soon put aside every thought not connected with the patient. To my occasional questions the nurse gave me replies as brief as the man had given.

I wrote my prescription, gave the necessary directions for the night, saying I would call early in the morning, and rose to leave. The man followed me to the door.

"What's your fee?" said he.

I told him.

He put a bank-note into my hand, saying,—

"Come early to-morrow. Give the case every attention. I'll make it worth your while."

I judged from his tone that he was pleased with my appearance, and ventured to ask if the lady was his wife.

"She is your patient. You need know nothing further," was his curt reply.

I bowed, and went out into the night. The carriage was waiting, so I entered it, and was soon at home.

While I was taking my breakfast next morning the office-boy entered the room and said,—

"The carriage is waiting, sir."

Instinct told me what carriage it was.

I went at once, anxious to know the effects of my prescription on my mysterious patient.

Daylight showed only more plainly than night had done the humble exterior of the house and its unfashionable neighbourhood.

The door, as on the previous night, was opened immediately on my presenting myself.

I ascended the stairs, and entered the chamber door.

The cool morning breeze played with the elegant lace that hung at the windows, and moved slightly the heavy silken hangings that covered the walls.

My visitor of the night before nodded a formal recognition, which I returned with equal indifference as I went to the bed.

No light of intelligence beamed from the beautiful eyes that wandered restlessly around the room.

There was less fever, and in several ways my lovely patient

seemed to be in a more favourable condition than when I first saw her. I gave my directions, and rose to depart.

As before, the man met me as I passed out and put a bank-note into my hand. Was this to prepare the way for his sudden disappearance at any time he might choose to go? I suspected it was.

For several weeks I continued my visits. Although the conditions of general health improved, I was not satisfied with the results of my treatment on the disease. There were fluctuations which at times encouraged me, but the disease was obstinate, and would not yield.

During all this time I had no knowledge of the names of these people, nor of their relations to each other.

It was evident that they wished to conceal themselves from their friends, and I always feared there was something wrong about it.

But that was none of my business. It was my duty, however, if possible, to find the cause of this lovely girl's illness, as it was evident that I needed this to aid me in securing her recovery. So I asked for a private interview with the man whom I had myself called Cerberus.

Very reluctantly he led me to a room below, the condition of which showed that all the house was not furnished as the young lady's apartments were. My companion neither took a seat nor invited me to do so.

"Sir," said I, "it is necessary, if the peculiar cerebral condition of my patient is to be successfully treated, that I should know more than I do of its cause; also whether there are hereditary tendencies which complicate it."

He looked up at me fiercely, and, coming close, shook his fist in my face, saying at the same time,—

"That's nothing but curiosity! You doctors pretend to understand disease, and to be able to cure it, yet you will let a soul like this lie in darkness rather than do your best without knowing its secrets. I scorn you all! Go!"

He turned from the room, leaving me standing there alone. I left the house with the feeling that I should not

re-enter it. Evidently my services were no longer desired, and I was convinced that they could be of no great value unless I could have the information I had sought in vain.

What was my astonishment that evening to see the woman whom I had always found by the bedside of my mysterious patient come into my room. She was a most respectable woman, and I had been pleased with the intelligence with which she had nursed her charge. Startled, I said, "Is she worse?"

"She is the same, doctor," was the reply, in a quiet, even a dull tone. "There may be no chance for her ever to be better; but if you knew all about her, perhaps you could help her more. I have come to tell you."

"Had you permission to do this?" I asked; though I confess I was suffering as keen pangs of curiosity as I have ever experienced.

"No," was her reply; "but it is right for you to know. You have done more for my young lady than any other doctor has. Perhaps you can cure her if you know all."

I told her to take a seat, and prepared to listen.

"I was nurse to my young lady's mother," began the woman; "and when she was married, as she was at seventeen, I went to live with her. Oh, she was so gay and happy, and her husband so proud of her! She loved every beautiful thing, and he made her home like a fairy palace. Just before her baby was born—she that is my young lady now—he one morning was going to ride. The horse was one he had just bought, and was a wild creature. In some way it became frightened, and threw my master, so that his head struck the sharp corner of the stone step, and he was killed.

"My mistress saw it all, for she was standing there waiting to kiss her pretty hand to him as he rode away. At first we thought he was only stunned, but the doctors—we had three—shook their heads from the first, and soon everybody saw there was no hope. My mistress was almost wild with grief and horror. A month later her baby was born. The poor little thing never cried and never laughed like other babies.

"When she was three days old her mamma died, and I



took charge of the child. She was always gentle and sweet, but never gay, as her mamma used to be. Often she would say to me, 'Nurse, I wish I could be merry like other children ; but everything seems so sad. Why is it ?'

"When she was old enough I told her the story of her papa and mamma, and of their sad death. Oh, how she cried, poor dear ! 'I remember it all,' she said, looking up through her tears. 'I have seen it all in my dreams, very, very often, but I did not understand it.'

"On her last birthday she was of the same age her mamma was when she was born. The night before she was very sad, and had made me tell her the whole painful story of her parents' death over again. In the morning she had disappeared, and after a long search I found her at the house where she was born, but which had been closed for so many years. There she sat, my poor child, her beautiful face shadowed in gloom, her finger pointing to the stone which had killed her papa. When I tried to rouse her I found reason had gone.

"That was three months ago, sir. The gentleman who is with her is her guardian, and he is very anxious that it should never be known that she has been mad, for it would ruin her future, poor dear ! So we came here and hid ourselves where nobody we knew could find us. He made her rooms like those at home, so that everything should be familiar to her when consciousness should return. He won't give her name or his to any one, for fear of their being remembered when she's well again."

I asked several questions of a professional nature, and then said there was a chance of rousing the sufferer by a shock ; that heretofore I had tried to do this by keeping her calm ; now, if I were to continue in charge of her case, I should try another method.

She entreated me to do so, and to ignore the dismissal I had received from the guardian that morning.

"Has she," I asked, "no dear friend ? Is there not some one whose presence would stir her pulses if she were well ?"

The woman hesitated, but said,—

“Yes, she has a lover. He is not favoured by her guardian, who has other plans for her, but they love each other truly, and grief at being forbidden to see him had a great deal to do with her illness.”

“Then we must work secretly in bringing him here, must we not?” I asked. “Will it defeat our purpose if we take the guardian into our confidence?”

“It will not do to tell him anything,” she said.

“Can you give me the lover’s address?”

She did so, and I saw that a day or two must elapse before he could reach New York, even if I telegraphed at once.

“I will continue the case a little longer,” said I. “If this effort fails, I will resign it to more competent hands.”

The woman bowed, and rose to leave. I noticed that she veiled her face closely, and drew around her one of those nondescript garments ladies call waterproofs.

I waited impatiently for morning, though many of the intervening hours were spent in studying recorded cases similar to those of my patient.

At last the hour for my visit came. I decided to make it without explanation, as though it were expected.

I found things as usual in the sick room. Cerberus looked surprised, but I thought relieved also, at my appearance. The nurse gave no sign of any understanding between us.

I tried to fix the wandering eye of my patient by a resolute look in my own, and was glad to see that this evidently disturbed her.

Holding her attention in this way, I spoke one or two words, to which she seemed to listen, and then broke away from the restraint.

It was a disadvantage not to know her name, as the sound of it would have arrested her attention more than anything else. But I found that she could be held for a moment at a time. I changed the entire plan of my prescriptions, and, telling the nurse that I wanted her to call her mistress distinctly by name every time she gave her medicine or refreshment, went away.

That evening I was glad to see some slight changes, indicating that my plan was working well.

On my return home I wrote to the absent lover, telling him all I thought necessary, and urging him to come home at once. Meantime, I would do my best with my patient.

It was at midnight, two days later, when I was roused from sleep by a furious ringing of the night-bell. In answer to my inquiries, a voice, eager, even hoarse, with emotion, cried to me,—

“For Heaven’s sake, doctor, come down and tell me how and where she is !”

I then knew that my visitor was my patient’s lover. Though the tender passion had not yet touched me, I sympathised with the young man’s feelings strong enough to go to him as soon as possible.

I found him exhausted, mentally as well as physically. For three months, ever since the mysterious disappearance of the young lady, he had wandered over the country in search of her, following traces which had led him far astray.

My letter fortunately reached him promptly, and, having taken the next train, he was here.

My first duty was evident, and I offered him some refreshment. But he could touch nothing till I assured him of the safety of his Madeleine—for this was her name.

I told him how the case had been brought to me ; how my treatment of it had failed ; how I depended on him to aid me now.

“We must,” I continued, “find an hour when the guardian is out. Then we will go to the room, and you will greet her suddenly, but quietly. We will see what the effect will be.”

It was so late. I persuaded Mr. Howland—that was his name, Horace Howland—to lie upon my lounge during the remainder of the night. On my return to my room I wrote the following note to the nurse:—

“Mr. Howland has come. We must see the young lady when her guardian is out. Put one of these cards in the window to tell me at what time we shall call.”

I enclosed cards with the various hours of the day marked distinctly on them. I then retired to try to sleep.

It was with a sense of relief that I saw the sun shining when I awoke. All nervous conditions are so much more favourably met on a bright than on a dull day.

Mr. Howland was sleeping as I passed through the room. Poor fellow ! how haggard and pale he was ! But I saw that his face and head were noble.

I made my morning call at the earliest hour I could. My lovely patient was better in every way. Her sleep had been refreshing, and she was more attentive to what I said than she had been before.

Her guardian stood by, as usual, and I found it difficult to give my note to the nurse without attracting his attention. I accomplished it finally, and made my exit. In about an hour I passed the house, and, on looking up at the designated window, saw the figures "1—3."

I was grateful for the length of time we could have for our experiment. I hastened home and told my good news to Mr. Howland. He seemed too miserable to be greatly cheered by it ; and, indeed, I could not wonder at his despondency.

At precisely ten minutes past one we were at the door. The nurse opened it, and saying, "It is all safe ; he will be gone till three," took us upstairs.

I told Mr. Howland to wait outside till I called him.

When I entered I found my patient sitting in an easy-chair, a picture of loveliness, if one excepted the restless, expressionless eyes.

I sat by her, took her hand, and said slowly,—

"Madeleine, where is Horace ?"

She started, looked troubled, flushed a little ; then the old vacant look returned. I repeated the question, holding her eyes with mine.

At length I gave the sign to the nurse, and she called Horace. He came in hurriedly, as though he could wait no longer, and Madeleine rose, stretched out her arms, fell on his

neck, and sank in a swoon. All this was well ; but how would she come out of the faint condition ?

We put her on the lounge, and, after applying restoratives for a long time, consciousness began to return.

She opened her eyes, saw Horace standing at the foot of the lounge, and tears began to flow ; then sobs—strong, convulsive sobs—shook her delicate frame. The nurse wanted to check them, but I desired their continuance without restraint.

Horace, meantime, had knelt by her side, and was holding the lovely head on his broad shoulder, and whispering words of love and tenderness into the awakened ear. She looked into his face with joy at last in her eyes, and said,—

“Horace, they told me that stone killed you too.”

Then she fell into a peaceful sleep. I knew it would last for hours, and, charging the nurse to keep everything from Cerberus, and to tell Madeleine her lover would return the next morning, we left. Horace was so exhausted that he yielded to my entreaties to seek rest for himself.

I think I was as impatient for the hour of my evening visit as I had ever been for anything in life. I was hopeful, yet not confident, that my plan had succeeded.

On entering the room I found my patient very weak, but reason had returned. She looked at me with intelligence, and answered my questions rationally.

I whispered to her that Horace was sleeping, but that he would see her the next day if she was good and slept well herself. She smiled happily, and evidently understood that her guardian's presence forbade further speech.

But my story is too long already ; I must not tell in detail how Madeleine grew stronger and happier day by day, until at length she was well. Nor must I describe the wedding, at which I was best man ; nor need I tell how sulkily grim Cerberus gave her away when he found he could not keep her for himself.

But I may say that there is one sweet and happy home where I am always welcome, over which Madeleine presides with matchless grace.



## UNDER THE GREAT CLOCK.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

“ I PETER FORD, being of sound mind——”  
“ *Peter Ford!* ” exclaimed the young lawyer who was drawing up the last will and testament, almost upsetting the ink in his surprise. “ Why, I——”

“ Oh yes! You have known me as Brown. That was a convenient name to lose one’s self under—almost as good as Smith. I don’t suppose you have lived in California so long without knowing that people sometimes assume other names. I don’t know but even you——”

The young man coloured and moved uneasily.

“ Excuse me,” he said ; “ go on.”

The sick man continued, gazing at one arrow of light which made its way through the window, and seemed to point at him. He put out one wasted hand and touched it.

“ It’s a pleasant thing to see the light of the sun,” he remarked ; “ the Bible says so. And I shall not see it long. I am going where they have no candles, neither light of the sun.”

“ Yes,” answered the young man rather absently.

“ But the Lord God giveth them light,” said Ford musingly.

“ It’s all very strange.”

“ But the will ! ” exclaimed the other.

“ I think I’d better explain it a little,” answered Ford faintly. “ You see, I was a wild sort of a youth, and hated the humdrum life in our New England village. I had read stirring stories of adventure, and thirsted to be out on the Plains hunting Indians, or sailing the seas and capturing vessels, or finding treasure in

tropic lands. So, like many another youth, I ran away. I was only fifteen, and that is fifty years ago. Goodness! what dreams and hopes I had! I took another name at once that I might not be traced, and then I was buffeted about for years. I made headway at last, but I never went home. My mother died, and I had lost the longing to return. I knew I should see strange faces at the doors, and the old places knew me no more. So I went on money-making, and when I grew careless luck seemed to follow me. You know about the Black Rock Mine. Well, I have a million to-day, and not a soul to shed a tear at my grave. There was a time when I had plenty of love and threw it away; now I would give my wealth for one true heart, one loving hand to touch my brow, to keep fast clasped in mine while I go down into the dark valley, some one's dear eyes to shine upon me as I go."

The sick man looked out with a dreary hopelessness in his eyes, and he grew silent, but roused himself in a moment.

"It is better so. I leave no heart sad for me," he said, "and perhaps I shall find some one waiting to welcome me on that distant shore. Let us come to business. I had a whim to see my relatives just before the sickness seized me. I wanted to find out the worthy ones and help them if I could. So I sent a letter to each. They had lost sight of me, but I had kept trace of them. The older members of the family were gone, but their children lived. I did not tell them of my prosperity. I represented myself as in great embarrassment and need (they could not know that the embarrassment was about the bestowal of my wealth), and I begged them by all that was humane to meet me under the great clock, at the Centennial Exhibition, on July 21st, at twelve o'clock. I made up my mind that with those who responded to my call, and seemed ready to help me, I would share all I possess, and leave it to them when I had done with it on earth. A good test, don't you think?"

"Very good," responded the lawyer.

"Now I shall not be able to carry it out as I expected. I shall never look upon a face that belongs to kith or kin of

mine on earth. But in my will I have the same idea. I leave everything to those of my family who care enough to know about the old man to go on that stated day and hour to the given place of meeting."

"You mean to divide it between those who shall be there, no matter how few?"

"Yes, that is my idea. I think the kindest hearts will be rewarded in that way. If I had lived, I would have made their acquaintance and judged for myself."

"Be kind enough to dictate all exactly as you wish," said the lawyer, once more dipping his pen in the ink.

The sick man did so in as few words as possible, but the effort seemed to exhaust him very much.

"Now call in Ginger Bill and his wife; they can both write," he said. "They will do for witnesses."

The two somewhat odd specimens of humanity appeared when summoned, and seemed much elated at the dignity of the occasion. When they left with gold pieces in their hands they evidently considered that money very easily earned.

The lawyer administered cordial to the patient, and then sat a moment reading the names noted in the will.

"There are six of them," he said. "Do you know anything of them?"

"Yes, a few facts," said Ford, sleepily. "Araminta Butts is a spinster—a school-teacher—alone in the world and poor. Daisy Ford is a little country girl, fresh and innocent. My heart goes out to Daisy, I think; she is my brother's granddaughter. Then there is Mrs. Montgomery Ford, a dashing widow; Robert Grant, a young poet; Larry Ford, a dissipated scamp; and Niel Thorne. We have been unable to trace him. I expect he is a *mauvais sujet*, for no one could tell where to forward the notice to him."

"So he has lost his chance," said the lawyer, with a smile that was baffling in expression, being tinged with an inexplicable triumph. "Poor fellow!"

"Oh, he may turn up before that time," said Ford indifferently; "but I heard nothing favourable of him."

The young man rose and went to the window. He had a curious look of repressed excitement on his face.

"You will take care of that document?" Ford asked. "And, of course, its contents are only to be given out on the day therein mentioned."

"I understand."

"It necessitates a journey for you and a loss of time, so I beg you will accept this cheque of a thousand dollars at once to pay for all your services," said the sick man, feebly turning a cheque-book in his hand. He kept it under his pillow.

"Thanks. I shall stay with you till—the—end."

"You are very good," Ford said. "It cannot be long. And I think I will go to sleep now."

The young man sat there motionless, as if lost in dreams. He did not notice when the sleep changed into a profound silence, broken by no heart-beat, stirred by not the faintest throb of the pulses.

He started at last when a shadow crossed the threshold. Ginger Bill held a bowl of beef tea in his hand.

"Don't disturb him," said the lawyer.

The man paused and looked at his master. He discerned the change.

"Cannon-balls wouldn't wake him now," said Ginger Bill, with a tremor in his voice. "He's dead."

\* \* \* \* \*

Over the deep fields of clover the golden-belted bees were hovering, and the air was full of all the perfume of the summer.

Daisy Ford, in all the exhilaration of her first journey, could not help noting the waves of shadow on the wheat, and the soft white battlements of clouds, like strange castles in the sky.

She was as blithe as the morning—a fair, slender creature with deep-grey eyes and rose-leaf complexion, and waving gold-brown hair.

Her heart was beating fast, too, for it was a strange experience to be going to a great city, and she had received

more advice and warnings than she could store in her dizzy brain.

At the last moment, to the relief of Daisy's friends—although scarcely to the delight of the young girl—Cousin Araminta had arrived, and announced that she had found it convenient to accompany her.

"You see, dear," said Cousin Araminta, tossing her iron-grey corkscrew curls so that her spectacles nearly fell off her nose—albeit it was well-defined Roman, and of the kind to keep spectacles on—"I thought it better for us to be together. Young ladies are looked on with suspicion when they are alone—I hate to be talked about."

"Why, would any one think it queer for you?" said Daisy innocently.

"Of course, child; and the men do stare so," simpered Araminta. "Do you know, I think we shall find our fate in this journey? How romantic it would be!"

"But I thought it was not our fate, but Uncle Peter we were going to look for," said Daisy.

"Oh, I don't think of him. I can't do anything for a poor relation, you know. I ought not to spend these few dollars even to go to the great show; but it's only once in a lifetime, and I feel sure something will come out of it."

"Poor old Uncle Peter!" exclaimed Daisy. "At least we can see him, and say a kind word. I, for my part, am going to be there at the given time."

"Oh, of course; and afterwards we can see what pleasure we can get out of the great fair," Araminta exclaimed, arranging the scarlet feather of her broad Rubens hat, so that the reflection might not heighten the rubicund tinge of her nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did you notice the young man with the melancholy eyes, that sat opposite to us last night at table?" whispered the spinster to Daisy, in a very significant way, at the hotel next morning. "How he looked at us!"

"Ah, yes," answered Daisy, with a little blush; "he just handed me a rosebud, and asked if I'd dropped it."



"And he picked up my fan when I left it on the table—so gentlemanly," murmured Araminta. "Daisy, I had the most peculiar sensation when I took back that fan; a sort of electric thrill seemed to run through all the sticks and paper from his hand to mine—and then my heart gave such a bound."

"Dear Minty, your heart gives so many bounds, I should think you have heart disease by this time," said Daisy, with less sweetness than usual.

"I feel as if I had met my fate," exclaimed Araminta, with a sigh.

"But then you have been mistaken before, dear," Daisy answered.

"Do you think a baby-blue or a pale-pink tie is the most becoming to my complexion," simpered that lady, trying each before the glass.

"Equally becoming," Daisy answered, impatiently.

"That's the advantage of an ivory-white complexion, my dear," Araminta exclaimed. "You see, bloom has its advantages."

Araminta tried the various ribbons, and at last selected the baby-blue.

"We might stay here until to-morrow," she said. "I have a little headache, and there is plenty of time. I should like to see that pretty little cascade they were talking about last night."

Daisy made no objection. She was looking at her dusty travelling dress, and wishing she had a certain pale-blue muslin trimmed with lace and ribbons—her one gala dress—which was safely packed in her trunk.

Araminta wasted no time in the seclusion of her room, but went down upon the broad piazza with hope which springs perennial not alone in youthful breasts, beating fast in hers.

And this time hope did not deceive her. Among others, a tall, dark gentleman, with roving eyes, sat by one of the pillars, holding a paper in his hand.

There was a sudden recognition in his eyes as they rested on Araminta's tall, lank figure, clad in her pongee dress, with

the baby-blue tie at her neck. No, she did not deceive herself. He was looking for her, and a sudden blush mantled the withered cheeks.

"Would you like to look at the morning paper, madame?" he said, rising, as she made a faint essay to pass him. "There is an interesting letter from the Centennial!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Araminta, taking it and sinking into a chair near, "I am so interested in everything, because I am on my way——"

"You and your sister?"

"My cousin."

"Indeed, there's a family resemblance. It struck me when you came in last night. I, too, am going to the big fair later on. Perhaps we shall meet there."

Araminta murmured something about that being pleasant, and felt more and more that she had met her fate.

"I am in no hurry; I've seen so much," said the gentleman, with a *blasé* air. "Having travelled in every country in Europe, I am not so anxious for the show. In fact, do you know I am more interested in the study of *people* than of *things*?"

Saying this, he gave Araminta such a warm glance that it was just like a sunbeam piercing into her cold and lonely heart.

"In fact, I may say with Festus, I am a student of the heart of man, or rather, woman," he went on.

"How *distingué*—how intelligent!" thought the old maid, as she beamed on him through her spectacles; and then she immediately put on her bluest stockings, and discoursed of Emerson and Kant. "There is nothing like the magic of mind with those superior men," she told Daisy afterward. "You never saw anything like the interest he showed, and he has invited us to go to the Cascade to-morrow afternoon."

"But we were going on to-morrow," said Daisy.

"No matter; there's plenty of time—and think, how pleasant for us all to go together. Oh, I wouldn't miss the excursion to-morrow for all the Centennial!"

"But why do you not go with him alone?" asked Daisy, showing a little pique.

"Why, he said 'bring your little cousin.' He thought you would be left alone, I suppose. You know you can stray off to gather wild flowers when we get there; you would not enjoy our soulful conversation."

"But is it exactly proper to pick up an acquaintance in this way?" said Daisy, in a hesitating manner.

"Allow *me* to judge," answered Araminta. "I have not educated young ladies in deportment for nothing. Mr. Percival—here is his card, 'Ray Percival'—you see, is a friend of Mayor Strong's, and any friend of his——"

"Oh, well, I didn't know," murmured Daisy; "it is a nice name."

The next day, on the walk to the Cascade, Mr. Ray Percival showed himself quite as ready for innocent banter as he had been for intellectual converse the day before. He insisted on gathering wild flowers for Daisy, and when they reached the Cascade, they clambered on the rocks like young kids, leaving Miss Araminta to gaze at the waterfall alone. She was stiffer in the joints, and wore very tight French kid boots.

"I want the child to enjoy herself," said Mr. Percival, when he had an opportunity. "She is too young to enter into the inner sanctuary of nature as we do, and find companionship in being face to face with her grand mysteries."

Then he took the spinster's hand and pressed it sympathetically.

Up on the rocks he had held Daisy's plump little paw, saying—

"Let me hold you fast, for you seem like one of those bright creations which are only given to us a moment, to vanish and leave a void for ever."

In fact, the young gentleman played his cards so well that they began to feel moved and interested in him.

When he made it clear that business letters must be waited for at that spot, especially when he appointed a walk with each *alone* on the 21st, with a few significant words which set the

heart of the spinster more wildly beating than that of the young girl, Uncle Peter and his needs were forgotten entirely.

\* \* \* \* \*

In another country hotel of a very modest kind, a slender, delicate-looking young man was watching the tricks of the sunlight upon an old elm-tree that brushed by his window.

What a day it was, and how the leaves twinkled in the light !

What a balmy breeze it was that stirred his hair, and how all nature seemed rocked into a soft, sweet peace !

The young man's clothes were very white at the seams, and his face was careworn. Sometimes he turned from watching the leaves of the elm to a pile of other leaves of pure, unwritten paper before him.

"I ought to write a Centennial Ode—something to make me famous," he said. "Various stately lines go marching through my brains, but I don't seem able to marshal them in force. Hullo !"

This was said because his door opened suddenly, and a little skinny man in black appeared.

"I knocked, but you were in a reverie—a poet's reverie, I suppose," remarked the little man.

Robert Grant looked surprised. He was not famous yet—though, like all young poets, he hoped to be.

"I do not know you, sir !" he exclaimed at last.

"No, you don't ; but you will, I hope. You'll know me very well, and be glad to know me, I think. I am not mistaken, I believe, in thinking that I address Robert Grant, author of 'Songs of the Seasons,' which appear in the *Review* ?"

Grant blushed and bowed.

"The same," he said.

"Then let me shake hands with you. Nothing ever stirred me like those songs, sir. They brought back my buried youth—they made me a boy again. I saw the old stile, the flowers in my father's field ; the music of the brook was in my ears. Why, man, I felt the first kiss of my sweetheart when I read those songs !"

Grant stepped forward and shook hands, with a feeling of

triumph in his heart. At last his genius was recognised—at last!

"You are very good," he murmured.

"Not at all. I am a publisher, and I'm always looking out for myself, you know. It's a purely selfish operation. I want you to get your poems together, and I'll bring them out for you. By Jove! we will take the world by storm!" he cried. "They'll say a new star has arisen, like Keats. You remind me of Keats, with a dash of Austin Dobson, that gives all a modern society flavour. I saw your name on the register, and I said, 'Now's my time.' We can stay here a few days while you revise your works. I'd like to have you read them over to me, you know, and I'll suggest the putting them into shape."

"I—was on my way to—the Centennial," said Robert modestly. "Oh, in fact I should be there on a certain day—a poor relative is to meet me."

"Oh, the deuce! don't let your chances slip for a poor relative. You may make your fortune now. As for the Centennial, it will keep, and the Bible says, 'The poor you have *always* with you.' We must take hold of this thing now. Shepherd and Co. can't be put off. I'm the Co. You know the firm?"

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Grant, his heart throbbing with pleasure at the idea of having his book brought out by such a firm. "I really think it is my duty to give up everything for the present, and do as you say."

"I should think so, indeed. Let's get to work at once," answered the other, and in a few minutes the young man was lost in his own day-dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

A swish of silk, the tap of French boots on the floor, made known to a couple of gentlemen that there was a feminine presence on the balcony above. One of them managed to catch a glimpse of part of the elegant violet brocade gown, as it shone against the iron rail like some gorgeous flower.

And indeed the lady who wore it was well worth looking at!



albeit the hair was too auriferous, and the eyebrows too dark for the golden locks. There was a suspicious darkness also under the eyelashes, and the complexion was too rose-leaf like for the subtle lines that *would* steal out about the eyes and mouth.

"I'm the only one of the whole family that has a cent to give the old fellow, and I suppose I can't let him starve; but the fact is, if I go to Paris this Fall, I want all I have—in fact, I want more," and a little smile curled the corners of the widow's pretty mouth.

As if in answer to her last thought, a voice sounded from beneath,

"Come, now, for the sake of our old friendship, you might let me have fifty shares—'twould make my fortune."

"Can't, my boy."

"Oh, I say, you've been piling it up pretty well, and now you've got hold of this Costanga mine. I vow luck's on your side, and you might share with a fellow."

"I might manage to get you five or ten shares."

"I'd be thankful for so much, if you won't do more. If I was a pretty woman, now, you would be more complaisant."

"No. I swear the loveliest she in Christendom would find me adamant about those shares."

Mrs. Montgomery Ford leaned far over the little balcony, and caught a glimpse of the speaker. Her face was lit up with sudden animation.

"I will try," she murmured, with a self-appreciating smile.

So she stayed and tried. The matter took time. The handsome woman procured an introduction. She made an impression. She was still at work with a very sanguine hope of success, when the clock struck twelve on the 21st of July. She scarcely noted the fact.

But there was one who listened to the sound of the hour tolling out high noon with a fast-beating heart and a rapture of triumph in his eyes—one solitary figure who had been standing for a long time under the great clock of the Centennial.

It was a hot day, but he did not seem to feel the torrid beams that beat upon him. He was engaged in anxiously watching in all quarters, and when the clock struck, and he knew his vigil was over, a sigh of relief burst from his lips.

"It is mine—all mine!" he said, half-audibly. "A million of money! Little did the old man know that it was Niel Thorne who was drawing up his will. My agents have worked well. Who is there that cannot be tempted by love, money, or ambition? Larry Ford saved me all trouble on his account by going on a big drunk. Well, I need stay here no longer. Yes; I must prove my presence. Hullo!"—to a man passing by—"do you think this clock is right?"

"Of course."

Thorne took out his watch.

"Then I am fast."

He handed his card to the man, and a dollar.

"I might call on you to prove you saw me here," he said.

"I'll do it at the same price," grinned another working man.

Niel handed the money to the second, and as a couple of gentlemen stopped to view the transaction, he felt secure.

"Now," he said, "now for life! But it is as hot as Tophet—that's a fact, and I have a very curious pain twisting and scorching in my brain."

He was soon lost amongst the sightseers.

Toward evening, when cool shadows began to fall, two female figures stopped under the great clock. Araminta peered about in a distraught way.

"He must have been called away by a telegram," she said.

"He would never have left me so heartlessly."

"I am sorry we missed Uncle Peter," sighed Daisy. "It's your fault. Oh, goodness! they are carrying a dead man!"

"No, miss, only a sunstroke," answered a passer-by.

"Bring him in here," some one said, as they neared the Agricultural Hall.

"I must see him!" gasped Araminta. "What if he should be——" and she drew Daisy after her.

Only a few entered with them. Sunstrokes were common.

So they found themselves standing near the victim of the heat. Some one was going through his pockets.

"His name is Niel Thorne!" exclaimed that person.

Araminta gave a glad cry of relief. He was not her fate, but he was her cousin.

He knew her too when at last he opened his eyes.

"You all missed it, didn't you?" he said, half-deliriously. "You didn't know old Peter Ford had made a million and wanted to divide it among you, or you'd all have travelled post-haste. You wouldn't have stopped even for a flirtation—would you, Minty?—and Robert wouldn't have been tempted by fame, or the widow with the shares. Ha! ha! I played my cards pretty well, and I have the million. I stood *alone* under the great clock! Do you hear? Not a soul of you were there, you can't claim a cent. Regularly sold—eh?"

The man broke into a wild laugh, while his face grew purple, and his eyes more and more bloodshot.

"Ice to his head—mustard to the back of the neck," cried the physician who had been summoned.

All the appliances were used.

"What can he mean," cried Araminta, "by his million? Do you think——"

But there was no time for Daisy to answer. There was a sudden paling of the man's face.

"His pulse has gone down," said the doctor. "He is sinking."

Niel Thorne seemed to hear the words, and opened his eyes.

"I am the only heir," he murmured; and then he went where he could not carry his million with him.

"He is a relative," said Araminta, when the death was announced, "and we will take charge of the body."

The queer will was found, and Peter Ford's money duly divided among his next of kin, just as Robert Grant began to wonder over the disappearance of his publisher, and the widow began to suspect something. Araminta met a kindred soul very soon after she got her money, but Daisy married an old love.

## THE STORY OF A REFRAIN.

BY JACQUES OFFENBACH.

**M**Y case is not that of Alphonse Karr, who was troubled about finding a single note. I would laugh at all the F sharps in the universe, for in changing the keynote I could dispense with its use.

I was not in search of a popular air that any passer-by might whistle. No ; the waltz I sought for was soft and slow—one that my mother and sisters used as a lullaby to me when I was a child. I could remember only the first eight bars, and they pursued me like an insatiable creditor eager to rob me, one by one, of all the sweet souvenirs of my infancy.

Those eight bars were as a charm whose potent spell recalled ever to my mind my childhood home, the voices of those I loved, whose absence now I so much deplored.

Alone in Paris, where I was earning a living by playing the violoncello at the Opera Comique, and at an age when other boys were going to school, I was advancing tranquilly toward the future ; yet I did not regret the past.

Solitude was very bitter to me, and this waltz, about which there was nothing extraordinary, had assumed for me strange proportions.

It was almost like a prayer that I hummed from morning till night ; not that it might ascend to heaven ; but as if, when I did so, that the loved ones at home were responding to me.

Ah, this waltz ! what would I not give to know the whole of it !

Often have I added to it and continued the theme in my own way ; and, although I might deceive those who listened to me, never could I deceive myself.

What I composed seemed charming at first ; but afterward I

would tire of it, as referring only to myself, and not to the dear ones far away, nor to the happy days gone by.

Time passed. Still were the eight bars not forgotten, but only more indelibly fixed on my mind.

In getting old there is no middle path—either one forgets all, or sees with a strange clearness the decorations, the characters, of the joyous comedy of Youth.

I am of those who remember, and I am glad of it. There is nothing more delightful than to be able to escape the harsh reality of the present by evoking dreams of the past. Adorable dreams, even when they recall regret.

One day I set out to look for my waltz. I would take a trip home and see if they—my parents—could assist me. I did not write of my coming. They attributed my visit solely to my affection for them; and, truly, there was none greater. I hesitated to tell them the object of my visit; they would think I was jesting.

One evening my father, who was very fond of hearing me play, asked me to perform something for him. He was a severe and competent judge. I always experienced a little emotion before him. On this particular evening I needed no urging, and by way of a prelude and to relax my fingers a little, I played the few bars of my tormenting waltz.

"What!" exclaimed my father. "Do you remember the Zimmer Waltz?"

"Zimmer!" I cried. "Is that a waltz by Zimmer? Are you sure of it? Who was, or is, this Zimmer?"

"This Zimmer," said my father, "was a young composer who had some success. He began very well indeed, he became popular; but all at once he disappeared, and no more was heard of him."

"Do you know this waltz?" said I.

"No."

"What, with your great memory, have you forgotten it?"

"For the good reason I never knew it. Your dear mother used to sing that part to put you to sleep. I think she never knew any more of it."



Next day I went to all the music-stores and asked for a waltz by Zimmer. I could not give the name. I sang the first eight bars, saying,—

“It begins like this.”

They looked at me smilingly, and replied,—

“We never heard it—do not know it.”

I returned to Paris, much discomfited. For years and in all my travels I never entered a music-store without asking for the waltz. I always received the same reply.

I gave up at last the idea of ever knowing the rest, contenting myself with the eight bars, which came invariably to knock at the door of my memory.

One morning, as I was fixing up my accounts with Brandus, the music-publisher, he happened to say to me,—

“I have just been hearing a poor fellow play, and he really is not without talent.”

“Are you going to publish something of his?” I asked.

“Well, I should like to; but he is old, and has not any reputation.”

“He will make one, perhaps.”

“He pretends to have had a name years ago.”

“What is his name?”

“Zimmer.”

“Zimmer! Did you say ‘Zimmer’? Oh, where does he live? Speak quickly!”

“I do not know. He is to come to-morrow for his manuscript.”

“Brandus, my good friend, do me a service—a great service. Publish that, pay for it on my account ten times its worth, and send this good man to me. I want to see him most particularly.”

Brandus promised. I waited impatiently the next day, then the day after, then months, then years. Zimmer never came. I was very much vexed at first; then philosophised by thinking that perhaps the rest of the waltz was not worth hearing, and thus endeavoured to dismiss it from my mind.

In 1871 I was in Vienna attending to the rehearsals of *The*

*Brigands*, and in a carriage with some friends we were stopped by a great crowd gathered in front of a *café concert*—a rendezvous for working-people, soldiers, etc. We thought at first that there was a fight between some drunken men. We could see that there was a man lying on the ground.

Doctor Faulkner, who was with us, jumped out of the carriage to see what was the matter. They told him it was a check-taker who had died suddenly. He leaned over him and said, "He is not dead—but he is dying from hunger."

They gathered around him, and gave him some wine, then took up a collection, to which we added our mite.

The doctor promised he would go and see the sick man the next day, and asked for his address.

A card was handed to him, on which was written :—

"RUDOLPHE ZIMMER,

"PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

"*Sternengasse, No. 233.*"

"Zimmer!" I cried. "I know him! Quick, quick! put him in the carriage! I will take charge of him."

We arrived at the address indicated. Zimmer's room was in the fifth storey, and, when they opened the door, sad indeed were our hearts to see, not the room, but the hole in which this poor unfortunate man lived—four bare walls, a little straw, one or two pieces of furniture, that was all.

Fortunately we were in a furnished house where another room could be hired.

We carried Zimmer to the best one, and Dr. Faulkner assured me he should have the best of care.

Eight or ten days after, a waiter of the hotel where I was announced, "Monsieur Rudolphe Zimmer." At last I was to have my waltz!

I raised my eyes, and saw a tall old man, of a figure *distingué*. Misfortune had cruelly aided in wrinkling his face; his expression was mild and resigned.

Long white hair fell upon his coat, which was threadbare

even to the binding, but of extreme cleanliness. His whole appearance was sympathetic and agreeable.

"Monsieur," said he, "I come to thank you for your kindness toward me."

"That is nothing," said I. "I only followed the example of your friends."

"I have not any friends. I have not even long enough to live to talk of gratitude. I come simply to thank you."

"Once is enough," said I dryly.

I found, and I cannot say why, that his thanks made me feel ill at ease.

"I repeat that you owe me nothing. Do you know who I am?"

"Jacques Offenbach."

"Yes; and with brother-artists the least thing we can do is to oblige each other."

"Brother-artist," murmured Zimmer, with bitterness. "You say that from kindness, monsieur. Alas! I am but a poor professor, without lessons—I may say, without anything!"

"But—beg pardon—you have had your day. You have had some talent."

"Thanks for your politeness."

"That is not politeness. It is my conviction."

"You have doubtless heard something, and you repeat it to me in order, perhaps, to soften the bitterness of charity. You do not know me; you can never know me."

"You are mistaken," said I; "and here is the proof of it."

Approaching the piano, I played slowly the first eight bars that I knew so well. At the first notes the old man had raised his head, and stupefaction succeeded an infinite pleasure. The artist stood erect.

A ray of joy filtered through the tears that fell on his emaciated cheeks. I had the greatest trouble to finish; his emotion affected me; I arose. He came quickly toward me and grasped my hand.

"Ah, professor—dear professor!" cried he, "may God recompense you! You have done much for me. You have

saved my life—that was nothing. You have just given me courage to live, and that is everything. There is still some one who can understand me, and that some one is you. You who—you that—ah ! monsieur, how can I acknowledge this joy so great, this joy so unexpected ?”

“Oh, very easily, my friend,” said I, in my turn. “Play for me the rest.”

“The rest ? The rest of my waltz ?” he inquired.

“Yes. That is, indeed, the greatest pleasure you can give me. When I tell you why, then you will see that you are not obliged to me, but that I am indebted to you.”

Zimmer sat down at the piano and played, as I had just done, the first eight bars, and then stopped.

I seemed suspended to the ends of his fingers ; I clung to every note. His face changed alternately from astonishment to sadness. All at once he passed his hand across his forehead, and exclaimed, in terror,—

“I cannot recall it—I cannot remember it ! Oh, *mon Dieu !* perhaps I am becoming mad. It is, perhaps, the emotion of the moment, because I am playing before you ; and yet I played it this morning. This waltz, you see, is the story of my life—a very sad one, it is true. But I will think of it. I have it at my house—my waltz. I will go and get it for you.”

“That’s right,” said I ; “but do also better. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow. You will then play for me your waltz and tell to me your history.”

That same evening a despatch recalled me to Paris.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following month, on my return to Vienna, I asked Doctor Faulkner about poor Zimmer.

“Zimmer is dead,” said he. “He gave me a packet for you. I will send it to you.”

I opened the packet with much emotion. It contained the waltz, a little ring ornamented with sapphires, an envelope made yellow by time, and these few lines, written in a trembling hand :—

“PROFESSOR,—It is to you that I owe the only joy I have

felt for forty years. Permit me, in dying, to leave to you the three things which recall my past happiness. I promised you my history. Here it is,—

“I was twenty-five years old, and for three years we were engaged. I adored her with all my soul ; I worked night and day to become celebrated, in order that she might be happy.

“I was proud of her, she was so beautiful. There are some persons who still remember her, and all will say, I am sure, that she was as good as she was beautiful.

“One evening her mother said to me, ‘Now she is twenty, I think it is time for her to marry.’ I embraced the old lady, and was unable to give expression to my feelings. I went, a short time after, to Prague to get my father, and returned with him in fifteen days. Transported with happiness, I hastened to her home. When about to knock at the door, a neighbour called to me, ‘Do not knock there ! She is dead !’

“It was too true—she was dead ! The old mother was within, and weeping, quite alone. Can imagination depict our feelings ? She dead ? How can it be ? Some young girls, being consumptive, are sick and linger on for a while. Then one may express the deep love they feel for them. But she—she died so suddenly, in an instant, even as if God Himself were not cognisant of it. She was dead !

“My father wept, and, leading me away, whispered, ‘Courage !’ for he had never seen her.

“I have lived without strength, without courage, in forgetfulness and sadness. In a paper you will find some of her hair. Feeling myself dying, I wished to burn it, but said, ‘If I do not happen to die, never can I be consoled without it.’ Burn it, I pray you, without opening the paper.

“This ring is one I gave her when we were betrothed. It cost me one hundred florins, and often have I been very, very hungry when looking at it. I leave it to you, so that it may not be sold. Again I thank you. God preserve those you love.”

I burned the paper without looking at the contents. The ring will not be sold. The waltz was complete, and need I say that its possession gave me most infinite pleasure ?



## IN THE SHADOW OF FATE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

### I.—THE SHADOW.

“ I CONGRATULATE you ! ”

“ My hand met that of my dear friend Frank Ellton in a warm and hearty clasp. My love for him was in my words and tone, and my heart spoke straight to his as our hands closed together.

My readers may know how little there usually is in the shake of the hand ; some of them may know how much there can be in it sometimes.

“ I congratulate you.”

I repeated my words, and my eyes looked straight into his.

To my wonder, there was a shadow in his glance. Intangible, impalpable, indescribable, it was there all the same—there and visible to the eye of one who had known and admired and loved Frank Ellton ever since we could remember.

“ Thank you, Robert. I believe I am the happiest man alive.”

The voice had a minor chord of sorrow or pain in it. I took my friend gently by the arm and turned to go his way. I had met him in the street just as the night was coming on, and had congratulated him on his engagement to the woman he had long loved.

“ Something is wrong, Frank. What is it ? ”

“ Nothing I can explain. You would only laugh at me if I were to try.”

“ I shouldn’t laugh at you on any occasion, and least of all when I see you are in some kind of trouble,” said I.

"That's true," he answered, heartily. I know your generous heart. I think I meant that others would. It would be ridiculous were it not so solemn. Did you ever feel a presentiment of coming evil?"

"Never," I replied.

"Well, I have been labouring under it ever since my engagement. When I had bidden Lucy good-night the evening she promised to be my wife some time in the future, it seemed as though it were final. I couldn't get it out of my head that I was going down the familiar walk for the last time. I remember looking at the trees between the house and the gate; I seemed to be bidding them good-bye. I looked at the hills with much the same sensation with which I remember looking about me years ago when I was near drowning. I am considered sensible and strong-minded, but I cannot rid myself of this idea. I fear I shall never see Lucy or her home again.

"But your presentiment has falsified itself before now. You have been engaged ten days. You have surely visited Lucy during that time."

"No, I haven't." The answer was gloomy and despondent. "I received a telegram calling me away on business the morning after I left her with the strange feelings I have described to you. The business was of a character which might take a fortnight to finish. I assure you I went about it with a heavy heart. To my joy, it took less than three days, and I came back to town a week ago. I won't trouble you with any attempt to tell you the nervous horror I had of the possible dangers of railroad travel. It was terrible. I was tired out and nearly sick when I returned; but I was almost ready to laugh at my fears, and think it was all due to some strange physical condition, of which I should let a physician take care, as I went upstairs to my room. The load of three days seemed lifted from my heart; but what do you think I found waiting for me up there?"

"I couldn't guess."

"A note from Lucy. She had been called away, in her

turn, to visit a friend who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I have been engaged for ten days as you say, but I have not seen Lucy during those ten days."

"And you think you never will see her again?"

"Not exactly that. I fear I shall never again see the dear old home where she has welcomed me so often. But one of the hardest parts of my haunting thoughts is the impression that I shall see Lucy just once more in this world, and under circumstances of horror."

"Who is to suffer—that is, which of you is to die, or be injured, or meet whatever the trouble in store for you two may be?"

"I cannot tell. I haven't turned a street-corner for a week without thinking how I should feel to find her senseless and wounded on the sidewalk. Nor have I gone to rest at night without wondering how she would feel to be sent for to come to me, and, coming, to find me just able to look the love I could not tell before closing my eyes on her and earth for ever."

"You are getting moody. I must take you on an excursion or two. You have been working too hard. You must rest."

Frank slowly shook his head. His eyes were cast down. Suddenly he looked up.

"Do you think there is any danger of my going mad?"

"Mad! Not the least. I think your digestion is more likely to be affected than your brain."

"I have been afraid. I would rather die than go mad."

"I'll venture to say there is no danger. Have you consulted a physician?"

"Not yet. Since finding Lucy's note I have not wanted to. My thoughts have been so strange. Suppose a doctor should say I am going mad?"

"Not the slightest danger. We'll see one in the morning, and he will put you on the high road to recovery at once."

"I hope so."

The whole manner was one of doubt. Physical or mental, be the cause what it might, it was evident that my sensitive friend had allowed himself to fall into the very depths of

despondency before my meeting with him ; I almost wrote "my fortunate meeting with him."

I certainly intended that it should be a fortunate circumstance, so far as his full recovery and future happiness were concerned.

We walked on for a little time in silence. The despondency in his manner deepened with every moment. I had found a mere shadow in his glance and an under-tone of pain in his voice. Now his eyes were wells of gloom, and his voice vibrated with his discordant thoughts. His opening of his heart to me had been the tearing down of all his reserve and self-control. I can only guess now how much he had allowed himself to suffer in the ten days which had gone since his engagement. I could see only too clearly what he was suffering then.

I must rouse him in some way. I tried the plan of taking his memory back to the events of the night when his trouble began.

"What were you and Miss Lucy talking about that evening, ten days ago—that may have been the cause of your present state of mind?"

"Nothing. The whole conversation up to the time that I asked her the question on which so much depended was cheerful and pleasant. Of course nothing which came after that was depressing. If I were to try to assign a reason for that state in my mind, which seems so unreasonable even to me, I should say that it was the thought of my success. I had succeeded in the dearest wish of my heart, and the thought of the transitoriness of all earthly things naturally followed."

"I see," said I, "you commenced in that way. Then you were called away on business, which worried you. On your return you found Miss Lucy gone. You have brooded over these things until you are nearly sick. We must change all that. You fear you will never go to Miss Lucy's home again?"

"I do."

"Let us disprove that idea. It is only five miles from town.

Never mind the fact that she isn't there. The moon is bright; there are some clouds in the sky, but they are scattering. Come, let us walk there together."

"It's a long walk. But I believe I should be rid of these foolish notions, and rid of them for ever, if I could go there once more. I wonder I had not thought of it before. We will go."

Out from the town, away toward the south, facing the moonlight and the slight breeze, we went together.

We passed the blacksmith's shop, with its wide-open door, and the bright interior, with the owner busy at work. A dozen rods beyond it my foot struck something. I stooped and picked it up, and put it into my friend's hand with a smile.

"A horseshoe, and an omen of good luck," said I.

"I don't believe in good luck," he answered, as he cast it aside into the thicket, "and the horseshoe is particularly distasteful to me. The note from Lucy was written on paper which had a horseshoe stamped on the upper left-hand corner. I tore that part off and burned it. I couldn't really bear the sight of it!"

We walked on silently a while. At our left was a marble yard and shop. The yard covered nearly an entire block, being beyond where the town was much settled; and the shop itself was a shed-like building nearly a hundred feet square.

The moon went under a cloud as we came almost opposite the building, then shone out brightly for a few seconds, and then went out of sight again. Frank suddenly grasped my arm convulsively.

"Great heavens! Robert, did you see that?"

"See what?"

But, without answering me, he had darted into the building. I had hard work to keep near him as he threaded his way among the monuments and headstones in all stages of manufacture.

He stopped before a large and handsome monument, and one which seemed nearly finished, except that it lacked any inscription.

The moon was shining brightly now, and Frank was going



round and round the monument, running his fingers nervously over it.

The perspiration ran from him in streams, and he trembled violently.

I got him away as soon as I could, and saw him home. Instead of his being in a condition to walk five miles, I had to get a carriage at the edge of the town in order to take him to his boarding-place.

I remained with him that night, and in the morning he told me what he had seen.

"A place like that is ghostly enough anyway, but what I saw was terrible. That monument was smooth when we reached it, *but it wasn't when I started*. I saw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life. The moon went under a cloud just before I finished reading. I don't know the rest of it, but I do know that I saw these words deeply cut into that monument, as perfectly and exactly done as I ever saw work of that sort in my life: 'Sacred to the memory of Frank Ellton. Died September ——'"

## II.—THE SUBSTANCE.

"'DIED September ——'" he repeated; "the date is missing, and it is well along in the last half of the month now."

"It may mean some other September."

His words had certainly impressed me, and, besides, I thought it best to humour him. He shook his head mournfully.

"I'll try to save you," I said.

"I have heard of other people with fancies like mine being cheated as to time or dates. If I must die, I must. Promise me that you will not try to cheat me."

"I promise."

"Then you may command me. I will do as you advise."

"I advise a doctor first."

"We'll have him, then."

We had him. Under his advice Frank certainly improved.

But we led a quiet and careful life. We did not ride—we

only walked by daylight. We took the greatest care as to what we ate. If there could be such a thing as mere human efforts changing fate, it seemed as though we should change it.

Frank grew stronger in body and more tranquil in mind as the days went by. More tranquil, but not less certain.

"I believe it will come. I believe I shall not live the month out. But how will it happen—where shall I be?"

The 30th of September was a beautiful day. The sky was bright, the air was soft.

"A grand day to die in," murmured Frank Ellton. I looked at him narrowly. In spite of all the strange things which had happened, I had never until then doubted his sanity.

Like a chill of coming winter, the doubt crept into my heart then. A slight doubt—a doubtful doubt, in view of the end—possibly an unkind doubt. It came into my mind to stay—it is there to-day.

I thought of the solemnity with which he had said he had rather die than go mad, and I shuddered.

"When does your day end?" I asked.

"When does what end?"

"Your day. When shall you feel safe?"

"At sundown, if I live. My dear friend Robert, I sha'n't live. I shall die before sundown."

We breakfasted together. We dined together. We looked over Frank's business together.

"I am ready now," he said. "I am as ready to die as I ever shall be. Let us go and walk."

We went. We walked in the quietest place. We walked slowly. We smoked and talked.

Frank and his sweetheart had exchanged letters every day. He read me one of the last he had had from her. She said she expected to go home, passing through our little town in a day or two. Her letter was dated the 29th.

"If I could outlive to-day I should see her again. God's will be done!"

He bowed his head on his breast. I saw tears on his cheek. The afternoon was growing late as we neared the quiet

hotel where he boarded and where I had lived since he told me of his trouble.

The street ran west, and the sun was directly before us. It almost touched the western horizon. Day was almost done.

He stopped and took my hand in his. His face looked brighter. It was a matter of only minutes now, and he stood strong and healthful in a quiet street. And by his side stood a friend who would do anything for him.

"Perhaps I was wrong after all," he said, and through the pain there could be heard something of returning cheerfulness; "perhaps I shall live, after all. Let me hold your hand thus until the sun is gone."

We stood and watched the western line of the horizon hide it, little by little, until it was half gone.

Suddenly there was a wild commotion in the else quiet place. A carriage turned the corner into the street two blocks below us. The horses were thoroughly frightened, the reins were dragging on the ground. A woman, with a white and frightened face, was kneeling in the front of the carriage. The chances were greatly against her escaping alive, and her eyes showed that she knew it.

There are men in whom the noblest instincts arise in the face of sudden danger, and who are capable of doing the bravest things without a thought. Braver men are those who, with time to think and decide, make unselfish and heroic self-sacrifice. I shall always be glad to know that Frank Ellton, my dear, true, noble friend, had time to think, and that he was in very great truth a hero.

His hand tightened over mine.

"It is Lucy, Robert," he said, "and I shall die to save her. So far as this world goes, good-bye for ever!"

He sprang into the street.

He did not stop the horses. But he checked them enough so that Lucy sprang into my arms unhurt. Then he went down under their cruel feet.

The last rays of the sun shone level down the street for a moment, and were gone.

## III.—FAREWELL.

I VISITED the grave of Frank Ellton yesterday. The winds of October are covering the newly disturbed ground with the glory of colour which the dead leaf has. I wonder whether a noble death is not glorious always.

There is, as I have said, a doubt in my mind as to Frank Ellton. Was his death the fortunate gift of freedom to a mind tottering to its fall, or was it the taking of a life grown too acute and far-seeing for this world? I cannot tell.

I shall always remember what he said when he cast the horseshoe aside that night not quite a month ago. And I shall never forget the cruel marks the horses left on his dear face when his last luck—good or bad, I cannot tell—came to him with the message of sudden death.

Miss Lucy was with me yesterday. She will always be *Miss* Lucy. There are many who will forget Frank Ellton; but two will think of him always, whether the snow drifts over his grave, as it will by-and-by, or whether the trees whisper summer fancies around it.

I have not yet told his story to the woman who was to have been his wife. Unless I can honestly say to her that I have overcome every doubt, I never shall.

I never saw the monument they selected for him until yesterday—except once. It is the one I found him examining when I came up with him on that night when my story opened. The inscription is a simple one :—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

FRANK ELLTON.

DIED SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1882.”

## THE POOR MASON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE was once upon a time a poor mason, or brick-layer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Señor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest



requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Señor Padre, provided I am so well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words: he followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labour that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand: "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you:" so saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which, he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays from year to year, while his

family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious, shagged eyebrows.

“I am told, friend, that you are very poor.”

“There is no denying the fact, señor ; it speaks for itself.”

“I presume, then, that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap.”

“As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada.”

“That’s what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it ; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible.”

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him.

“Pray,” said he, “who occupied this house formerly ?”

“A pest upon him !” cried the landlord ; “it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the Church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth ; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for since his death the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there’s no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it.”

"Enough," said the mason sturdily : "let me live in your house rent-free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money !"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted ; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state ; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbours, and became one of the richest men in Granada ; he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed, to his son and heir.

## OUTWITTED.

“**F**OUND on Fifth Avenue, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by applying to room No. —, Studio Building.”

The above advertisement was inserted in the *Herald* by Richard Sage, an artist not unknown to fame, who, the afternoon previously, on his way up-town, had found the ring in question. He had seen it gleaming just before him in the gutter, and so intense was its ray that the wonder was that no one should have been attracted to it before among the crowd with which the avenue was thronged at that hour. It proved to be a large and valuable gem of purest water, marked with a crest inside its antique setting, which was somewhat worn by contact with another and smaller ring, whose traces were discernible on the smooth surface of the gold.

Before eleven o'clock on the following day a lady was announced. Tall and angular, but of imposing carriage and fashionable dress, extensively rouged, scented, and becurled, with what are vulgarly known as “blue goggles” bestriding her aquiline nose, whose tip was not of the whitest, she presented a severe and somewhat awe-inspiring presence. With condescending haughtiness and frigid bow she accosted our artist.

“We meet, sir, under singular circumstances. I am the principal of an establishment for young ladies.”

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honour done him, Richard Sage begged to know what had procured it.

“The seeing, sir, your advertisement in this morning’s *Herald*. Not that I take that paper ordinarily”—apologetically—“but on this occasion I waived our general rule, hoping some one might have chanced to find my pupil’s ring, which

she lost during yesterday's promenade on the avenue. We are situated on the avenue, and it is our custom in hours of recreation to walk there. The young lady under my charge—a giddy creature, I am sorry to say—was unfortunate enough to withdraw her glove, and with it, I presume, her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—but excuse me, may I trouble you to describe it?" hesitated the gentleman.

"Describe it?" answered the lady, somewhat ceremoniously.

"A diamond solitaire, sir, handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest? Tut, tut, what a mistake that my young charge is not with me. The fact is, she is completely prostrated by the loss, and how grateful she will be to you, sir, as the means of her regaining it. I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognise it at once."

"I fear, madam," said our artist firmly, "that under the circumstances, when every precaution must be taken to prevent mistakes, I should not be justified in——"

"Sir!"

"Pardon me, but I trust your pupil is not too indisposed to give you the necessary description. Until then I must decline giving up the ring."

"Very well, sir! very well! It is *I* who have been mistaken in supposing that I was addressing a gentleman. You will find to your cost, sir, that the lady-principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity. I wish you a good-morning."

She haughtily swept out of the room, leaving a long trail of mingled white-rose and patchouli behind her.

Richard's next visitor was a venerable-looking old gentleman, dressed with extreme preciseness and care, whose long white locks and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward and extended his hand, saying,—

"How can I thank you, my young friend, for taking a weight from my mind? Allow me to shake your hand."

Our artist accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.



"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly smile, finding it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one; I allude to my lost ring which you have found, but there are associations with the past that— Ahem! I am prosing, you will kindly excuse my childish emotion; but after a sleepless night, and a distress which I will not obtrude upon you, as you have been the means of relieving it, there now only remains to express my deep indebtedness to you, and beg you will allow me to reimburse you for——"

"Excuse me, sir," stammered the young man, "but you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armoial bearings, sir? It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain ring—a solitaire diamond," repeated the old gentleman sternly. "Do not attempt any trick on me, young man. When I see the ring I will call your attention to it——"

"I beg your pardon," said Richard, drawing back from the out-stretched hand, "but as the ring in my possession is engraved with a crest and motto, I must conclude that you are mistaken in supposing it to be the one you seek."

"Alas!" sighed the old man, as he furtively brushed a tear from his eye—"alas! what a melancholy termination to my cherished hopes. I must seek further then," he added, in a tone of deepest dejection. "Oh, my young friend, may you never know the cruel disappointment that now preys on my heart."

Richard made no attempt to detain his venerable guest, though this latter gave him plenty of opportunity to do so, nor did he regret his firmness when turning toward the door he felt certain he saw beneath the silver hairs a poll of dark brown.

He had scarcely recovered from the surprise of the discovery, when a languid young man, bearing the indisputable marks of a "heavy swell" about his elegantly attired person, appeared on the scene.

"Aw, I beg your pardon, but, aw, I understand you have my ring."

"What sort of a ring was yours, if I may ask?"

"What sort? Oh, come now, that's cool, aw—as if you didn't know."

Richard intimated that he would be glad to find out if his fashionable interlocutor knew.

"Not know my own ring, aw! I know it cost Tiffany a good deal of trouble in getting it, and, by Jove! aw, he made me pay for it, too. Allow me to, aw," drawing out his pocket-book.

"You can describe the crest."

"Oh, by Jove! aw, you don't expect me to go into the heraldic mysteries, aw?"

"I surely cannot give the ring up unless you describe it."

"Come now, aw, you're too rough on a fellow. By Jove! the thing's nothing to me, aw,—I've got lots of them—but I can't pacify the old lady—my mother, aw—she is awfully cut up about it. What a couple of muffs we are, though"—as if struck by a brilliant idea—"why, aw, don't you show up the ring? I could tell in a minute if it is mine."

Richard was getting exceedingly tired of his treasure-trove, and rather curtly dismissed his visitor, insisting that until he obtained an exact description of the motto and device he should decline producing the ring.

It was in no amiable mood then, when, toward dusk, as he was dressing to go out, and was informed that a lady wished to see him, that he hastily readjusted his artist's jacket, and entered the fast-darkening room.

A tall, exquisitely-formed figure, draped in close-clinging and heavy mourning garments, turned to meet him. Drooping her violet eyes till the long lashes swept the blushing cheek, the lady opened negotiations in some confusion. She had come to him in the hope of regaining a ring, the parting gift of her mother to herself.

With his eyes resting on the deep crape about her dress, on her pale lovely face, from which the timid blush had faded, Richard had scarcely the heart to request her to describe it.

"It is a solitaire diamond, but valued by me for other reasons than its intrinsic worth," she answered gently.

"But," said the young man deferentially, "engraved on the ring there is——"

"A crest. I am aware of it," she said sadly; "but I know nothing of heraldry, and"—hesitatingly—"the ring has been mine such a short time."

She turned from him, and went on in a voice choking with emotion,—

"My father is dying, sir. Only this morning he missed uneasily the ring from its accustomed place on my finger. When he is gone I am alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us—how can I tell him it is lost?"

She turned her pale face with pleading earnestness in the lovely eyes she lifted to the young man.

"I am deeply grieved to pain you," he said, striving to be firm, "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain its description from your father."

Without a word she slowly turned away.

"My father is in too critical a condition for me to ask," she said, with a mournful resignation in her air and attitude that deeply touched the young man. As she stretched out her hand for the door-handle a tear fell on it. Richard couldn't stand that.

"Pray stop," he exclaimed, "one moment. I feel certain—I am sure—I may trust you. You will tell me——"

He took the ring from his pocket, and held it out for the violet eyes to examine.

A look of almost childish delight and happiness overspread her sweet face, as she looked up at the young man, clasping her hands and crying,—

"Oh, that is it! Oh, papa! papa! I'll not have to deceive you now!"

Her hand was on it. Such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance. Such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How lovely she was!

"My dear child," said the artist, "I am too happy to be the

means"—then he stammers as he springs after her—"At least you will honour me with your name."

A look of wounded integrity overspreads her face as she takes a card from its receptacle, saying sadly, as she hands it to Richard,—

"Ah, sir! you may be sorry some day to have mistrusted me," and she is gone.

"Certainly, she thinks I am a brute." The accent of reproach in her soft voice haunts him; he is half-inclined to run after her and beg her to forgive him, but he thinks with sudden satisfaction that, having her address, he can call to-morrow with propriety and apologise for his heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own home, ministering to a sick father—all she has in the world, poor little, innocent darling.

The carrier, appearing on the scene, brings his soliloquy to a sudden end. He toys with his letters. Here is a hand I know. Why, it's Bessborough's. He opens the letter to read,—

"DEAR DICK,—Sure truth will be stranger than fiction if you have chanced on my ring. I was obliged to run on here by a late train last evening, and never missed it till I was a good hundred miles from the city, and horribly uneasy I've been about it, I can tell you. If it's mine, the crest is inside; you know it, a mailed hand with broken lance, motto, '*Manu forte.*' Keep it for me. I'll be on hand in a day or so.

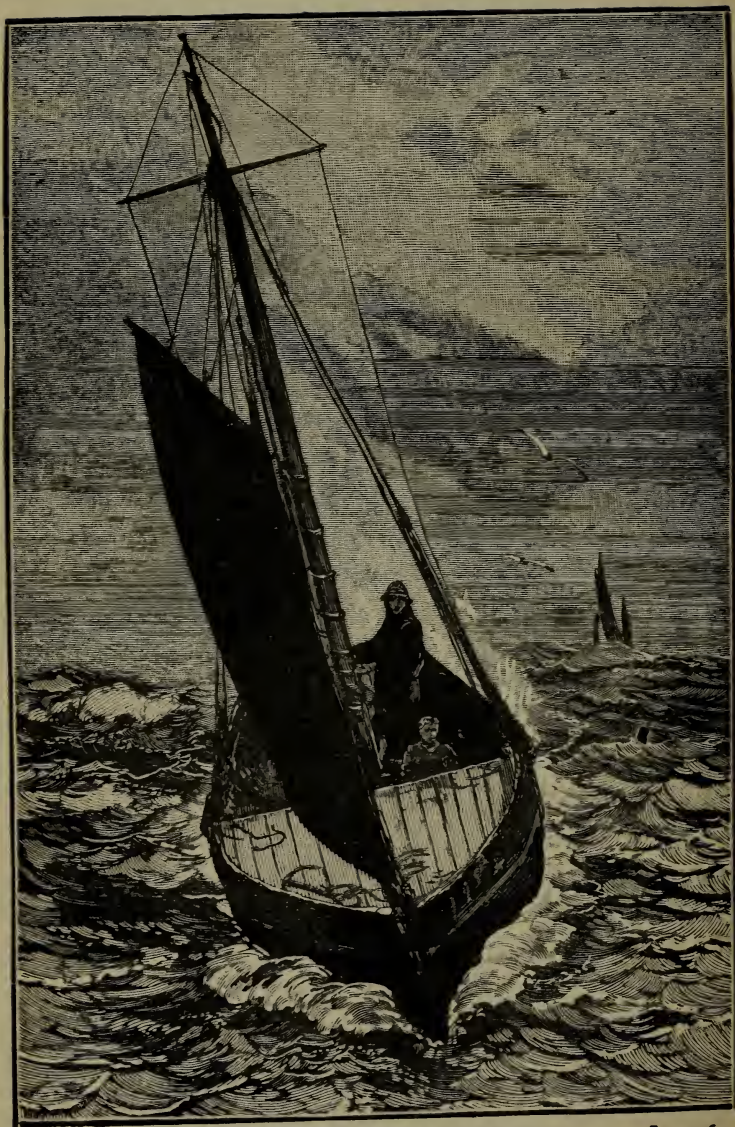
"Yours, F. B."

Idiot! fool! But it was useless to call himself names, and equally superfluous to add that the card bore an unknown address, and that "Miss Daisy Loundes" was not only not to be found, but was never seen thereafter.

When Richard Sage thought the matter over quietly, it occurred to him that not improbably "Miss Daisy" and the virtuous teacher of youth were one and the same persons, as he felt sure were the silver-wigged patriarch and the languid swell.

OLD TIME STORIES.





OLD JOHN JARVIS:—THE SMUGGLERS' BOAT,

# OLD TIME STORIES.



## THE TOURNAMENT.

"Rosalie—beneath thy gaze my young heart's pulse has bounded—  
Rosalie—to sing thy praise, my wild harp's-strings have sounded—  
I've proved myself thine own true knight at barriers and in bower,  
By every token that beseems a gallant troubadour.  
Then say, may such devoirs pretend to love so haught as thine?—  
Say, Rosalie, my lady-love! oh, say wilt thou be mine?"

THE singer was a young man, of noble and commanding appearance, who, cased in complete armour and mounted on a Barbary steed, which seemed to have borne its rider many a weary league, was slowly, yet evidently with the jaded animal's utmost speed, pursuing his road to Moulines.

It was one of those inclement autumn evenings which intimate the near approach of winter. The sun was setting in sullen majesty, and the frequent hollow gusts of wind that swept from the trees, which lined the road, with their sere and yellow foliage, foretold the gloom of the coming night was about to be deepened by an impending storm.

Entirely absorbed by his reflections, the traveller scarce heeded the threatening aspect of the sky, till aroused from his reverie by a loud and reverberating peal of thunder, succeeded by a deluging rain. Hastily seeking the shelter of some chestnut trees that arched the road, he patiently waited till the storm should exhaust its rage.

The storm was of short duration ; the moon broke from behind the deep lowering clouds that had before obscured her fair face, and the traveller pursued his journey.

Coming at length to a spot where two roads met, and ignorant which to follow, he determined to take up his abode for the night at the first cottage he might chance to discover. His search was not long fruitless ; he presently observed a dwelling at a distance, which on a nearer approach proved, by the cross before the door, to be the cell of an anchorite.

The door was opened by the venerable inhabitant of the retreat, who received the stranger courteously, and prepared a simple, but plenteous meal, to which he pressed him with the utmost cordiality.

As the anchorite busied himself in performing the rites of hospitality, our traveller had leisure to observe him more narrowly. His silvery locks and snowy beard imparted to his singularly handsome features a venerable and impressive air ; yet the undiminished glances of his bright hazel eye, and his tall unbending form, told that the hand of sorrow, rather than the weight of years, had sprinkled its untimely frost upon his brow. The furniture of the simple apartment was as singular as its owner. Various astronomical and scientific instruments, whose uses were then little known in Europe, with an hour-glass and water-dial, lay scattered about ; and appended to the wall were several wallets and flasks containing medicaments and preparations of the healing art, which the traveller readily perceived was practised by the anchorite less as a profession than as a charitable exercise.

The stranger was not a little surprised to find his frugal meal flanked with a flagon of excellent Burgundy.

"I taste not myself the juice of the grape," said the solitary, in reply to his guest's commendations of the generous beverage ; "I taste it not myself, but reserve it for travellers, who, like thee, honour with a visit my humble cell. I have of late experienced no lack of guests, for many a gay chevalier has within these few days vouchsafed to enter my lowly porch, on his way to the tournament, whither I trow thou art wending."

The stranger replied in the negative, professing his ignorance of any such meeting.

"Is it possible," added the solitary, "that thou hast heard naught of the gay doings at the castle of Nevers?"

"I have been journeying from a distant province, father," said the young man, "but may I ask the cause of these merry-makings?"

"Nothing less," rejoined the anchorite, "than to honour the approaching nuptials of the count's fair niece, Rosalie St. Clair."

"St. Mary!" ejaculated the youth, "to whom is the maiden betrothed?"

"To the Chevalier de Rosni," replied the solitary, with a deep sigh.

"De Rosni!—by St. Michael, it must not be," cried the stranger.

"Thou sayest well, young man, it *must not* be!" replied the solitary; adding, in a solemn tone, "the Fates oppose it—Justice forbids it."

"Give me thy hand, father," cried the youth, "if thou art a foe to the base de Rosni, thou art indeed my friend!"

"But who art thou, my son, and what hast thou to do with that false knight—that traitorous De Rosni?"

"My venerable friend," replied the stranger, "would I could answer thy inquiry! *who* I am, is wrapt in mystery—*what* I am, alas, is too apparent!—mine, father, is a wayward lot. I never knew a parent's fostering care—I never whispered to a mother's tender ear my joys and sorrows! I am a nameless orphan—a foundling! My earliest recollection carries me to a magnificent château, where I was nurtured in the lap of splendour, beneath the eye of some indulgent friend; but of his rank or his kindred (if any) to myself, my memory retains no record. Anon, a fearful change awaited me; my kind protector died, or perchance deserted me—— But, father, thou art unwell," exclaimed the youth, abruptly terminating his narrative, as he beheld the anchorite trembling with ill-suppressed emotion.



"'Tis nothing—a momentary pang ; proceed with thy tale—what more of thy protector? Poor child, in losing *him*, thou wert indeed deserted."

"My kind friend left me," continued the stranger, "and with him perished the only happiness I ever knew. I was shortly after removed from the château, and consigned to the care of some stern guardian, from whom I experienced nothing but severity. I might, perhaps, have numbered ten summers, when I was removed from this comfortless asylum, and became an inmate of the château De Rosni—but oh! never to my dying hour can I forget the harsh, contemptuous treatment which I received from the chevalier. The domestics imitated their lord in cruelty to the poor friendless orphan, and bitter, in truth, was my lot! I was considered the child of a deceased friend of De Rosni's, and often did I marvel that my father left not his cold grave to reproach my tyrant with inhumanity towards his defenceless boy! As I approached to man's estate, the contumelies of De Rosni daily became more galling. At length, disgusted with his haughty and contemptuous bearing, I left him, and in the castle of the Count of Nevers I sought and found a home. My services in arms attracted the notice of that gallant nobleman, who created me his esquire, and honoured me with his especial regard. But still my evil destiny pursued me. In my attendance on the count, I could not fail full often to enjoy the society of his niece and heiress, Rosalie St. Clair. My presumptuous heart dared to love the noble lady, and her gentle bosom did not disdain my homage. Our intercourse was discovered to the Count by an emissary of De Rosni, who still beheld me with an eye of hatred, and watched occasion to undo me. I was disgraced, and forfeited the protection of my noble master. Driven from the home that long had sheltered me, I joined, as a volunteer, the arms of our monarch in Normandy. During a long term of warfare I won my road to renown, and from the royal hands of Louis I. at length received the honour of knighthood. The escutcheon of Henri-of-the-arrow mounted at the king's command the ennobling cheveron, and I stand forth, the first



of my race, prepared to prove, by deeds of arms, my title to nobility."

"What saidst thou was thy name?" asked the old man.

"Henri-of-the-arrow," replied the knight; "I am so named from a mark on my arm."

"Let me—let me see it?" cried the solitary, in breathless agitation.

The youth bared his arm, and discovered the mark alluded to.

"God of heaven! Thy ways, though inscrutable, are just!" cried the old man, adding, "brave youth! thou art of no ignoble race—I knew thy father—I knew thy sainted mother—thou art——Hold, my rash heart!" added he, checking himself.

"What! tell me what I am?" exclaimed the youth, sinking on his knees.

"Thou art what thy future bearing shall prove thee," replied the old man, recovering his calmness, and adding, "thy destiny is in thy own hands. Early to-morrow thou shalt hie to the tournament, and against De Rosni enter the lists; manfully acquit thyself, and a declaration of thy rights, and restoration to thy father's arms, shall be thy reward. Seek not to know more," continued he, as the youth was about to interrogate him. "Let us address ourselves to that Being who avenges, on the head of the oppressor, the wrongs of the fatherless, and then to our pallets, for, I promise thee, De Rosni will prove no mean antagonist; thou wilt need rest to recruit thy exhausted powers ere thou enter the lists with him."

With day-break Henri arose from his sleepless couch, and prepared for his journey to Nevers. Ere his departure, the anchorite knelt with him, and implored Divine assistance on his hazardous enterprise; then, invoking a fervent benediction on his head, bade him adieu. "Go forth and conquer, my son," said he; "acquit thyself manfully, and heaven protect the righteous cause!"

Scarcely allowing himself to reflect on the strange adventure he had witnessed, Henri spurred his courser briskly forward, and, leaving the open country, gained the road to Moulines.

Leaving the description of his journey through enchanting scenes, we will, with the reader's permission, transport Henri to Nevers, now the rendezvous of all the chivalry of the province.

"Belted knights and barons bold,  
Striplings gay, and warriors old,  
And ladies deck'd in jewell'd guise,  
Their richest gems their own bright eyes."

It was the last day of the tournament, and was attended by an unusual assemblage of all the "bright and brave."

The Chevalier de Rosni, who in his various encounters had carried off the prize against all competitors, had issued his defiance to all arrived at the dignity of knighthood, to meet him at tilt, tourney, or barriers.

From an early hour crowds of spectators were thronging to the appointed spot, which was an extensive plain immediately below the town. The view from the lists was of the most delightful description. An extensive range of hills formed an amphitheatre around it. To the right appeared the town of Nevers, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, and crowned by the majestic château of the count. At the foot of the town flowed the Loire, covered with galleys, splendidly adorned, whose streamers floated gaily in the morning air.

At midday a flourish of clarions announced the approach of the count, who, with the ladies of his family, and a numerous retinue, arrived, and took possession of the splendid marquee prepared for his reception. The heralds sounded to the combat, and De Rosni, armed at all points, and mounted on a charger splendidly caparisoned, entered the lists, and bowed to the spectators, who received him with acclamations.

The chevalier was a man of gigantic stature, apparently past the meridian of life. The traces of violent passions, and of a haughty, imperious temper, were observable on his strongly marked countenance; and as his eye glanced in proud triumph towards his intended bride, it spoke little of that chivalrous devotion which distinguished the cavaliers of the day; it

rather seemed to intimate a consciousness that Rosalie could not but

“Seem delighted with the love he gave.”

No such expression was, however, perceptible on the pale features of Rosalie, whose young and lovely form offered a striking contrast to that of her destined lord. Arrayed in smiles that ill agreed with her wounded feelings, the maiden occupied, as mistress of the ceremonies, the centre of a throng of fair and noble dames.

Again the clarion's blast thrilled the air, and the herald pronounced De Rosni's challenge. Once—twice—and thrice—at the intervals of several minutes, the trumpets sounded, and still no answer was returned.

“None accept the challenge!” exclaimed the heralds.

De Rosni threw himself from his steed, and, advancing to Rosalie, claimed from her fair hands the victor's meed. Rosalie trembled as she gazed on her future husband; yet, as her tearful eye caught the angry glance of her uncle, she repressed her emotion, and, with quivering lip, congratulated the chevalier. Already was her hand extended to place upon his brow the wreath of triumph, when a stir was perceived among the crowd, and the words “A defiance! a defiance!” burst from a thousand lips.

Mounted on a foaming Barbary courser, a knight pressed through the throng, and, clearing the barrier at a leap, entered the lists. His polished steel armour, totally devoid of ornament, dazzled the eye of the beholder, and the white plume that danced above his close beaver nodded in proud defiance. His shield bore a chevron engrailed, charged with a radiated star, and surmounted by the motto, “*Connu par ses rayons.*”

As he entered the lists, De Rosni's herald once more proclaimed the challenge.

“Alone and unattended,” cried the strange knight, “I bring my own reply. Thy challenge I accept, sir knight, and by the aid of God, of St. Michael, and St. George, will prove myself not unworthy of the spurs I wear.”

"Hadst thou not best recruit thy own and thy good steed's exhausted strength, sir knight?" demanded De Rosni, advancing toward the stranger.

"I lack not rest," replied he, "and my steed will recover himself while the conditions are being settled. He is used to the service, and reck's little of the few leagues he has this morning carried me."

"Thou hast, then, travelled far to meet me in these lists, and dost reject my courtesy. May I ask the name of my antagonist, and if we meet as friends?"

"Look on my escutcheon, sir knight, and read my answer *there*. If success attend me in the tournament, thou wilt know me too soon; if not, content thyself with knowing thou hast vanquished one who never before knew defeat."

The signal for the encounter broke off farther converse, and the combatants took the stations assigned them. De Rosni began the tilt with more than his usual address, compelling his antagonist to remain on the defensive. The stranger, however, proved himself an adept in the use of his lance, defending himself with consummate skill against the herculean strength of De Rosni. At length the chevalier's impetuosity proved fatal to his success. Eager to terminate the combat, he sprung violently forward. The stranger, keeping his lance at rest, received him with coolness and precision, and De Rosni's lance broken, he was unhorsed, and fell with stunning violence to the ground.

Aroused from his stupor by the shouts that hailed his defeat, he sprung from the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to retrieve his ill-fortune. Still, however, the stranger's coolness and address proved superior, and after a desperate combat, De Rosni was disarmed, and his antagonist declared the victor.

Overcome with shame and confusion, the chevalier refused the consolation offered him by his disappointed friends, and was retiring from the lists, when his attention was arrested by an unexpected circumstance.

The strange knight had been summoned to receive the reward of his victory from the hands of Rosalie St. Clair. As

he knelt before her, he unclasped his beaver, and discovered the well-known features of Henri-of-the-arrow.

"Henri!" exclaimed the fond girl, too deeply agitated to repress her tumultuous feelings. She arose, and was clasped, weeping, to the bosom of her lover.

"Unhand her, villain!" shouted De Rosni, as he attempted to tear her from his arms.

"Away! she is no longer thine," replied the youth; "she has found a valued friend—as thou, false knight, art a determined foe."

"Insolent! think'st thou that noble maid can bestow her regards on thee—vile peasant as thou art, equally beneath her love and my revenge! Yet, dread my fury, and retire, thou wretch without a name!"

"If such he be, what but thy crimes have made him so?" exclaimed a voice from the throng; and at the instant, the white locks of Father Clement were seen floating in the air. "De Rosni," continued the old man, "a vengeance has overtaken thee—he whom thou didst supplant has brought thee to dishonour. The nameless boy thou long hast scorned has lived to repay thee thy many contumelies. That nameless boy is here to claim his rights—to declare and to maintain his title to the rank which *thou* hast long usurped. Before this noble assembly I proclaim this foundling to be the heir of the Chevalier Albert de Rosni, who perished in the Holy Land, the elder and injured brother of yon recreant knight. Gaze on him, noble De Nevers," continued the anchorite, taking Henri's hand, and leading him to the feet of the count, to examine well his features—"dost not thou discover the lineaments, the form of thy once loved Albert? And look upon yon cowering traitor—do not his quivering limbs, his haggard countenance, betray his guilt?"

"De Rosni," said the count, "I call on thee, as a true knight, to rebut a charge that so immediately affects my honour!"

"Is it possible the noble De Nevers can give heed to the wild ravings of a maniac?" replied the chevalier, whose agitation was visible, notwithstanding his affected indifference.



"Because, forsooth, a drivelling dotard wills to vent on me the monstrous conceptions of his disordered brain, am I to be adjudged guilty of the darkest deeds, and without proof or trial?"

"Both proof and trial, De Rosni, shalt thou have," said the count; "and if thy accuser be found to have trifled with thy reputation, not even his hoary locks shall save him from condign punishment."

"Wisely and justly said, De Nevers!" added the anchorite; "now hear the charge I bring against that false knight. When Albert de Rosni departed for Palestine, he confided to his brother's charge his infant heir. That faithless guardian determined to supplant the child; and having surrounded with his emissaries his unsuspecting brother, for the purpose of preventing his return, should he survive the perils of warfare, he assumed to himself the title and estates. Albert escaped the hands of the infidels, and was, according to his brother's instructions, attacked, in a lone defile, by his treacherous attendants, and left to perish. The child, from whom nothing could be apprehended, was permitted to live; and after having remained some time in privacy, was received an inmate at the château, as a *protégé* of the chevalier's. Driven from his home by the many contumelies of De Rosni, he sought thy protection, noble De Nevers—thyself knowest how faithfully he served thee. Subsequently, he fought beneath the banners of the royal Louis—with what honour, the charges on his escutcheon may show. He now stands forth, prepared to maintain, in mortal combat, his title to the rank and estates of the deceased Albert de Rosni."

As the anchorite concluded, Henri advanced to the centre of the lists, and, throwing down his gauntlet, repeated the defiance, which was accepted by De Rosni, and the following morning appointed for the combat.

On the spot where before they had encountered in the bloodless exercise of the tournament, the combatants met in mortal affray. They fought with short swords, in the use of which they displayed an equality of skill, that long rendered the combat dubious.

At length a well-directed thrust pierced the mail of the chevalier, who sunk, mortally wounded, to the ground. A smile of grim defiance lit up the features of the dying chevalier, as he gazed on his youthful victor ; and to his entreaties that he would lighten his conscience by a confession, replied—

“Thou hast conquered—let it content thee !”

“Enough !” exclaimed the Count de Nevers, “the God of battles has upheld the righteous cause ! But say, mysterious man,” added he, addressing the anchorite, “how didst thou gain intelligence of De Rosni’s treachery—of young Henri’s wrongs ?”

“De Nevers,” replied the old man, “how is the midnight murderer brought to punishment ? How is the wretch that robbed the fatherless, after a long and triumphant course of undetected crime, dragged forth to light, with all his infamy upon him ? There is an overruling Providence that avenges on the guilty head the deeds of darkness—there is an eye that can discover the most secret guilt, that rests not till it has wreaked terrible retribution on the oppressor. But let me ease that dying wretch’s conscience of at least one pang,” continued he, as he approached the prostrate chevalier.

“De Rosni !” cried he, “continue not thus obdurate ; confess thyself to God, in whose presence thou wilt shortly be, and let me lighten thy bosom of its heaviest load. Thy brother perished not by the hands of thy emissaries ; thou art not Albert’s murderer !”

The chevalier seemed roused from his stupor by the words, yet it was but to evince his impenitence.

“Not Albert’s murderer !” faintly, yet sternly, ejaculated he ; “who dares to mock me thus ? I tell thee Albert perished at Joppa. *I—I* commanded the deed—and Alain Berthier struck him to the heart !”

“Eustace, die not with that terrible impression ! brood not with that horrid delight upon a deed of guilt that will sink thee deeper in perdition ! While thou hast time, repent ; and spare thyself the pang, the guilt, of Albert’s destruction ; he yet lives, and implores thee to regard thy eternal welfare !”

"Ha! lives! he has then escaped me!—and *thou, thou* art he!" His dying hand grasped convulsively his sword, which it had not once relinquished: he strove to raise himself, but with a deep groan, sank back, and immediately expired.

As soon as the Count de Nevers could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by the harrowing scene, he addressed the anchorite. "What am I to understand, my venerable friend," said he, "from the last expression of that impenitent wretch? Had his perception failed him, or do I indeed address——"

"Your friend, Albert de Rosni!" interrupted the anchorite, grasping the hand of the count. "Yes," added he, "with grief, with horror, I acknowledge that wretch my relative; but with pride, with joy, I confess myself the father of that noble boy! Come to my arms, my Henri!" he exclaimed, rushing towards the youth, "thy father's heart has long throbbed to feel thine beat upon it—it will no longer hold!"

"My father! Oh, I am too happy," cried Henri, sinking at the feet of his venerable parent.

"Forgive me, my dear count," said the elder De Rosni, when his agitation allowed him utterance, "for having so long worn the mask before thee. Resolved to prove my boy worthy his illustrious ancestry, before I acknowledged him, I concealed myself from even him, informing him of nothing farther than was necessary to accomplish my designs."

"Believe me, my dear chevalier," replied the count, warmly returning his friend's embrace, "I cannot give expression to the delight with which I hail a long-loved and long-lamented friend. But wherefore didst thou not before assert thy right?"

"It is a long and melancholy tale, De Nevers, of which I can at present but give thee a rude outline. Left for dead by my brother's emissaries, I had strength remaining to crawl to an adjacent habitation. The inmates received me, and, by skilful treatment, I recovered from my wounds, and was, without ransom, set at liberty. The expedition had left Palestine when I was pronounced convalescent. After a tedious journey, I arrived in France, enfeebled in mind and

body by suffering and fatigue. Judge my feelings at discovering my inhuman brother possessed of my titles and estates, and my poor child, despoiled of his right, removed to some place of secrecy—perhaps murdered by his treacherous guardian. Fearing, however, that a declaration of my rights might urge my brother to cruelty towards my boy, if yet he lived, I retired without making myself known, and occupied, as a solitary anchorite, a retreat near Moulines. A life of seclusion and austerity weaned me from the world, and ere long I ceased to consider my brother's injury a detriment to my own happiness. My poor boy, I doubted not, had perished, and I left the punishment of his barbarous uncle to the hand of Him who has declared 'vengeance is mine !'

"That vengeance has at length reached him. Three days since, my Henri visited, by chance, my humble cell. I discovered in him my long-lost boy ; yet, resolving that himself should win his honours, I continued unknown to him. Thyself, count, knowest the rest, and wilt not scorn the heartfelt warmth with which a father thanks thy kindness to his friendless boy !"

"I merit not thy thanks as yet, my dear De Rosni," replied the count ; "let me first proclaim to this assembly the restoration of thy rights."

"Nay, De Nevers, do honour to my Henri, if thou wilt. As for me, I am too old to bear the burden I have so long been a stranger to : the anchorite's cell must be still my home."

The count took the hand of Henri, and, leading him forward, proclaimed him the lawful possessor of the title so long usurped by the deceased. The declaration was received with enthusiasm, and the cry of "Long live the valiant Chevalier de Rosni," burst from the lips of the multitude.

The reader will be prepared to learn that, ere long, the fair Rosalie was united to the lover of her choice, who long continued to wear his dignity, with honour to himself, and advantage to his master, the gallant Louis VII. ; who had honoured his nuptials with his presence, and ever remained the firm friend of the "Knight of the Cheveron."

## FACING A GIANT.

*FROM THE GERMAN.*

BY DAVID KER.

“**F**RAU SCHMIDT, will you please to watch mother for a minute? I’m going to try if I can find father.”

Christian Klein’s mother was very ill—ill of a complaint called hunger, of which many people died in the cruel old times, nearly four hundred years ago. His father had been away since daybreak, in the hope of getting food for her; and now it was evening, and he had not returned. So Frau Schmidt came in and Christian Klein went out.

Very picturesque looked the old town of Riesenburg (Giant’s Town) in the red light of sunset. Its grey, old church towers, and steep, narrow streets, and queer little loop-hole-shaped windows, and tall, wooden housefronts, striped with white and black—all looked fairy-like in the crimson glow. High over all rose the shadowy pines that covered the rocky hill, on the brow of which stood out dark and stern the battlements of the Grand Duke Ludwig’s castle.

But the townspeople were in no mood to enjoy the view, splendid though it was. To them that grand old fortress overhead was like a wolf’s den or a vulture’s nest. Oppressed, ground down, forced to pay such heavy taxes that they had barely enough left to live upon, and in daily terror of being murdered beside (for a prince of the fifteenth century held all his subjects’ lives in his hand), the poor wretches had no hope except the Grand Duke might die or be killed, and that his successor might be a little less cruel and hard-hearted.



Suddenly there came a merry burst of hunting-horns from the wood above, and up the narrow path leading to the castle rode a long train of green-coated horsemen, headed by a figure at the sight of which every one trembled. Could a huge black bear have mounted on horseback, it would have been a very fair likeness of the terrible Grand Duke, whose chief pleasure was to go out and kill something, whether man or beast mattered not a whit.

The blast of horns disturbed for a moment a group that had gathered around a pale, scared-looking man in the dress of a peasant, who seemed to be telling them something very startling indeed.

"I saw him with my own eyes," he was saying, "bound hand and foot upon a horse. They said he had killed one of the Grand Duke's deer's, and he's to be hunted to death for it by the staghounds to-morrow morning. Poor neighbour Klein!"

A faint cry broke forth behind the speaker, and he turned hastily around, but only saw a little boy disappearing behind the corner.

The Grand Duke's deer-park lay upon the side of the hill upon which his castle stood, surrounded by a palisade so high and strong that it was no easy matter to get into it. Nor, indeed, would anybody be likely to try, for what with the savage dogs that kept watch there all night, and what with the Grand Duke's fierce soldiers, who had orders to kill anybody who was found trespassing, whoever got in had little chance of ever getting out again.

Just as the moon rose that night, a man who was pacing to and fro, like a soldier on duty, in an open space at the upper end of the deer-park, heard a slight rustling among the boughs overhead, and a small, dark figure, no larger than a child, dropped almost at his feet.

The man started back, but the child, so far from being frightened, came up to him and said eagerly:

"Oh, please can you tell me where the Grand Duke is? I want to see him."

The soldier stared blankly at him for a moment, and then burst into a loud horse-laugh.

"A brisk lad, in truth! And pray, what dost thou want with the Grand Duke, my young prince?"

"I am not a prince," said the boy simply; "I am Christian Klein, of the Leder Strasse (Leather Street), and my father is to die to-morrow for killing one of the Grand Duke's deers. But I am sure if the Grand Duke knew why he did it he'd never be so cruel as to kill him."

"And why did he do it then?" asked the soldier.

"Mother's dying for want of food, and father went out to try and get her some, and she's been watching for him all day, and if he don't come back she will die, I know she will."

The man was silent a moment, and then asked:

"How came a slip of a boy like thee here at this hour of the night? Knowest thou not that the Grand Duke's blood-hounds are loose, and we have orders to kill any one who enters without leave?"

"I know that, but I don't care if I can save father."

"A brave boy, truly," muttered the sentinel. "I doubt if any living soul would do as much for me. Well, lad, if thou fearest not dogs and spearmen, art thou not afraid of the Grand Duke?"

"No," said the little hero firmly. "I know that they tell fearful stories about him, but I can't believe he's so bad as they say; and then I always think how sad and lonesome it must be to have everybody hating him so, and no little children to love him as I love papa."

The soldier was silent for a moment, and then said in an altered voice:

"Child, thou hast thy wish. I am the Grand Duke. Behold him now."

He threw back his cap as he spoke, and the savage face that haunted the dreams of every man in Riesenburg stood out in all its terrors under the brightening moonlight. But to Ludwig's unbounded amazement, the child, instead of screaming or shrinking back, sprang forward and cried joyfully:

‘Oh, I’m so glad ; I thought I’d never find you, or that the soldiers wouldn’t let me speak to you. You’ll let father come back to us?’

‘What, after killing one of my deer?’ growled Ludwig in his harshest voice. ‘No, he has broken my laws, and he shall die.’

The boy’s face fell, and he stood a moment as if thunder-struck, while the Grand Duke watched him keenly.

‘Kill me, then, and let father go,’ said Christian at length ; ‘I’m too little to work for mother, and she can do without me ; but if any harm should come to father she would die.’

As he stood there in the moonlight, with the black shadows of the wood behind him, Ludwig fancied that he saw in his face a strange likeness to his own little boy who had died long ago—one of the few living things which that iron-hearted man had ever loved.

‘Come with me and show me where thy mother lives,’ said the Grand Duke at last. ‘If thou hast spoken truly, well and good ; if not ——’

The flash of those terrible eyes, which had never known fear nor mercy, sufficiently filled up the blank as the prince and the peasant boy went forth in the darkness.

‘Good news, mother !’ cried little Christian, rushing into the dark and dismal room where his mother was lying alone, for good Dame Schmidt had at length been forced to leave her.

‘Who talks of good news?’ answered Frau Klein, in a dreamy voice ; for her mind was so weakened by hunger and distress that she hardly knew what was passing around her. ‘There is no good news for us, unless it pleases God that the Grand Duke should die.’

A quick-drawn breath, as of some one in pain, answered her from without, and Prince Ludwig’s mighty figure stalked into the room, which he surveyed wonderingly by the light of the lantern that he carried.

‘The boy spake truth in very deed,’ muttered he. ‘What a place ! ’Tis worse than any one of my castle dungeons.’

It was indeed. The plank wall shook and groaned at every gust of wind. The mud floor was worn into countless hollows by the rain that had trickled through the cracks in the roof. The air was chilling and damp as a burial vault, and the white, pinched face of the poor creature who lay helpless on her rotting straw might well have passed for one that was already dead.

Roused by the stranger's entrance (though she did not recognise him), she rose half erect, with a look of terror in her sunken eyes.

"What has happened?" gasped she. "My husband——"

"Fear not. Thy husband shall be here within two hours," said Ludwig, turning hastily away as if ashamed of himself. But at the door he turned again, and holding out his hands to Christian, said:

"Little one, wilt thou kiss me before I go?"

The child put his thin arms around the great, thick neck, and as his little wan cheek touched the old tyrant's grim, bearded face, Ludwig's savage eyes grew dim with unwonted tears.

Two hours later Hans Klein was in his sick wife's arms, and little Christian looked wonderingly at a packet containing a heavy gold chain that he had seen on the Prince's neck, with a slip of parchment inscribed: "From Grand Duke Ludwig to the little boy who did not hate him."

Thirty years later two men, the one in the dark robes of a monk, and the other wearing the rich dress that showed him to be the Mayor of Riesenbourg, stood together in the old church of St. Adelbert, beside the marble tomb in which the Grand Duke Ludwig had just been laid.

"God bless him!" said the Mayor. "If he began by doing evil, he ended by doing much good."

"Thanks to thee, Master Klein," answered the monk. "And they may well write upon thy tomb (though I trust it may be long ere thou needest one) what they have written on thy monument in the market-place yonder: 'God hath sent His angel, and shut the lion's mouth.'"

## A TALE OF NAPLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND LAST."

"I AM innocent—let that content you," said Malavolti.  
"It does content *me*," replied Beatrice; "but will it content Heaven? Believe it not. The proud spirit sins deeply in the very act of denying sin; for who outlives but one rising and setting of the glorious sun, and does not, in thought or deed, offend the Almighty? Hear me, Malavolti—hear me and heed me. You are doomed to die; all intercession, all the prayers and supplications of friends and kindred, have been cast back upon them; and I, your mother, pleading for your life in nature's holiest accents, have wept and sued in vain. Reason with your condition, then, as if disease or length of years had brought you to the grave; and do not, in scorn of worldly wrong, so wrong your eternal soul, as to hazard imminently, if not surely to fling away, its salvation. You say you are innocent."

"I am! I am!" exclaimed Malavolti impatiently.

"Ay," answered Beatrice, "of blood—of that one crime, for which, unjustly, you are to die; but not of all crime, and therefore not fit to die, till with meek repentance, and perfect faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice, you wash out every stain; for in the centre of the proudest heart the seeds of rottenness lie enshrined."

"True, most true," replied Malavolti calmly. "And it is most true, too, that I am to die—but never on a scaffold. Fools! They think these fetters, and this dungeon, and their careful watch to keep me from each implement of death, will



achieve their triumph ; as if steel, or poison, or the free use of hands, were all the means by which a man can escape from injustice ! Oh, mother ! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed by what I am, that my heart aches not, as once it would, to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep."

"Alas ! alas !" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing piteously, "I can bear to lose you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Malavolti ; and that when my own dying hour comes, its pangs will be mitigated by no hopes of rejoining thee, my only one, 'the choice one of her that bare thee,' in the mansions of the blest, in the abodes of everlasting peace. Oh, God ! What affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with trouble !"

Malavolti bit his lips, which quivered with emotion in spite of himself ; and his eyes glistened with tears that he could not repress. There was a tone of such deep anguish in the voice of Beatrice, as she uttered the last words, such a truth of maternal suffering in them, that even the gaoler, who sat in one corner of the cell, felt a sort of pity kindling in his rugged bosom, and he addressed Malavolti. "Come, signior," said he, rising and advancing towards him, "don't be too obstreperous. You see what a way your poor mother is in, and it is not much she asks of you, methinks, when she only begs you to have a priest. What harm can he do you ? You say you are innocent ; but that does not make the matter either better or worse, as I can perceive ; for innocent or guilty, your head is to be chopped off, and so you ought to be shrived. You are not the first man by many, I can tell you, that I have had under my care, who has felt a little qualmish about confessing his guilt. According to their own account, indeed, very few of them deserved what they got ; but what then ? They were none the better for being innocent ; so do what your mother wishes, send for a priest, and confess your—inno—cence to him. It will be a comfort to your—

self; and I am sure this noble lady will be all the happier for it, when you are gone."

"My good fellow," replied Malavolti, who knew exactly what the gaoler meant to say, though his manner of expressing himself was neither very bland nor much adapted to his purpose, "my good fellow, I'll talk with you upon this subject when we are alone ——"

"Which we must soon be now," interrupted Verruchio, "for the evening gun went ten minutes ago; and by this time they are making preparations to lock up the outer prison gates for the night."

At these words Beatrice arose, and embracing her unhappy son, the wretched mother took her leave, imploring him to think of all she had said, and promising to return on the following morning at the earliest hour which the regulations for admitting strangers would permit. Malavolti kissed her tenderly, but made no reply; and when she had quitted the cell, he cast himself upon the litter of straw to brood in silence over his design.

Malavolti was in his seven-and-twentieth year when the lamentable event occurred which consigned him to a dungeon and the sentence of a felon's death. Lamentable indeed it was in its consequences to Malavolti: but he was the victim of circumstances and not of premeditated iniquity. Without seeking it, and, in truth, without deserving it, he had drawn upon himself the enmity of a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Brittorno. The immediate cause of this enmity was unfounded jealousy; and Brittorno sought to involve Malavolti in a quarrel, by stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Malavolti had noticed these splenetic efforts; but though a man of fiery character, and prone enough to dare the proudest, he who ruffled his self-complacency by a look only that could be construed into a precursor of defiance, he held the mastery over his impetuous passions with too noble and dignified a spirit, to let them be played upon, or to suffer that they should be made the instruments of his own arrogance at the will of another. Hitherto, therefore, he had studiously parried,

sometimes with raillery, sometimes with scorn, and sometimes with contemptuous silence, the repeated endeavours of Brittorno to provoke him into a feud; but the latter, goaded on by his fanciful wrongs, and mistaking the deliberate self-command of Malavolti for a taint of cowardice, angered him at last beyond the endurance of that habitual control which he had imposed upon his feelings in all their previous clashings. It was in the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto, and in the presence of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Naples, that Count Brittorno happened to encounter Malavolti on an evening subsequent to one in which he believed he had been serenading his fair Angelica under her garden window. Malavolti observed that his brow was more tempestuous than usual, and that the firm compression of his lips, and the scowling wrath of his eyes, indicated he was writhing under the torment of strong emotions. It so chanced, too, that Malavolti, who was a little flushed with wine, felt an inclination to sport with his moody humour; and advancing towards Brittorno, he remarked, in a tone of careless freedom, that he had never seen the incomparable Angelica look so lovely as when last he saw her at the opera. She seemed passionately fond of music.

"Yes," replied Brittorno, curling his lip into an expression of cold disdain, "so fond of it, that I believe she sometimes finds pleasure in the discordant twanging of a cracked guitar."

"I daresay," rejoined Malavolti; "for the soul holds intercourse with the divine melody of an air it knows, in spite of its bungling execution, as we can withdraw ourselves from the rant and monotony of a bad actor, and suffer the mind to settle upon the inspired conceptions of the bard whose language he profanes."

"You seem to understand the power of music over a heart susceptible of its charms," answered Brittorno.

"Oh!" replied Malavolti gaily, "it is not the power of music only over susceptible hearts that I understand. I have studied every avenue to them."

"And made yourself master of all, I doubt not," said Brittorno ironically.

"And made myself master of all," repeated Malavolti, "from a burning look, and an inexpressible tender sigh at morning prayer——"

"To the treachery of a midnight serenade under a garden window," interrupted Brittorno abruptly.

"Ay," said Malavolti, laughing; "an evening serenade by moonlight under your lady's window, is our charming Italian method of delicately offering the homage of an impassioned heart to its refined idol. But for the grossness of what you call the 'treachery of a midnight serenade,' I am no follower of such pastimes. They are apt to give a man the quinsy; or, as it may chance, provide a grave for him before he has thought seriously of dying."

"And yet, signior," answered Brittorno, folding his arm in his mantle, while he fixed his eyes steadily upon Malavolti, "there are fools in this city of Naples, who tempt the chance you mention."

"There are fools everywhere, as well as in Naples," retorted Malavolti, giving a marked emphasis to his words; "but the fool to wonder at in my mind, is he who rashly seeks to play with a lion till he rouses him. Rousing him at once were better, if he have nerve for the encounter."

"Your pardon, signior," said Brittorno, with much caustic bitterness: "I can imagine a climax of folly beyond that, and my school-boy reading furnishes me with the example—the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, and thought he *was* a lion; but when he meant to roar, he only brayed—and laughter, not terror, was the consequence."

"Count Brittorno!" exclaimed Malavolti fiercely, stepping closely to him; "there is offence in your words. Am I their aim?"

"Signior Malavolti," replied Brittorno sarcastically, "a Neapolitan does not *ask* that question. Or if he does, it is only of himself, to be directed in his resolves by the answer. But *you* are a Florentine!"

"Enough," said Malavolti.

"More than enough," replied Brittorno contemptuously; "and yet, I daresay, less than sufficient."

Malavolti's person seemed to dilate itself with indignation, as he glared upon Brittorno, and addressed him in a stern and angry voice :—

"Florentine or Neapolitan,—either, or both—for birth and breeding dispute the distinction in me,—the high blood of Italian nobility runs in my veins, and you have to learn I shall not dishonour it. *Why* you are my enemy, I know not; and because I know not, I have avoided being yours. For months you have crossed my path, at every turn meanly seeking to fasten a private quarrel upon me, and so make a cause for vindictive strife to hide the true one. Was this manly! If you could dare to think I had wronged you, you should have had the greater daring to tax me with the wrong, and not bait me with ambiguous taunts and obscure allusions, like a foul bird of ill omen, who shuns the light, but screams portentously shrouded in darkness. I am choleric and proud enough to be stung with injury; and being chafed, as now I own myself to be, prompt enough to strike at my assailant. Follow me, Count Brittorno!" added Malavolti, pointing to his sword, and retreating a few paces.

"If, as you say, signior," replied Brittorno, with an air of cold, insulting mockery, "it has taken months to chafe you, perhaps the noble heat that burns so fiercely at present will hardly cool before the morning. I have a pleasant appointment an hour hence, that might be marred were I to go forth with you now; but you know my retreat," he continued, significantly, "the sylvan villa, where I sleep during these sultry nights of summer."

"It contents me," said Malavolti, after a pause. "Be it so." Then advancing to Brittorno, he added, "But, Count, that there be no mistake in this business when the morning comes, I make *my* pleasant appointment with *you*, thus"—striking him gently on the arm with his glove. He then turned on his heel and quitted the room.



The blood rushed into the face of Brittorno, his sword was half out of its scabbard ; and if those who were standing round had not held him back, the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto would have been the scene of a sudden combat, where nothing less than the death of one or both of the combatants must have ensued. That night, in repairing to his villa, Count Brittorno was waylaid and assassinated. He was discovered the following morning, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Marble Terrace, covered with wounds, as if he had either fought desperately with his murderers, or they had wantonly mangled his body with repeated stabs. There were strong reasons for supposing, too, that the fatal encounter had not taken place where the body was found, but that it had been brought there after life was extinct ; as there was a track of blood through the garden, and for a considerable distance along the unfrequented road which led to the villa.

Suspicion naturally fell upon Malavolti, who was immediately arrested. He denied the crime laid to his charge, and demanded to know the alleged proof of his guilt. But the compendious principles of criminal jurisprudence which regulated the Neapolitan tribunals, were too well adapted for the gratification of powerful malignity, to protect less powerful innocence. The family of Brittorno was potent in its wealth, in its alliances, and in its influence ; and the trial of Malavolti was so conducted as to secure that decision from his judges, which had been already bargained for by his prosecutors. He was found guilty upon the negative evidence of his own inability to disprove his guilt. Sentence of death was passed. Malavolti appealed to the superior court. Grey heads and wrinkled brows, clothed in scarlet and ermine, went through the solemn plausibility of revising a decree which they never intended to reverse ; and Malavolti had the consolation of knowing that all the forms of justice had been duly observed, in grave mockery of all its essential principles, and its fundamental spirit. He was ordered to be executed at the expiration of three weeks.

It was on the day this decision of the superior court had

been officially notified, that his noble-minded mother, resigned to part with him in this world, but deeply impressed with the awful necessity of religious preparation for the next, had vainly besought him to employ those means of eternal salvation, of whose efficacy she not only entertained a profound belief, but the rooted conviction, that without them the everlasting perdition of the soul was inevitable. Hence her entreaties; hence her imploring supplications to Malavolti, who resisted her prayers from no infidelity of the heart, nor from any lukewarm sentiments of devotional piety. But in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death on the scaffold—in the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, he had conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his heated imagination by the heroic fortitude which it demanded, sternly admonished him, he must yield neither to the solicitations of filial love, nor to the sometimes importunate cravings of fainting nature (which, in the hour of death, doth ravenously hunger for the food of eternal life), by admitting priestly counsel. If he would persevere to the end, he must hold no parley with creeds or dogmas. Therefore was his mother denied; though to deny her as he did, was a harder trial of his resolution than the stern purpose for which he denied her.

On the following morning Beatrice visited her son as she had promised to do. There were the visible traces in her countenance of much mental anguish and much bodily suffering. She embraced Malavolti in silence; but there was a clinging tenderness in her embrace as if she were loath to part with her treasure; and when she grasped his hand, the pressure of her own was a mute exhortation to be composed, which spoke to his heart.

"I have spent the livelong night in prayer for thee," said Beatrice, after a pause, "and my hope is strong that I have not humbled myself before God in vain; for, methinks, I behold in thee, my son, the departing signs of that sore tribulation which so grievously oppressed thee yesterday."

"Yes," replied Malavolti calmly, "it is doubt, not certainty, that makes a steadfast spirit falter. Till yesterday life was a stake I played for; and though my chance was desperate, my feverish hopes hung trembling on the throw. To-day I count the hours between me and the grave; and I thank the reverend council for their despatch. They might have clothed cruelty in the garb of mercy, and, by seeming to deliberate, mocked me with the belief that justice sat on their right hand, and that they would execute the judgment of truth. Yesterday, the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it, the 'light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun'; but to-day, the terror is gone, and I languish for the end."

"I grieve to hear thee say so," answered Beatrice; "for it is pride, not religion, that supports you; pride, which is of this world only, who, when she plants her foot upon the sand, believes she treads upon a rock. I do not doubt you dare to die, but I dare not think of what it is you dare, when it is only death you are prepared for. It is a miserable vaunt, Malavolti, to boast your equality with the beasts that perish! Yet you do no more, when you make your reason perform the office of their instinct, by exchanging the fear of death, which should appal the most righteous, for the ignoble heroism of merely despising the body's sufferings."

"Would you have me led forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed Malavolti.

"No!" answered Beatrice, firmly; "I would not see you led forth to execution—I would not behold you mount the scaffold—I would not see you die at all, if what I would were what I could. But can you bid these stone walls yield you a free passage to liberty and life? Can you achieve the substitution of a just pardon for an unjust sentence? Oh! my son! can you—can you escape the scaffold?"

"Ay!" murmured Malavolti.

"How?" said Beatrice.

Malavolti was silent. Beatrice looked at him for a moment,

and then advancing with a slow step and dignified air, "Proud man!" she exclaimed, "tremble at what you see! Behold your mother kneels to you!"

Beatrice knelt at the feet of her son. Malavolti covered his face with his hands.

"Hear me, Malavolti! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears upon a husband's grave, and balance the account of sorrow with the surplus of remaining joys. Mine was the condition, rather, of a prosperous merchant, whose wealth is great indeed, but all, all embarked in one fair venture, which, being shipwrecked, he is a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope. But what did I, when the tempest came and stripped me of my wealth? Ah! my son! I forgot myself and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs—I calmed my grief, divorced my sad thoughts from your father's tomb, and lived through many a grievous hour because thou didst live. Now, Malavolti, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice! Give me, in return for all the years I have been a weary pilgrim on this earth for thee, the few miserable days that stretch between the present one and that whereon it is appointed thou must die. Oh, God! the pang is sharp enough to look upon you as I now do, and think how soon I *must* lose you; yet can I gather some consolation from the knowledge that a thousand puny accidents in life's daily course might have wrought the same calamity, with a suddenness, too, whose shock would have bruised my poor heart even worse than this that hath befallen. But my thoughts grow frantic, Malavolti, and my affliction is without hope, when I behold thee 'blotted out of the Book of Life, and not written with the righteous,'—when the tremendous truth smites me, 'that from beneath hell is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming!'"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Malavolti, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "spare me!"

"Son! son!" rejoined Beatrice, rising, "spare me, and save thyself! Disrobe thy haughty spirit of those tinsel gauds of

a mountebank world, whose vanities thou ne'er again mayest look upon ; prepare for death, not as a pageantry, where a man is to look on and call you noble, but as a sacrifice where the eternal God is to be appeased, and which the saints of heaven may offer up, with prayers, upon their golden altars."

Malavolti, whose face was still covered with his hands, wept bitterly, and his sobs were audible.

"Blessed be those tears !" exclaimed Beatrice, in a voice of fervent zeal ; "they are the gracious harbingers of contrition, the penitential waters of the soul, which cleanse it from its impurities. Oh, my son ! child of my love ! my only one ! I never saw thee weep, till now, that sorrow for thy sorrow, whate'er it was, did not make me prone to weep too. But this grief is holy ; and with a joy as holy do I welcome it. The parched earth smiles not more gratefully when gentle rains descend, than does my almost withered heart smile in gladness, refreshed by these precious drops thine eyes let fall."

Malavolti was fearfully agitated. The impassioned appeal of his mother had unnerved him. He spoke not ; neither did he uncover his face. But his labouring chest, the trembling of his body, his deep-drawn sighs, and his convulsive sobs, denoted what a tempest raged within. Grasping the ponderous fetter that hung upon him, he arose, paced up and down his cell, and dashed away with an impetuous hand the tears that still gathered in his eyes. Beatrice uttered not a word. In anxious silence she watched the stormy conflict of his passions. It was to her the omen of a prosperous issue ; for what alone she feared was that calm and unruffled spirit, which, in the beginning, had betokened so fixed, so deep, and so inexorable a purpose. Some minutes had thus elapsed, and the violence of Malavolti's emotion was gradually subsiding, when he approached Beatrice, took her hand, and, in a faltering voice, addressed her :

"You have prevailed !" said he. "Be satisfied ! I am as innocent of this crime, mother, as when you bore me : doubt not that. But you shall see me mount the scaffold like a felon ; and I will die—a murderer's death—and let a holy



priest shrive me of my sins. All this I'll do, in poor requital of that weary pilgrimage you have borne for me. But oh! I did, indeed, meditate far other things! I did look to mock at my destroyers, and in such a way as would have told the world that Malavolti, who shrunk from the axe, had fortitude to embrace a hundred deaths in shunning one—to die hourly, ay hourly, through the space allotted him yet to live. But it is idle, now, to talk of cancelled oaths made to my own heart in the agony of shame, as I contemplated the ignominious scene of a public execution. Do with me as thou wilt."

Beatrice embraced her son, and wept upon his bosom. The feelings of both were at that moment beyond the reach of language; and even after their first vehemence had abated, silence was the sanctuary of their thoughts. The mind of Malavolti had undergone a complete revolution. He had a new character to play; new passions to control and guide; new duties to learn; and a new path to tread in his passage to the grave. Beatrice, on the other hand, now that the pressure of the greater evil was removed, felt with accumulated sharpness, that which she fancied was entirely blunted, because its pain had been lost in the more acute anguish of one whose anticipation maddened her. She could now meditate upon the single grief of her approaching bereavement, and sorrowful enough were her meditations; but never once did she allow them to betray themselves by word, or sigh, or tear, or look, in the presence of Malavolti. No! this incomparable woman, with all the lofty spirit of the noblest matrons of ancient Greece or Rome, held her maternal grief in subjection, that she might the better comfort and sustain her son. It was only when she was alone and in the solitude of her own thoughts, and unobserved of any, that she paid the natural tribute of the heart, and discharged it of its swelling burden.

Time passed on, and every day Beatrice was at her post. No sooner did the hour strike at which the outer gates of the prison were unlocked, than she presented herself for admission, and sought the gloomy dungeon of Malavolti. Sometimes she was accompanied by the venerable Padre Anselmo, who

administered the holy offices of religion, and with pious zeal prepared her unhappy son for death. It was an inexpressible consolation to Beatrice herself to participate in these offices, to listen to the exhortations of the apostle of grace, and to join her own fervent prayers with the appointed ones of the Church, for the efficacy of their intercession. At other times, when Anselmo was delayed or prevented in his attendance by duties elsewhere, she would sit for hours with Malavolti, discoursing of a world to come, with such calm earnestness of voice, and with such seeming tranquillity of spirit, that, but for the affectionate ardour of her manner, she might have appeared a kind friend only seeking to lighten the tribulation of a friend, instead of an anxious, heart-broken mother, supporting a beloved son under the trial of approaching death.

It was on the evening of the eighteenth day, and when only three more intervened before the day of execution, that Malavolti was awakened from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, after the departure of Beatrice for the night, by the harsh grating of his cell door.

"Here is a holy father," growled Verruchio, "who says he must speak with you. He would not be denied; but, by St. Agnes, it is as much as mine office is worth to let him in at this untimely hour. You must be quick, friar, or come again in the morning, for I shall return speedily to conduct you forth."

The gaoler retired, locking the door after him. Malavolti, in the dim twilight of his cell could just discern the tall figure of a man, closely wrapped in the cowl and black drapery of a Franciscan monk, who listened for a moment to the receding sound of Verruchio's heavy footsteps along the stone passage, and then, striding hastily up to him, threw back his hood and cloak, exclaiming, "Fly! save your life!"

"Who are you?" replied Malavolti, raising himself from his straw.

"It matters not. I come to save you. There is no time for words. Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the prison walls. There you will

find persons waiting to convey you from the danger of pursuit ; and leave the rest to me."

"Why should I do this?"

"Tut, tut!—ask questions, man, when you have leisure to be inquisitive. A moment's irresolution, and we fail. Here—hold your chains thus, and they will not clank; wrap yourself in this cloak, draw the cowl down round your face, and be sure you speak not, nor walk with a too eager step, till you are once fairly on the outside. Here—here."

"You come upon a thriftless errand, whoever sent you," said Malavolti, disengaging himself from the disguise which the stranger was placing upon him.

"Are you mad?"

"No; I am innocent!" replied Malavolti, proudly,

"Granted; but your death is inevitable."

"I know it; and I will not avoid it by an act which would give every tongue in Naples a licence to say I deserved it."

"By St. Francis!" exclaimed the stranger, "you amaze me. But I have risked too much already not to risk a little more. Consent to fly, or ——"

"Or what?" interrupted Malavolti.

"Hark! Verruchio returns. I hear his footsteps—quick! quick! I'll throw myself on this straw, while you, as the door opens, stand prepared to quit the cell, so that he may not enter himself and perceive the cheat. When you are safe, I know a way to save myself."

"You disturb me," said Malavolti; "be quick yourself, rather, and resume, for your own secure return, the disguise that has enabled you to come safely hither. Whoe'er you are, your motives claim my gratitude, though I disdain to use the means you proffer."

The next moment the key was heard in the door. The stranger hastily re-clothed himself in his monk's garb, as Verruchio entered, ejaculated in a low voice a pious *Benedicite!* and slowly followed him from the cell. Malavolti returned to his straw; but it was long before the perturbation which this mysterious scene had occasioned would allow him to sleep.

There was no clue by which to unravel the interest any human being, except his mother, could be supposed to feel in his fate, sufficient to suggest such an enterprise ; and well he knew it originated not with her. She had, all along, fixed his thoughts too steadily upon the fatal consummation of his iniquitous sentence ; and was, besides, as incapable as himself, of favouring a scheme which, though it might save his life, would ratify his imputed guilt. Wearied with conjectures, he at length sunk into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

Not such was the slumber into which he sunk a few short hours before he went to execution. Beatrice had obtained permission to pass with him that last, that dreadful night. And she did so. At midnight, the good Padre Anselmo retired to seek a brief repose, promising to return at sunrise. Beatrice sat by her son's side, supporting his head upon her bosom, and gazing wistfully at those features which had the paleness of long imprisonment upon them, but nothing else to wring her heart.

The bell tolled ! the assistants of the prison entered the dungeon to attire Malavolti in the usual dress of a criminal who is to die for murder. A faint flush passed across his cheek during this humiliating ceremony, and he cast his eyes round the cell for his mother, as if he would have conveyed to her by one hurried look all that his proud spirit then suffered, as the price for yielding to her prayers. But she was no longer present. Firmly resolved to abide by all, while she could be firm, she had found it impossible to witness this ceremony, and to take her last farewell, without betraying such emotions as might have unmanned Malavolti at the moment when he had most need of all his energies. She had, therefore, withdrawn unperceived, pronouncing no other adieu than the mute one which was concentrated in the agonising look she fixed upon him, as she hurried out of his presence for ever !

The procession began. Malavolti walked with a firm step, an erect figure, an air of conscious innocence ; and with something of expressed contempt for the injustice he sustained, mingled with a profound character of religious awe at the

solemnity of his situation. The scaffold was erected about a hundred yards from the walls of the prison. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the sun shone with all the brilliant radiance, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it, with all the balmy softness of the Italian climate. The assembled crowd was numerous; but of the many thousands who were there collected, not one ventured to disturb the thrilling silence of the scene. Malavolti surveyed the multitude; and again his face was flushed for a moment, while his knitted brow, and the haughty gathering up of his body, proclaimed that one last struggle with himself, one expiring rally of mere earthly passion, was throbbing in his heart. But it was soon over, and he ascended the scaffold with the calm demeanour of a man in whom the fear of death had passed away.

The last offices of religion were performed by Anselmo, who had retired a few paces from the block; the executioner stood ready with his axe; and Malavolti was in the act of kneeling down, after having requested the headsman not to strike till he gave the signal by stretching forth his hand, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Stop!" Malavolti either heard it not, or supposed it was some other cry; for he knelt down, while the assistants proceeded to place him in the proper position, when the same voice, in a louder and frantic tone, was heard again. "Innocent! Innocent!" it cried, or rather screamed. The words were instantly repeated by a thousand tongues, and the air resounded with tumultuous shouts of "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Malavolti raised himself upon one knee, and gazed wildly around, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The officers of justice, mistaking the confusion for a desperate attempt at rescue, laid hold of him, and endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, grasping the axe firmly in both hands, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike the fatal blow the moment there was room for him to wield the instrument. The populace hooted, groaned, yelled—amid loud and louder cries of "Innocent! Murder! Brittorno! Brittorno!"



Malavolti, with giant's strength, wrested himself from those who were struggling to hold him, and like a maniac, sprang at the throat of the executioner, who had raised his axe to fell him where he stood. The people, bearing down all opposition, rushed forward; Malavolti and the executioner rolled together on the platform, the latter streaming with blood from a wound inflicted with his own axe in falling; when, just at that moment, a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, and ascending the steps of the scaffold. It was the Count Brittorno himself! He was enveloped in a black cloak, his hat off, his features distorted with agony, and exclaiming in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude—"Look on me! look on me! I am Brittorno—Malavolti is innocent!" The eye of Malavolti caught one glimpse of his person, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, he swooned in the arms of the Padre Anselmo. A tremendous shout of exultation burst from the populace, which was repeated with deafening violence when they saw the hand of Malavolti firmly grasped in that of Brittorno, who was kneeling by his side.

In a few moments peace was restored; and though no one could explain the cause of what they had all witnessed, every one rejoiced in the miraculous preservation of a noble cavalier from an unmerited and shameful death. Malavolti, as soon as he recovered from his swoon, was conducted back to the prison, amid the now silent sympathy of the thousands who had assembled to behold his execution. They gently blessed him as he passed, but abstained from all violent demonstrations of joy, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling, which animated the whole as if they were but one man, and taught them to reverence the grandeur of his situation. And Beatrice! Where was she? Did no messenger of gladness pour the balm of joy into her sad heart? Was there no swift tongue to tell her she was still a mother? Oh yes! Those shouts—that wild uproar—those straining throats that filled the very air with voices innumerable, crying aloud, "Malavolti! Innocent!" outran the surer tidings of the good Anselmo, who sought the poor mourner in her desolate habitation. "I will

praise the Lord as long as I live ! I will sing praise to my God while I have my being ! ” was all she could say, when, with streaming eyes upraised to heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son !

A few words will suffice to relate the circumstances which led to this extraordinary catastrophe. The Count Brittonno was the victim of his own snares. Believing that Malavolti was his secret rival in the affections of his lady, he had resorted to the familiar practice of his country, and employed three desperate bravos to prowl about the grounds of his villa, and watch their opportunity for assassinating him, should he approach the house. These hired stabbers had been in his pay for several weeks ; but as Malavolti never came near they might have pursued their honourable calling for as many months without surprising their prey. It was to this secret ambush, however, that Brittonno alluded darkly, when in his altercation with Malavolti at the Duke of Montrefelto's, he retorted, that there “ were fools in the city of Naples who tempted the chance he mentioned ”—that of being “ provided with a grave before he thought seriously of dying. ” By what fatal mischance, or under what unforeseen circumstances it happened, was never known ; but that very night, Count Brittonno himself, repairing to his villa, was mistaken for Malavolti, set upon by his own bloodhounds, and left for dead, in the way already mentioned. At first Brittonno believed that the persons who had attacked him were hired by Malavolti, who had taken that method to supersede the necessity of meeting him on the following morning. Hence his own willingness, and that of his family, to conceal the fact of his wounds not being mortal, in the hope that the convenient forms of Neapolitan justice would work out their revenge by sending Malavolti to a scaffold ; while they knew it would be no inexpressible offence in the eyes of the majority of their countrymen that Brittonno should afterwards appear. He would be rid of a detested rival, at all events ; and he did not despair of living down whatever odium the circumstance might at first excite. The scheme, therefore, was fully resolved

upon, and adroitly managed. But in the interval, and while slowly recovering from his wounds, Brittorno received unequivocal proofs that his suspicions were utterly unfounded with regard to Malavolti, and he also learned who were his real assassins. It was then that something like compunction began to awaken in his breast for the impending fate of Malavolti. He would willingly have rescued himself from it. But how could he do so, without betraying his own unparalleled perfidy? His first contrivance was sending one of his myrmidons, disguised as a monk, to prevail upon Malavolti to escape from prison; but when this project failed, he knew not what to do. Base as he was, he could not reconcile even to *his* conscience the idea of sacrificing not only an innocent man, but one who, he had ascertained, had never wronged him in the point where he was most sensitive. Still he could not resolve to make the sacrifice of himself in the only way that would enable him to do substantial justice. At length the day of Malavolti's execution arrived; and, impelled by a restless impulse which he strove in vain to resist, he mingled with the crowd in disguise; and when he saw the guiltless Malavolti in the act of offering up a life he had not forfeited, his emotions became so violent and ungovernable, that he rushed forward to arrest the fatal catastrophe in the way described, though almost too late to give effect to his tardily awakened sense of honour.

## OLD JOHN JARVIS.

### A SMUGGLER'S STORY.

“WHIST! whist, Alice!” said a low voice through the sweet-briar hedge which enclosed a neat white cottage, on the confines of the New Forest, as a fair girl with a basket on her arm was tripping along the road which led to the village; “whist, Alice; John Barker came ashore last night, and he has landed all his cargo, and he’s going to sup with father to-night to settle his accounts; and to tell him how he can ‘run’ the brandy when the *Saucy Sally* comes in.”

“Barker may sup where he pleases for me,” said Alice, in an accent of coquettish pique that was more than half assumed, “and I beg, Mary, that you will not mention my name to him.”

“Pho—nonsense,” laughed Mary; “why, Barker has brought home a shawl, and a pair of earrings to give to somebody or other (you know best who it is); and I have got them to take care of. You must not bear malice so long against him for dancing with May Davis—if Barker loved me——”

“I daresay he does,” retorted Alice; “I suppose he’ll love all the girls in the village in turn, from Miss Wilmot at the great house, to hump-backed Susan the knifegrinder’s daughter; not to mention all the sweethearts he may have got over seas.”

“Now you know you don’t believe one word of what you are saying,” exclaimed Mary.

“No, you know you don’t, Alice,” said a subdued but manly voice; and the angry beauty started, and blushed, and

smiled, and frowned, all at once, as she turned in the direction whence the sounds came, and saw John Barker. He was a fine young fellow, with that peculiarly independent swagger, and careless foppery, so characteristic of the class of men to which he belonged; his bright and merry eye, and his singularly fine teeth, gave an air of animation to his countenance; while his manly look and sun-burnt brow completed the picture of a very good specimen of the half-rustic, half-marine beau. The two girls looked for a moment confused and flurried, but Alice instantly resumed her pretty pout, and Mary's blush gave way to an arch smile as she glanced at her companion.

"And so you are going to send me on a cruise through the village, eh, Alice?" said the intruder, "and part of the time in an ill-built craft that would disgrace a Jack Frenchman? Well, well, many a safe voyage has been made in an ugly vessel; and if so be she stands a storm better than a tighter trimmed ship, why, perhaps 'tis better for her owner in the long run; but, as for the outlandish vessels you say I've taken in tow, why, as sure as my name's Jack—and I think you won't dispute *that*—I wouldn't trust a cargo in one of them, though I knew I was sure to 'run' it the instant I got into port, without one gripe from the sharks. No, no, give me a bit of British oak, and I'll stand by her to the last; but I wouldn't venture my neck in a foreign craft, to be made captain and owner of all the tea and brandy in her hold."

"Ay, it is all mighty fine talking," said the girl.

"Come, come, Alice," said the smuggler, "remember I've been afloat since I was at the fair with May Davis; and you were angry enough in all conscience when we parted. I thought of your last look when we were in a squall off Cuxhaven, and——No, you need not be in a fuss, I'm not going to swear—and, hang me! if I didn't think the storm was the pleasantest of the two."

"I daresay you did," assented his sweetheart.

"Well, all I can say is, and I'll be——hanged if it isn't the truth, I've never thought of May Davis since I went out of



port, except once, when I was going ashore in the boat, and happened to catch a sight as I passed under the bow of the craft, of the red nose on her figurehead; and I've called her the *May Davis* ever since."

"For shame, Barker!" laughed both the girls at once.

"But where are you bound now, Alice? Can't you cast anchor here close beside Mary? You know I shall be off again as soon as the *Fly-by-night* is revictualled."

"Ah! yours is a sad life, Barker," said Alice, more kindly than she had yet spoken.

"Why, as to that—but come in, girls, come in; I want to show you part of my cargo;" and taking Alice's basket from her arm, he half led, half dragged her into the cottage.

When they entered the large, square, stone-floored room, which served alike for kitchen and parlour, the light-hearted smuggler drew from a sea-chest which stood in one corner the foreign shawl mentioned by Mary. With the usual thoughtless profusion of a sailor, Barker had looked rather to the cost than to the consistency of his present; and the blue eyes of the relenting Alice sparkled with delight as he threw it over her shoulders.

"I wonder what May Davis will say to this?" burst involuntarily from her lips.

"Say to it!" echoed Barker, "why, she'll say that a tighter craft never spread a new sail; and that the hand that shook out the reefs in it wouldn't set a rag of canvass for *her*, if he saw her standing before a fair wind under bare poles—that's what she'll say, if she speaks the truth."

"Poor May Davis! I'm sure her cheeks must burn," said Mary simply.

"Do you know that I've got a new lover, John Barker?" smiled Alice, as she glanced at the smuggler; "ay, and one that's steady and sober, and well-to-do in the world; none of your *Fly-by-night*, salt-water, here-to-day, and away-to-morrow people. Mary will tell you that I may be made a great lady of, if I've the will to be one."

For the first time the bright eye of Barker clouded for an

instant ; but he soon resumed his good humour, and laughingly demanded the name and calling of his new rival.

"Old John Jarvis, the revenue officer !" exclaimed the girls simultaneously, with a loud burst of merriment, in which the young smuggler joined. "He has been at my father's three times this last week," continued Alice. "The first time he sat down on the hair trunk under the clock, on seven cases of cigars ; the second time he took a place on my mother's easy chair, and leant back against three pieces of Lyons silk, and twelve lengths of Valenciennes lace ; and the third time he stood talking against the oven-door when it was full of brandy and tobacco." Another burst of laughter terminated the speech. Suddenly Barker became grave—very grave—as though some thought had struck him, and he asked anxiously, "Have you bid the land-shark clear out of port, Alice, or hasn't he shown his colours yet ?"

"I've been careful not to let him speak out," replied the conscious beauty, "for father had the house full of goods, and we've been afraid of affronting him, or else——"

"Then all's right," said Barker, rubbing his hands joyously, "all's right ; and we'll save every keg in the *Saucy Sally*."

"Why, what has Master Jarvis' love for Alice got to do with the *Saucy Sally* ?" asked Mary.

Barker looked provokingly mysterious. Just at this moment the heavy tread of Mary's father was heard in the little garden, and in a moment after he entered the cottage.

"We must keep a sharp lookout aloft, Barker," said the old smuggler as soon as he had closed the door ; "the *Saucy Sally* is off the point, for she's shown her signal. She's square rigged this trip, and has mounted a yellow ribbon, but it's *her*, safe enough."

"Let her come," replied the young man, with a smile, "we're ready for her."

"Why, I'm not so sure of that ; there's that old shark Jarvis tacking about, and I believe when that fellow was rigged, they mounted eyes all round him."

"Never mind, if he'd as many eyes as a seventy-four has

teeth, we can close all his port-holes," said Barker confidently.

"You're a fine fellow, Jack ; but I'm afraid you're on the wrong tack there——"

"Well, well, give her a fair breeze, and I'll shake out her mainsail," was the confident reply. "When d'ye think she'll bring-to?"

"Some time to-night, but there's such a moon that we might as well expect to run the stuff by candle-light."

"Bear a hand with the supper, Mary," said Barker ; "we must be all hands on deck by the second watch : and while Mary is serving out the mess, you come home with me, Alice, and hang out a smarter pennant ; you won't be five minutes rigging, and we shall be back in time."

The old man only smiled as the couple left the cottage, and bade his daughter hasten the supper ; and accordingly Mary moved briskly about the apartment, making the necessary preparations. In a short time Alice and Barker returned, and there was a roguish sparkle in the eye of the girl, and a quiet humour in that of her companion, which did not fail to awaken the curiosity of their young hostess. A significant glance from Alice towards the father of Mary succeeded in suppressing the question which was rising to her lips, and in haste and almost silence, they partook of the homely, but substantial fare which was spread on the cottage table. During the meal, Mary, with true feminine quick-sightedness, did not fail to remark, that short as the absence of her friend had been, she had, nevertheless, found time to re-arrange the long bright curls which clustered round her forehead, and to put on a clean apron and neckerchief. As soon as the supper was over, the two men rose and left the cottage, Barker, as he did so, giving a significant glance at Alice, and saying, half gaily and half emphatically, "Remember—leave the bolt undrawn, and listen for the three knocks." Alice nodded a smiling answer, and the girls were left alone.

"Mary," said her companion, as soon as she heard the garden wicket fall back, "in half an hour we shall have a

visitor. I could not invite him to my own house, for as I have no one with me but my sick mother, who cannot come out of her room, it would not have been womanly ; particularly as he is an admirer."

"An admirer, Alice?"

"Yes, Mary," said the girl looking down, and affecting to blush ; "the truth must be told—no other than Mr. John Jarvis. He is a King's officer, you know, and it may be the means of saving my father many a bale of goods."

"You must be joking, Alice," said Mary, in a tone which proved she was to the full as indignant as she was surprised ; "you never would behave so ill to John Barker."

"Well, Mary," replied her companion, "I'll promise never to bring him here again, only don't be angry with me this once ;" and so saying, to Mary's astonishment, without waiting for a reply, she opened the door in the rear of the house, and after looking up at the moon for a couple of seconds, drew the door to after her, and sat down beside the fire.

In less than half an hour a knock at the door announced the arrival of Jarvis ; and Alice uttered a "Come in" in her most courteous tone. He entered with a simper of self-gratulation on his lips, and turned his lack-lustre eyes on Alice ; and in sooth, however quick those eyes might be in discovering a smuggler, it was evident that they were not brilliant enough to win a lady's heart. He was a corpulent, elderly man, with a red woollen nightcap and top-boots, quite conscious of his importance as a King's officer, and no whit modest on the subject of his personal attractions. Mary was lost in amazement at the half-kind, half-coquettish manner in which her hitherto very prudent friend and companion at the same time encouraged and repelled the attentions of the officer : now she saw a blush gather on her brow, and now a smile half joyous and half mischievous settle on her lip. Twice Jarvis rose to go ; and in truth Mary thought it was time, for it was getting very late, and she heartily wished the corpulent suppressor of free trade safe at home ; but to her amazement and displeasure, Alice pressed him to stay "a little, only a little longer," so

earnestly, and so tenderly, that he must have been much less of the admirer than he really was had he not complied. Mary began to feel uneasy and unhappy! She knew that her father would be very angry should he return at that late hour, and find their guest still with them; added to which, she was anxious to learn how affairs were going on out of doors, and it was impossible for her to obtain any information while the revenue officer was in the house! She had just made up her mind to explain to Jarvis that she could not suffer him to remain longer where he then was; and she was the more strongly urged to this resolution by seeing the coquettish manner in which Alice was evading a reply to his question of whether she would receive him as her suitor—half seeming to consent by her smiles, and yet delaying to comply in words—when she fancied that she heard some one stealthily enter the house by the door opening into the garden. A fear of the consequences which might result to her father and his associates, from the presence of Jarvis, made her heart heave; and she had bent slightly forward to listen more attentively, when three distinct strokes, as if given by a heavy hand, met her ear. Ere she could guess at the meaning of these singular and unexpected sounds, Alice started from her seat, and folding her hands demurely across her chest, she dropped a deep curtsy to her bewildered lover, and said with a stifled laugh, “You may go home now, Mr. Jarvis, and exchange your red nightcap for a white one; for the *Saucy Sally* has ‘run’ her cargo.”

To attempt a description of the rage of Jarvis were vain indeed. As he threw himself back in his chair in a paroxysm of blended mortification and disappointment, he kicked over the low stool from which Mary had just risen, and with clenched hands, and eyes which really for once in his life *did* flash, he cursed all smugglers in general, and the *Saucy Sally* in particular; nay, I am not sure that the rosy-lipped, fair-haired Alice did not come in for a share of the maledictions which he so liberally dealt forth. Meanwhile the girls stood close together on the other side of the wide fireplace, enjoying with suppressed merriment his violent and ungovernable passion.



After a few minutes spent in storming at his ill-luck and Alice's craftiness, he started from his seat and rushed out of the cottage. As the baffled revenue officer disappeared through one door, John Barker sprung into the room by the other, and running up to Alice bestowed on her a hearty kiss, as he exclaimed, "Bravely done, bravely done, my lily-browed ship-mate ! by——Jingo ! it was worth all the cargo we landed to get a glimpse of the land-shark, when he found that he had let a victualled craft pass him by, and had been swimming in the wake of an empty hulk."

"Bravely done indeed," said Mary, "but why was I not let into the secret?"

"Because," smiled Alice, "you would have looked too happy and conscious, or else you would have got frightened, and spoilt all ; and besides, Mary"—and she blushed crimson—"you hate deceit, and one hypocrite was enough. Barker had seen Jarvis walking in front of our cottage, so he knew that I was sure to meet him, and that he would be sure on his side to tease me as usual to let him spend an hour with me ; I was afraid of flurrying mother as she's not well, and so I told him to come here—and now you know all."

"And so do I," said the old smuggler, as he entered with a broad grin on his face, "for Jack put me in the right tack as we bore down on the craft. You're a brave girl, Alice, and deserve to have a free trader for your husband, and the sooner the better : only let me know when you and Jack are to set sail together, and I'll give you a wedding-gown out of whichever of the bales you like best that we've landed from the *Saucy Sally*."

## A BRIGAND'S REVENGE.

BY DARLEY DALE.

WHEN brigandage was much more rife in Sicily than it is in the present day—that is about two hundred years ago—a celebrated brigand, by name Carlo Belmonte, and his gang had their headquarters in the valley Fico, near the foot of Monte Casate. It was no very great distance from Palermo, and still nearer to Monreale, but then, as now, the peasants were in league with the brigands, and the Government did not choose to wage war against them, so that Carlo Belmonte dwelt in comparative security within reach of Palermo, and even paid visits to that city with impunity, when it suited him to do so. He was a strange mixture of good and evil, this Carlo Belmonte ; though an outlaw, and transgressing daily against the laws of civilisation as well as of his country, he was most just in dividing all his plunder equally among the rest of the gang. When a large sum was paid as a ransom for some rich traveller, captured perhaps by Carlo himself alone, at great risk, the ransom was shared by all the troop. The victim, too, was treated with respect and courtesy, and the best accommodation the brigands had to offer was placed at his disposal.

No woman or child was ever molested by a Belmontine, as the gang was called. Carlo was wont to say he only waged war against the rich and strong, and poor men and rich women were alike free to pass through Carlo's territory unhurt.

On one occasion a member of the gang had sinned against

this law, and on its coming to Carlo's ears, he shot the unfortunate wretch there and then, as a warning to the rest of the troop, and as an assurance of safety to all the women and children of Sicily. Carlo was said to be of noble birth, and it was generally supposed that his respect for the poor and for all women, rich or poor, and his courtesy to his prisoners were due to his noble blood.

When he was about thirty-five years old an Italian nobleman and his son fell into Carlo's hands. The ransom demanded was a large one, for they appeared to be very rich ; and the nobleman declaring it to be impossible for his family to raise the money in his absence, Carlo suggested he should leave his son as a hostage, and on this condition he allowed him to depart.

He was to return within a month, thus allowing him ample time for the two journeys ; and if, at the expiration of the month, he did not return with the full ransom, the boy was to be Carlo's property, to do as he pleased with. This agreement was drawn up and duly signed, and the nobleman went away. A week, a fortnight, three weeks passed, and nothing was heard of him ; at length the month elapsed, and no news reached Carlo of his escaped prey. Another month passed, and yet another, and still no news. Meanwhile little Guido, then about eight years old, was quite at home with the brigands, and had especially attached himself to Carlo, whom he ordered about as though he were his slave ; and, indeed, at the end of three months the brigand chief was as completely at Guido's beck and call as a faithful slave is at its owner's. He soon became passionately attached to the boy, and instead of eagerly expecting his father to return with the ransom, he now dreaded nothing so much as seeing him come to claim his boy, for Carlo knew he could refuse nothing to the child, and if he wished to go back to Italy his wish would be Carlo's law.

Months and years rolled away, and nothing more was seen or heard of Guido's father, and the boy grew up amongst the brigands. Carlo taught him all he knew ; he fed him with the choicest food he could procure, he clothed him as a prince, he

nursed him night and day whenever he ailed anything ; in short, he quite idolised the boy.

At first Guido returned his love as only children can, with fond caressing ways that softened the brigand's heart, and *almost* persuaded him to break up the gang and return to civilised habits. As the boy grew older, however, he showed a proud, overbearing temper, and partly on this account, partly perhaps from jealousy, he became very unpopular with the rest of the gang. Carlo still loved him as passionately as ever, and was blind to his faults, which, indeed, were never manifested very strongly in his presence. Once and once only did there ever arise any difference between the two.

It happened that Carlo returned suddenly one day from a raid he had been making in the adjoining districts, and found Guido ill-treating a kitten ; enraged by this cruelty, Carlo struck the boy several blows with his riding-whip, and ordered him sternly to remain inside the tent till he gave him leave to come out. His anger soon cooled, and he went to seek the boy. Guido, however, refused to speak to him, and it was nearly a week before he condescended to be reconciled, during which time Carlo suffered acutely, and though too proud to make further advances, would creep at night to Guido's couch when he was asleep and kiss his cheek with tears in his eyes. One night Guido woke, and touched by Carlo's sad, tender look as the moonlight fell on his face, the boy threw his arms round the brigand's neck, and they were friends again.

Years rolled on, and Guido was a man ; not a good man though, nor a happy one, but proud, discontented, idle, and ungrateful, with strangely perverted ideas of right and wrong. With such a bringing up as his had been, could it well be otherwise ? Guido had entirely forgotten his parents, his home in Italy, all his former life. One thing, however, he never forgot ; and that was that Carlo had once beaten him. Those blows rankled in his proud spirit, and were probably the exciting cause which urged him to the course he afterwards took.

One morning, when Guido was about three-and-twenty, he

was missing. All Carlo's territory was searched, but he was nowhere to be found. It was supposed he must have gone into Palermo, and would probably be back by nightfall. Night, however, came, and no Guido with it. Carlo was nearly beside himself with grief, and ordering a party of men to get ready to accompany him in search of Guido, he went to his own tent for some pistols. Now Guido alone had free access to all Carlo's property; accordingly when, on opening the chest where he kept his gold and other treasures, for his pistols, Carlo found it empty. He knew the thief was the boy he had loved with more than even a father's love.

He told no one, but now there was no need of search. Guido was more than welcome to all the gold Carlo possessed, and no pursuit was attempted. Had Guido cared to return even now he would have been welcomed with open arms. Guido, however, did not return, and one day Pietro, one of the gang, returned from Palermo with the news that Guido had bought a large house in the city, had furnished it handsomely, and was about to be married to a rich Sicilian lady. This was not the worst, though. Had this been all, Carlo, though heart-broken, would not have interfered; but when Pietro told him, with burning indignation, that it was on every one's lips that Guido had, after long years of cruel treatment, at last escaped from his imprisonment with the Belmontines, then Carlo's love was at last turned to hate, then anger and revenge filled his mind, and, inspired with a passionate longing to avenge his wrongs, he set out for Palermo.

Here he found Pietro's story was only too true, and it was with very little trouble that he discovered the house Guido had bought with his money. Mad with anger at the sight of his adopted son's ill-gotten property, Carlo planned a horrible revenge. The next house to Guido's was standing empty, and to Carlo it was a very easy matter to obtain an entrance. Here he accumulated gradually a large quantity of wood, which he piled up against the side of Guido's house. He worked at night, and in a week the house was nearly full of dried wood, which only wanted to be set light to burn that and the



adjoining house to the ground. At night Carlo struck a light, and in a few moments the whole house was on fire. Carlo waited till he was sure that Guido's house had also caught, and then he made his escape over a high wall, looking back at his work with a grim satisfaction. "He is ruined!" muttered Carlo in Italian, as he dropped over the wall, but whether from carelessness or excitement, he missed his footing and fell heavily to the ground. He was stunned by the fall, and remembered no more till he found himself in bed for the first time for many years, in an honest man's house.

"I am Carlo Belmonte, the brigand chief, and an incendiary. It was I who set fire to Guido's house. I am ready to give myself up to justice!" said Carlo when he returned to his senses; but he fell back on the bed with a loud groan, for he found he could not move.

"My friend," said his host, "make thy peace with Heaven, for thou wilt soon be before a higher tribunal than any that sits in Palermo."

It was too true; Carlo was mortally injured, and in a few days he passed away, forgiving as he hoped to be forgiven.

Guido escaped uninjured from the house, but he lost all he had stolen from Carlo but a small sum which he had in his purse; and he soon bitterly repented his conduct, for he was now homeless and friendless, and was forced to earn his daily bread by hard and menial labour.

Reader, do you want a moral? Look around you, and see if there be not many Guidos among us.

## THE WOOD-CARVER OF BRUGES.

**I**N 1527 lived at Bruges a carver in wood, known by the name of André. A number of works of considerable merit produced by him had made his name known in several of the towns of Flanders. He was a widower, and all his affections were concentrated on an only child, a daughter named Marie, who at this time was ten years of age, and of a remarkably intelligent and sweet disposition. An old aunt, nearly blind, resided with him, and completed his household. This old woman was supposed by the neighbours to have a secreted treasure, left her by her husband, who had held the honourable office of head of the incorporated body of masons.

André was beloved by his fellow-workmen; but he had one enemy, who was the more dangerous as he concealed his hatred. This man, whose name was Jacques Van de Pitte, was also a carver in wood; and being unable to rival André in the handling of his tools, his envy grew into a hatred, which became more intense every day. Jacques tried by underhand and plausible insinuations to damage the reputation of André; but the more he tried, the more did his rival seem to rise in public opinion. The Prévôt of St. Donat selected André, in preference to Jacques, to execute a communion table of exquisite workmanship; and the town of Ypres gave him also the preference in the making of a superb pulpit for the church of St. Martin. This latter circumstance worked up Jacques into ungovernable fury. He now determined to ruin his rival, or to perish in the attempt.

It was the 30th November, 1527. The kitchen of the humble house of André looked neat and tidy; a fire sparkled

and crackled on the hearth; and on a carved oaken table appeared preparations for a breakfast somewhat less frugal than ordinary. It was André's birthday; and Marie, in order to take her father by surprise, had risen early to make her preparations. Old Marguerite, feeble, and scarcely able to move, watched the movements of her little niece with a visible expression of satisfaction, until, fatigued by her attention, she turned towards the fireplace and stirred the fire mechanically.

A thick mist hung over the streets of Bruges, so dense that one could not see five steps before him. It was nine o'clock; and André, who intended to set off next day for Ypres, had gone out to purchase tools, and was expected momentarily to return. Marie, having glanced over her little affectionate arrangements, suddenly thought of having a sportive trick with her father; so, laying her finger on her lips with a mysterious air as she glided past her aunt, she hid herself behind the curtains of the bed. At this moment the door opened, and a man entered, whose rapid step, sparkling eyes, and contracted features showed that he was agitated by some furious passion. It was Jacques Van de Pitte. His person was unknown to Marie, and she, frightened by his appearance, remained in her hiding-place. He glanced round the room, and, perceiving nobody but Marguerite, furiously demanded where her nephew was. Marguerite to her other infirmities added that of deafness; and supposing that this was a friend of André, who had come to share in their pleasure, she expressed her satisfaction that her nephew's merits were appreciated by his friends, in spite of the detractions of his enemies. "Woman!" exclaimed Jacques, "I have no time to lose; what signifies his happiness to me, when my soul is on fire!" She very imperfectly caught the purport of this, and, thinking it complimentary, replied, "True, very true, his happiness is great; only think of him chosen before every other person to make the pulpit of St. Martin d'Ypres, on the recommendation of the Prévôt of St. Donat, hereditary chancellor of Flanders!" "Stop your boasting!" roared out Jacques, "you put a dagger in my heart!" "Heart!" replied the old woman; "yes, indeed, he

has a very good heart, in spite of all that his enemies say." Jacques could no longer control himself. "I'll spoil the satisfaction of his triumph!" he shouted out, and in passing Marguerite, as he rushed out of the house, he rudely pushed her from her seat to the ground.

Marie, who saw her aunt falling, ran out to save her, but was too late. The old woman, who had been agitated by the last words and action of Jacques, had in her fall struck her head against one of the fireirons, by which she was severely wounded. Marie, at the sight of the blood which flowed from the wound, set up a loud cry, which sounded into the street, and at the same moment her father entered. She threw herself sobbing into his arms; in her agitation she could scarcely tell him what had happened; and he turned to lift the body of Marguerite. Some neighbours, attracted by the cries of Marie, now entered, and were confounded by the sight—Marie in a fainting state; André, pale as death, supporting the dead body of Marguerite; and the floor covered with blood. Some of those busybodies who are always anxious to be the first tellers of news conveyed the intelligence to the magistrates that a murder had been committed in the house of André; and he had scarcely time to explain to those who were with him what Marie had told him, when the police entered, and arrested him "in the name of the law."

André passed a miserable week in prison. He was examined several times, and each time he told the simple truth. But his account seemed improbable. The mist had prevented the neighbours from seeing any one enter or leave the house of André, while several declared that immediately after hearing the cries of Marie they had entered, and found him in an agitated state, supporting the body of Marguerite. To complete the suspicions against him, several pieces of gold were found on his person in searching him, and it was the general belief that the aunt had a secret deposit. André accounted for the money by saying that Marguerite had advanced him a small sum to buy necessary tools for the work he was about to undertake at Ypres. This explanation was deemed insufficient,

Jacques Van de Pitte, too, went craftily about, repeating, insinuating, and confirming in various ways the general opinion that André had murdered his old aunt. At last, according to the summary and almost arbitrary laws of that period, sentence of death was about to be pronounced against André. But his talents had raised him several friends. Among these was the Prévôt of St. Donat, who succeeded in procuring suspension of judgment for a year, in order to see if anything would arise during that period which would weaken the suspicions against the accused. Meantime he was ordered to occupy himself in some work of art for the Palais de Justice, the subject to be left to his own choice. The sombre hall where he had been tried struck his imagination, and he resolved to leave behind him a work which would perpetuate his memory; perhaps, too, he thought the talent displayed in this work might raise a protector for his child when he was no more.

André then began his work. Each day at daybreak he was guarded to the hall, and at night returned to prison. Often he was on the point of abandoning his design and giving himself up to despair; but hope reanimated his resolution, and the presence of his daughter, who was permitted to visit him frequently, sustained him. After completing, with care and unremitting assiduity, the ornaments, escutcheons, and statues, he resolved to undertake what should be his *chef-d'œuvre*. Though less accustomed to work in marble than in wood (for he was properly a carver, not a sculptor), he undertook the alabaster bas-reliefs of the frieze of the chimney, representing the story of Susannah. His choice of that subject was probably inspired by a sense of the unjust accusation of which he was the victim, and from which another Daniel had not appeared to relieve him.

The year elapsed, and it was announced to André that the magistrates, accompanied by the Prévôt of St. Donat, were coming to inspect his work. Accustomed as they were by their office to witness grief in various forms, the magistrates were nevertheless struck by the change which appeared in the person of André. He was pale and haggard, and seemed



more a spectre than a man. His work was closely examined, and called forth a general expression of admiration. They then addressed some consoling words to the prisoner, to whom they held out hopes of liberation. He replied in a feeble voice, protesting his innocence in the sight of God, and commending his child to their care, for life had lost its charm for him. His words and looks increased the sympathy that was felt for him ; and the magistrates, on leaving him, promised to send him news next day that would reanimate his heart. Early next day the officers of the court presented themselves at the prison, with the intelligence that the magistrates had decided that the suspicions against André were insufficient to condemn him, and had given orders for his liberation. The jailer joyfully ran to open the door of the prisoner's apartment, but when he and the officers entered they found that André was dead.

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## THE LIGHT DRAGOON.

BY THOMAS GOLDING.

I AM a native of King's Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, an ardent lover of the town and county of my birth. Having made this admission, you will not be surprised should the scene of this story be laid in my native place. About sixteen miles from King's Lynn in a north-east direction is the small but romantic village of S——e, between which and S——m, another rural hamlet, lay at the time of my story a vast extent of warren or moorland. Through the centre of this lay the turnpike road which connected these and adjacent villages with Lynn. This warren formed part of the extensive estate of Sir Robert Fletcher, of Modent Hall; in the centre of the warren, but beside the road, stood in 183— an old-fashioned roadside inn. This house had been in the possession of the same family for many years, and at this period was kept by an aged couple named Meadows, who, with a niece, servant-girl, and man of all work, who at times acted as ostler, constituted the establishment of the Roadside Inn. The time of year was December; the whole country was in a most disturbed state; thrashing and other machinery had been lately introduced upon the farms, throwing many of the peasantry out of employment at a most inclement season of the year, who had in consequence turned out, and in armed bands visited the various farmhouses where the introduction of machinery had been accomplished, and not only wantonly destroyed the same, but in many instances the farmhouses, rickyards, etc.,

were given to the flames. The means at the disposal of the civil powers were totally inadequate to suppress the existing riots, therefore an application had been made to the War Office for military aid, and the — Light Dragoons, then at Norwich, were placed at the disposal of the magistrates. These riots had not yet reached this part of the county, so the old couple of the Roadside Inn determined to spend their Christmas in Lynn with their brother and sister, the father and mother of the niece they (having no children of their own) had adopted. Previous to their departure they had deemed it prudent to caution their niece about the early closing of the house, and admittance of any strangers as lodgers for the night; they, in fact, were to keep the house closed as much as possible. These were very necessary precautions under the circumstances in which the county was placed. Besides the girls, John the ostler had promised a faithful compliance with the old couple's wishes. He, they knew, could be depended upon; for had he not lived with them for years?

Armed with these promises the old couple departed, and Ellen Meadows assumed the duties of hostess of the Roadside Inn.

Several days had passed; the village people and game-keepers of Sir Robert Fletcher had been the only visitors; therefore, up to the present time, nothing had occurred to prevent the due performance of the promises given to the old couple on their departure. Christmas was approaching, a season of joy and feasting; and Ellen Meadows and the girl were anxious to have a few friends to spend the Christmas Eve with them at the inn, but feared an objection on the part of John the ostler. After a long conference between the girls, it was resolved that the maid, Mary (to whom John was paying his addresses), should—at least mention the circumstance to him, when, to the surprise of both, he not only consented to their proposal, but even went so far as to volunteer to take out the invitations, and purchase at the next village any necessary articles that might be required on the occasion, and this on the simple condition that the girls would give their sacred

promise that under *no circumstance* should any lodger be admitted.

With this assurance John left the house.

The clouds had been threatening all day, and showers of sleet and rain had fallen at intervals. John had departed; the girls were alone,—far from assistance should they need it. As night approached, the long-gathering storm burst forth in all its fury, as if the flood-gates of heaven had been suddenly opened, and a second deluge was about to take place. The girls had closed the house and retired to bed—both together for company's sake. They could not sleep; the fury of the storm was such that the old inn shook to its foundation, whilst the rain beat fearfully against the old-fashioned windows. The girls crept closer to each other in fear. Hark! what's that? 'Tis some one breaking into the house. No, for between the pauses or lulls in the storm they hear a voice. Who can it be? They listen, and hear a voice demanding admittance. What shall they do? They strike a light. Oh, if John had never left them, they would at least have had his powerful protection!

The storm for a time ceases, when they, in obedience to several summonses to open the door, open the window instead, and demand the meaning of such repeated assaults on the door, when they are informed that a soldier on special service, bearing a despatch to Sir Robert Fletcher, has been overtaken by the storm, and lost his way, consequently demands in the King's name shelter for himself and horse. Remembering their promise to John, and Ellen's promise to her uncle and aunt, they at once inform him that he cannot be admitted.

"Then," replied the wet and weary soldier, "I have no alternative left, unless you willingly afford shelter, but to force an entrance."

Finding the soldier resolute in his determination, the girls made a virtue of necessity and proceeded to open the door; when, to their wondering eyes, a man presented himself wrapped in a horseman's cloak, armed to the teeth, and holding by the bridle his wayworn, tired horse.

They could no longer refuse, but gave him a lantern and directed him to the place to put his horse. Having housed and fed his horse, he returned to the inn; the girls set refreshments before him, to which he did ample justice, and then requested them to show him to a room where he could sleep for a few hours. This they did, and then sought their own room, but not to sleep; the dread of what John would say when he discovered that they had, contrary to the promises given him, entertained a lodger, and that lodger a soldier, kept them awake. Whilst thus conversing, they distinctly heard a crash downstairs as if a window had been broken, and continuing to listen they heard sounds as if doors, cupboards, drawers, etc., were being opened. Again, surely some one is sharpening a knife; it *must* be the soldier, intending to murder them and rob the house. On tiptoe they approached his room to end the dreadful suspense. There the soldier lay, sword and pistols by his side, his wet cloak over him, and fully booted and spurred. They at once awoke him, and claimed his protection, informing him that robbers were in the house. He secured his arms and endeavoured to calm their fears, assuring them he would protect them at the hazard of his life, if they would only do as he required. This they readily promised, and our hero calmly took his place kneeling in front of a door through which the robbers must pass. Having stationed the girls behind him with a light, he instructed them to shade the candle with their hands until the door opened, then to let it shine full on the parties who were *now* approaching. Hardly had he accomplished these arrangements, when the door opened, and two men appeared, armed—one with an axe, the other with a knife. The light shone full on them; the soldier fired; the robbers fell; both girls shrieked; our hero seized the candle, and sword in hand started in pursuit of the robbers. At the foot of the stairs one lay dead, a bullet having entered his eye and passed through his brain, and the other seemed mortally wounded in the chest. This one he secured and conveyed to his own room, unlaced the sacking bottom of his bed, and bound the senseless man with the cords.



When the girls, after repeated calling, entered the soldier's room, they found him calmly smoking his pipe, and his prisoner insensible and bound lying on the floor, a blanket thrown over his body, apparently to hide the sight from the terrified girls.

"See, he moves, he speaks ! What is it ? Water, water !"

"Oh, God of heaven !" shrieked both girls at once, "'tis John the ostler !"

Here the dying man made a desperate effort to raise himself up, and begged the forgiveness of the two girls. The cords had been loosed, but loss of blood had rendered him so weak that no bonds were now necessary ; nature was quite exhausted, and the unfortunate victim of his own meditated crime fainted. Wine was procured and administered, which, after a time, seemed to revive him, when both girls, with tears flowing down their cheeks, assured him of their forgiveness, and earnestly besought him to place his hopes of mercy and forgiveness on higher, holier grounds, and seek for pardon at that awful moment where it only could avail him. His lips moved apparently in prayer, but no sound escaped them, and shortly after he appeared to sleep, for his eyelids closed and an awful silence hung o'er the room. The soldier and the weeping girls remained by the sufferer's side.

When day at length dawned, the soldier saddled his horse and rode across the warren to the gamekeeper's lodge, where he informed the inmates of the events of the night, requesting assistance for the girls at the inn, now left alone. Two stalwart sons of the keeper at once left for the inn. Our hero continued his course to Modent Hall, where, having aroused the inmates, he requested that Sir Robert might be at once apprised of his arrival, and his desire for an immediate interview. This was soon granted, and Sir Robert at once acquainted with the fearful occurrences of the past night. Bells were at once set ringing ; there was bridling in hot haste. Messengers were riding in every direction with the information, and with requisitions for magistrate, clergyman, and coroner. A few hours later, Sir Robert, with

the Light Dragoon, arrived at the inn, where they had been anticipated by the officials. The coroner and medical man were conversing apart, and now informed the Baronet that all would soon be over, and that the clergyman was at that moment with the dying man. John's lamp of life burnt but feebly, sufficient, however, to enable him to confess that it was the intention of himself and confederate, after killing the girls, and robbing and burning the house, to have fled to America, that they were both paralysed with fright when, on opening the last door, the light suddenly flashed upon them and they beheld an armed soldier, when they expected, according to the girls' promises, to have found (the girls excepted) an empty house. The clergyman explained under what difficult circumstances the soldier had gained admittance to the inn, when the unfortunate man expressed his thanks that, at least, his last moments were not embittered with the awful crime of murder. A few more struggles, and this world with all its changes had closed for ever over "John the ostler."

After the coroner's inquest was held, Sir Robert, who had paid great attention to the proceedings, became so impressed with our hero's gallant conduct that he at once made him an offer of an appointment which was accepted as frankly as offered, and Sir Robert subsequently purchased the Light Dragoon's discharge.

The old couple had been hastily summoned, but the meeting with their niece and Mary may be imagined but not described.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Spring had once more returned, and  
The wood notes sweet and wild  
Of many a forest bird"

were once again heard. The fields again were clothed in their emerald green; all nature seemed to have awakened to the glorious prospect now opened; the sun had just burst forth in all its glory, dispelling the dewdrops from many an early primrose, when a pedestrian entered the old Roadside Inn. A joyous exclamation escaped from Ellen Meadows as he

entered, and she rapidly advanced and shook hands with the stranger, introducing him at once to her uncle and aunt as the man who had saved the lives of herself and Mary. The joy of the old couple knew no bounds, and they accorded a hearty welcome to our hero, who was now on his way to the Hall to accept the patronage Sir Robert had so generously conferred. A few fleeting months elapsed, and the new bailiff became a frequent visitor to the old inn, and the village gossips circulated a report that the bailiff and Ellen were soon to be married. For once the gossips were right; and on a bright May morning he led Ellen, a blushing, happy bride, to the altar. The Old Roadside Inn was afterwards pulled down, and a modern mansion erected on the spot, where the weary traveller, at the close of a summer's day, may see, as he enters on the road across the warren, a large, swinging signboard, which glistens in the rays of the setting sun. On nearer approach he will observe a dismounted dragoon, reclining against his horse, and in letters of gold beneath he is further informed that this is the Light Dragoon Inn kept by Harry Mountain.

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